

RADIO AND TELEVISION **MIRROR**

APRIL • 25¢



**in
this
issue—
RADIO MIRROR
AWARDS WINNERS**



**Photostory of
ARTHUR GODFREY**

**Life story of
RED SKELTON**
Winning Favorites



GODFREY

Every shade of red under the sun!



Revlon's

newest pinks, golden reds, clear reds for day...
deepest reds for night...in nail enamel and lipstick

Reds for every hour...every occasion...every costume...for the smartest
matching lips and fingertips in all the world!

Wear! Nothing equals Lastron, Revlon's ever-improved nail enamel in the fabulous
plumed bottle. Nothing equals "All-Plus" Lipstick and exclusive
"Lip-Fashion" in the slim golden case.

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Smart hands always look smarter with Revlon!

This Oh-so-delightful "must" —
to Guard the Glory of your Hair!

YES, countless thousands make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a part of regular hair-washing routine. If you're not one of them you ought to be.

This delightful aid does so many things to help you be proud of your hair.

It goes after oily film, floats away loose dandruff flakes, and combats scalp odor. But, most important of all, it kills millions of germs associated with *infectious dandruff* . . . that troublesome, persistent disorder so prevalent among women.

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Because of its quick, cleansing germ-killing action, Listerine Antiseptic is a wonderful precaution against infectious dandruff, as well as an effective twice-a-day treatment once the condition has started.

For the glory of your hair, for the health of your scalp, make Listerine Antiseptic and massage a regular part of hair-washing. Also, it's an intelligent routine for your husband and children who are by no means immune to infectious dandruff.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for over 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The "Bottle Bacillus", scientifically known as "P. Ovale", called by many dermatologists a causative agent of infectious dandruff.



LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for
INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Don't be Half-safe!



by
VALDA SHERMAN

At the first blush of womanhood many mysterious changes take place in your body. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

There is nothing "wrong" with you. It's just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl... so now you *must* keep yourself safe with a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this romantic age, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills this odor on contact in 2 seconds, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for 48 hours and keeps you shower-bath fresh. It also stops perspiration and so protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. Since physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion can now cause apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration, a dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend, or ruin a dress.

All deodorants are not alike—so remember—no other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely as new Arrid. Its safety has been proved by doctors. That's why girls your age buy more Arrid than any other age group. In fact, more men and women everywhere use Arrid than any other deodorant. It's antiseptic, used by 117,000 nurses.

Intimate protection is needed—so protect yourself with this snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears. Arrid, with the amazing new ingredient Creamogen, is **guaranteed** not to crystallize or dry out in the jar, or new jar free on return to Carter Products, Inc., 53 Park Pl., N. Y. C. The American Laundering Institute has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Arrid is safe for the skin—non-irritating—can be used right after shaving.

Don't be half-safe. During this "age of romance" don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be *sure*. Get Arrid now at your favorite drug counter—only 39¢ plus tax.

Advertisement

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Collector's Corner

By MARGARET WHITING

BEING born the daughter of a famous songwriter can be a hindrance to a young girl's career. No one ever wants to hire the daughter of a close friend. Margaret Whiting, however, wouldn't be stopped. Her many radio programs have made her nationally famous. Her Capitol recordings have made her nationally loved. Perhaps her choice of "favorite" records will offer a "look-see" into her musical life.

If my selections for a basic library don't include records of songs that were written by my dad, it's only because I feel it obvious that they are and always will be my favorites. Naturally, too, I have every one of my own records—specifically because I use them all the time to improve my singing.

I've never believed in concentrating on one kind of music for a collection of records. While at any one time I may expand my catalogue of discs by collecting a whole batch of one style or school, I always fall back on a few top favorites. For example, I'll never be without an album of Serge Rachmaninoff's "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra" No. 2 in C. Minor—Opus 18. I shall always, also, have Ravel's "Daphnis and Chloe" Suite No. 2. And, who, may I ask, doesn't like "Clair De Lune" as played by the Boston Pops Orchestra?

Among album sets by popular artists, Frank Sinatra's songs (Volume 1) will always keep its honored place on my record shelf. The way Frank sings "Someone To Watch Over Me" is a classic of recorded music. Johnny Mercer's recent record release of a song that was performed on the screen by Fred Astaire immediately became a collector's item for me. It was his discing of "One For My Baby." The truly great musicianship of Duke Ellington is superbly expressed on his record of "Conga Braba." Tutti Camarata's version of "The Haunted Ballroom" with the Kingsway Symphony Orchestra, although a recent recording, is also one of my all-time favorites.

So, you see, my musical tastes are quite varied. They run from symphonics to swoon and from seventy-nine-cent discs to the more expensive albums. And if I may be bold enough to offer any advice about record collecting, then it is to listen to everything with an open mind and buy all types of records. Let your musical tastes be expanded by sampling everything that is written.

TONI TWINS prove magic of SOFT-WATER Shampooing



LATHER . . . WAS KATHERINE'S PROBLEM.

"My shampoo simply would not lather right", complained Katherine Ring. "I'd rub and rub but still my hair never had much glint to it!" And no wonder! Katherine was using a soap shampoo, and soaps not only fail to lather as well in hard water—they actually leave a film on hair that dulls natural lustre! So your hair lacks highlights, looks drab and lifeless!

BUT KATHLEENE GOT HEAPS OF IT!

"Look at all this lather", smiled her twin, Kathleene. "I discovered that Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing even in *hard* water! I never saw such suds! Never saw my hair so shining clean before, either!" That's what Toni's Soft-Water Shampooing means. Even in hard water it means billows of rich, whipped-cream suds that leave your hair shimmering clean!



NOW IT'S TONI CREME SHAMPOO FOR TWO!

Yes, it's Toni and only Toni for both the Ring twins from now on. Because Toni Creme Shampoo gives Soft-Water Shampooing in hard water! That creamy-thick lather rinses away dirt and dandruff instantly. Leaves your hair fragrantly clean, gloriously soft! And Toni Creme Shampoo helps your permanent to "take" better—look lovelier longer. Get a jar or tube of Toni Creme Shampoo today. See it work the magic of Soft-Water Shampooing on *your* hair!



Enriched with Lanolin

Look to your LAURELS!

STARGAZERS, according to Webster's dictionary, are dreamers and idealists. In 99 out of 100 cases, that's true. But the hundredth case is WLAW's program of that name heard Thursdays at 8:30 P.M.

These "Stargazers" are not those who stand and moon at the night skies, but an ensemble which, for four years, has been lifting its voice in song over WLAW for the pleasure and entertainment of listeners from Portland, Me., to Newport, R. I.

"Stargazers" are not hopeful, untried amateurs; they are auditioned and accepted for the cast only after they have displayed talent suitable for broadcasting, and, by performance, have proven their right to take the first step up the ladder of success.

Stargazer programs are of true professional standards. Their repertoire includes both popular and semi-classical compositions; they have been so warmly received at all appearances that they maintain a busy weekly schedule of rehearsal dates and stage engagements in addition to their radio show.

The group, on the whole, is comparatively young; most of the members are in their twenties. This includes women who work in factories, stores and offices, and men who may be doing any form of work from piloting a truck to pumping gasoline into a car.

More than fifty people participate each week. This includes a chorus, individual soloists (including a budding star each broadcast) and a studio orchestra.

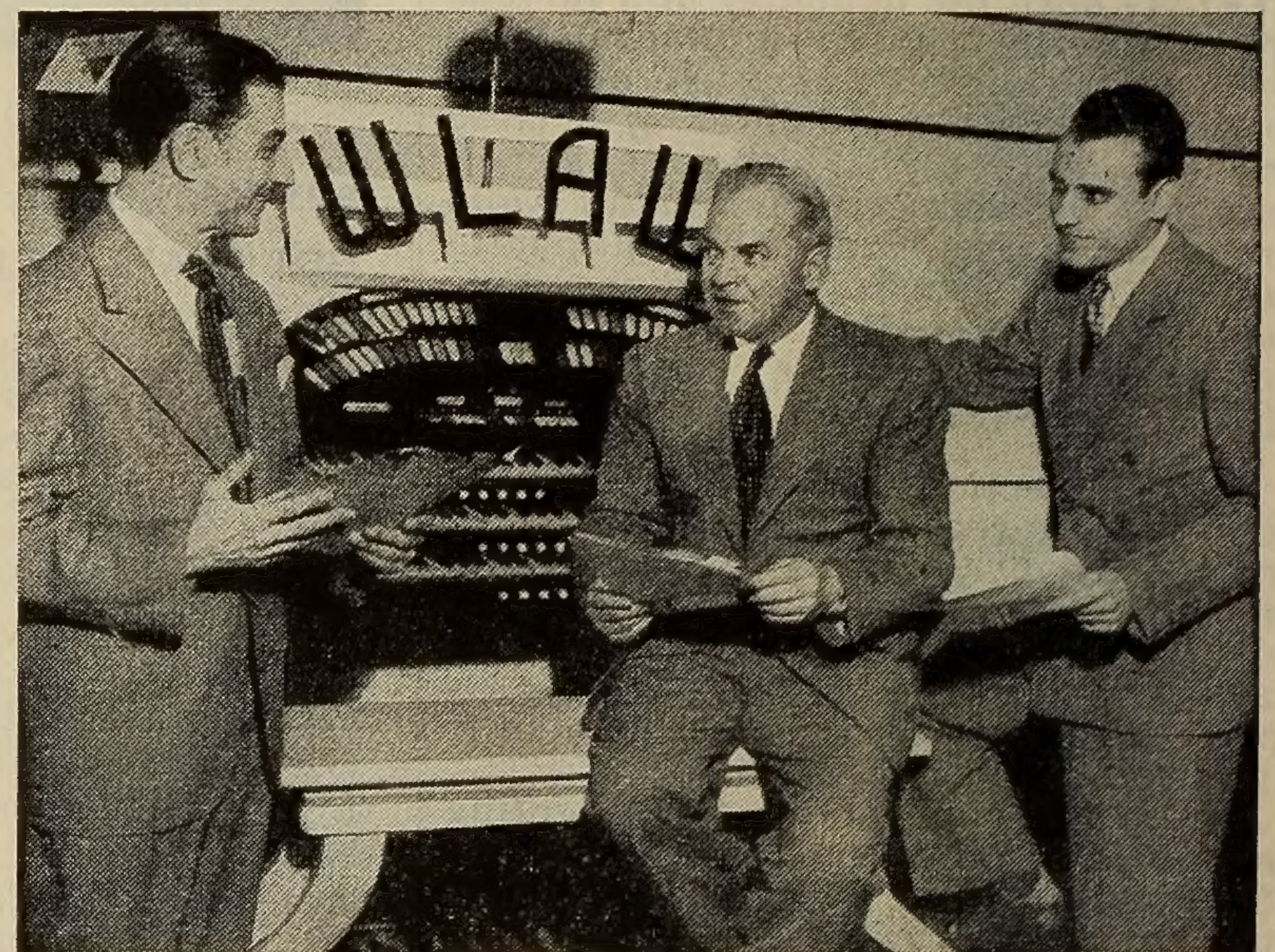
The chorus is directed by Edward Comtois, who incorporates many of Fred Waring's techniques into the ensemble's renditions. Musical director Charles Annalaro adds his own novel arrangements.

The future may hold much for these youngsters, and—who knows—from out of their midst may come the names to take the places of those who today survey the world from the top rung of the ladder.

"Stargazers" may be dreamers and idealists, but WLAW's Stargazers are trying to make the ideal a reality, and the dream come true.



During Stargazers' rehearsal, Beatrice McKenzie runs over a song while Dorice Shorten idles at the piano.



A pre-broadcast conference: Charles Annalaro, l., musical director of the show, checks with Producer James T. Mahoney, center, as announcer Harvey Chester looks on.

Edward Comtois, a pupil of Fred Waring, leads "The Vocalaires" (Stargazers' chorus) in song.



For lips men love
—and love to kiss— *Tangee*



"KISS ME"

as interpreted by

MEG RANDALL

AND

RICHARD LONG

in a scene from

THE LIFE OF RILEY

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

Tangee **KISS COLORS**

TANGEE PINK QUEEN—A new pink... to give extra "kiss appeal" to your lips.

TANGEE RED-RED—Best bet for brunettes. This rich, intriguing red is a sure magnet for kisses.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED—This dramatic color makes red-heads look doubly warm and tempting.

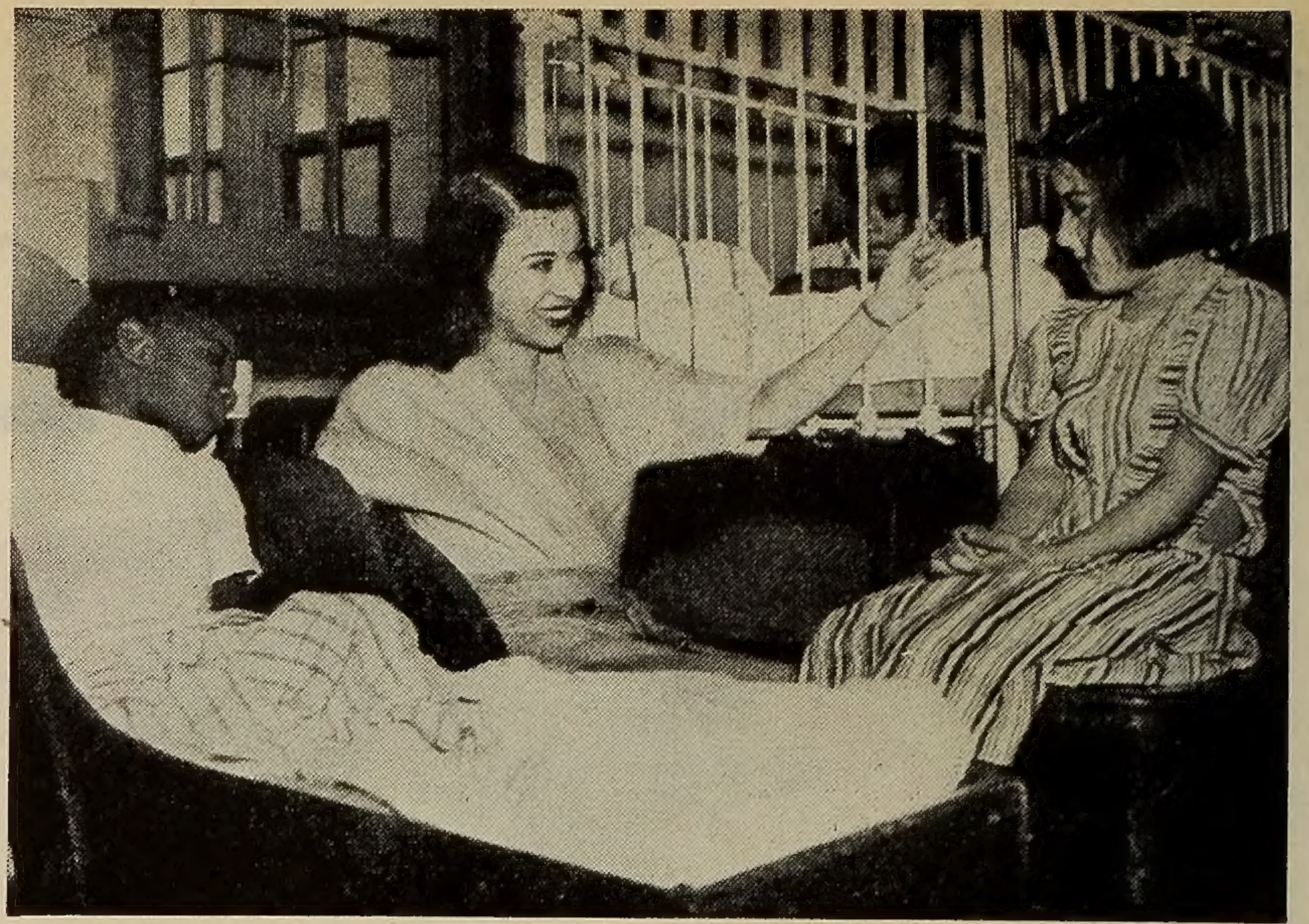
TANGEE GAY-RED—Terrific for blondes... gives lips that gay, reckless, "I-dare-you" look.



Tangee **KISSABLE TEXTURE**

1. Keeps lips soft...invitingly moist.
2. Feels just right...gives you confidence.
3. Does not smear or run at the edges.
4. Goes on so easily...so smoothly...so quickly.
5. And it lasts—and LASTS—and L-A-S-T-S!

BUSY as a BEAVER



KDKA's Elaine Beverley is a frequent entertainer at the Children's Hospital of Pittsburgh, which is her favorite charity.



Petite Miss Beverley is 4' 10", weighs 88 pounds, once wanted to be a dancer.

KDKA's petite Elaine Beverley has a stock answer for folks who want to know how she became successful. Says she, "I was always a busy beaver!"

Since the age of eight she's been on the stage, screen and radio, acting, dancing and singing. Her first dancing lessons came when she was four and all through grade school, high school and college she thought she might become a dancer. But three years as a singer with Maurice Spitalny's orchestra changed that, even though she had been featured in the Pittsburgh Civic Ballet and on the stage of the Stanley Theater.

KDKA's regional network show, Memory Time, gives her a chance to show her versatility as a singer. She does pop numbers, duets with singing-M.C. Buzz Aston, sings in the chorus and is highlighted in tunes of the "Gay Nineties" type.

A latent dramatic talent was developed on Brunch With Bill where she portrays various female characters in skits by Brunchmaster Bill Hinds and Actor-Writer Ed King.

Away from the studio, Miss Beverley likes to cook and go to baseball games. She's married to Joe Mann, Pittsburgh radio announcer, and, because they spent their honeymoon at Miami Beach, they return each winter for another "honeymoon."

One of the busiest persons in Pittsburgh's entertainment world, Miss Beverley can't say too much for the help given her by Mamie Barth, Maurice Spitalny and her announcer-husband. "Joe keeps my feet on the ground," she says. "He's the severest kind of critic, but he's good for me."



Elaine perches atop the piano with the Memory Time chorus: left to right, singing-M.C. Buzz Aston, Florence Berg, Bill Sutherland, Ev Neill, seated, at the piano, Dick Fischer, Bernie Maxwell, Bob Hughes, and Ray Griffin.

"I WAS ASHAMED OF MY FACE

until Viderm made my dreams of a clearer skin come true in one short week"

(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)



BETTY MEMPHIS

If your face is broken out, if bad skin is making you miserable, here is how to stop worrying about pimples, blackheads and other externally caused skin troubles.

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By Betty Memphis

"I just want to be alone!" Is there anything more awful than the blues that come when your face is broken out and you feel like hiding away because of pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin troubles? I know how it feels from personal experience. And I can appreciate the wonderful, wonderful joy that Ethel S. Jordan felt when she found something that not only *promised* her relief—but gave it to her in just one short week!

When I was having my own skin troubles, I tried a good many cosmetics, ointments and whatnot that were recommended to me. I remember vividly how disappointed I felt each time, until I discovered the skin doctor's formula now known as the Double Viderm Treatment. I felt pretty wonderful when friends began to rave about my "movie-star skin." No more self-consciousness. No more having my friends feel sorry for me. The secret joy, again, of running my fingertips over a smoother, clearer skin.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life—dates, romance, popularity, social and business success—only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful

complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—*take my word for it!*—no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

What Makes "Bad Skin" Get That Way?

Medical science gives us the truth about how skin blemishes usually develop. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time "stretch" the pores and make them large enough to pocket dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. Often, the natural oils that lubricate your skin will harden in the pores and result in unsightly blemishes.

When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the Double Viderm Treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, unbeautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The Double Viderm Treatment is a formula prescribed with amazing success by a dermatologist and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates your pores and acts as an antiseptic. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too—in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clearer, smoother complexion may come true in ten days or less.

Use your Double Viderm Treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 96, New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both



jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. Then, if you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm Double Treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and thirty-one thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it!—the treatment *must* work for you, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

Advertisement



A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.

WHAT'S NEW from



Guest of honor at recent Hollywood party:
Lucille Ball of CBS's *My Favorite Husband*.

THERE'S a lot of headshaking going on in radio circles over the cancellation of "Mr. Ace and Jane" after such a brief trial run. People in the know feel that it wasn't fair for the sponsor to judge by the regular rating systems, because the show, which they consider one of the most adult and best written in radio comedy, didn't have time enough really to catch on. Seems that sponsor's offices are the only remaining places in the country where pollsters—Gallup, Roper or Hooper—still retain any prestige.

* * *

Hollywood is still chuckling over the plight of Norman Chandler, owner of the *Los Angeles Times* and video station KTTV. It seems Mr. Chandler lives in Sierra Madre, California, near KTTV's Mt. Wilson transmitter, but so close to an intervening mountain that it casts a heavy "shadow" and he can't get his own station.

Giving the party for Lucille were co-hosts Keenan Wynn, l., and Peter Lawford, r. Beside Joan Evans is Desi Arnaz (also above with Lucille) who's Lucille's real-life "favorite husband."



COAST to COAST



Lucille's "program" husband is Richard Denning, above. Favorite Husband is on CBS, Fri., 8:30 P.M.



And Richard Denning's real wife (this becomes complicated) was there too: Evelyn Ankers.



Actress June Havoc and producer William Spier came to share the fun.



Louella Parsons helped Lucille tag host Peter with a "favorite" sticker.



Singer Helen Forrest and husband Paul Hollahan were late-comers.

Frank Goss, "Hallmark Playhouse" announcer, says he has a couple of friends who've been taking tales of the rapid rate of Hollywood weddings and divorces very seriously. Goss has been married four years, but on the anniversary of his wedding this year, he got a wedding present inscribed, "It looks as though you're going to stay married, so here's your wedding gift."

* * *

It's nice to see that somebody got real smart and put Georgia Gibbs to work as a comedienne. Why they waited so long is a mystery, considering the number of times her particular zany touch has enlivened the shows of top laugh provokers like Danny Kaye, Jimmy Durante, Herb Shriner, Groucho Marx and Milton Berle, just to name a few of the stars with whom she's appeared. As far as we're concerned, her acting on the Morey Amsterdam show is a delight to the ear and the ribs and her singing, as always, is but swell.

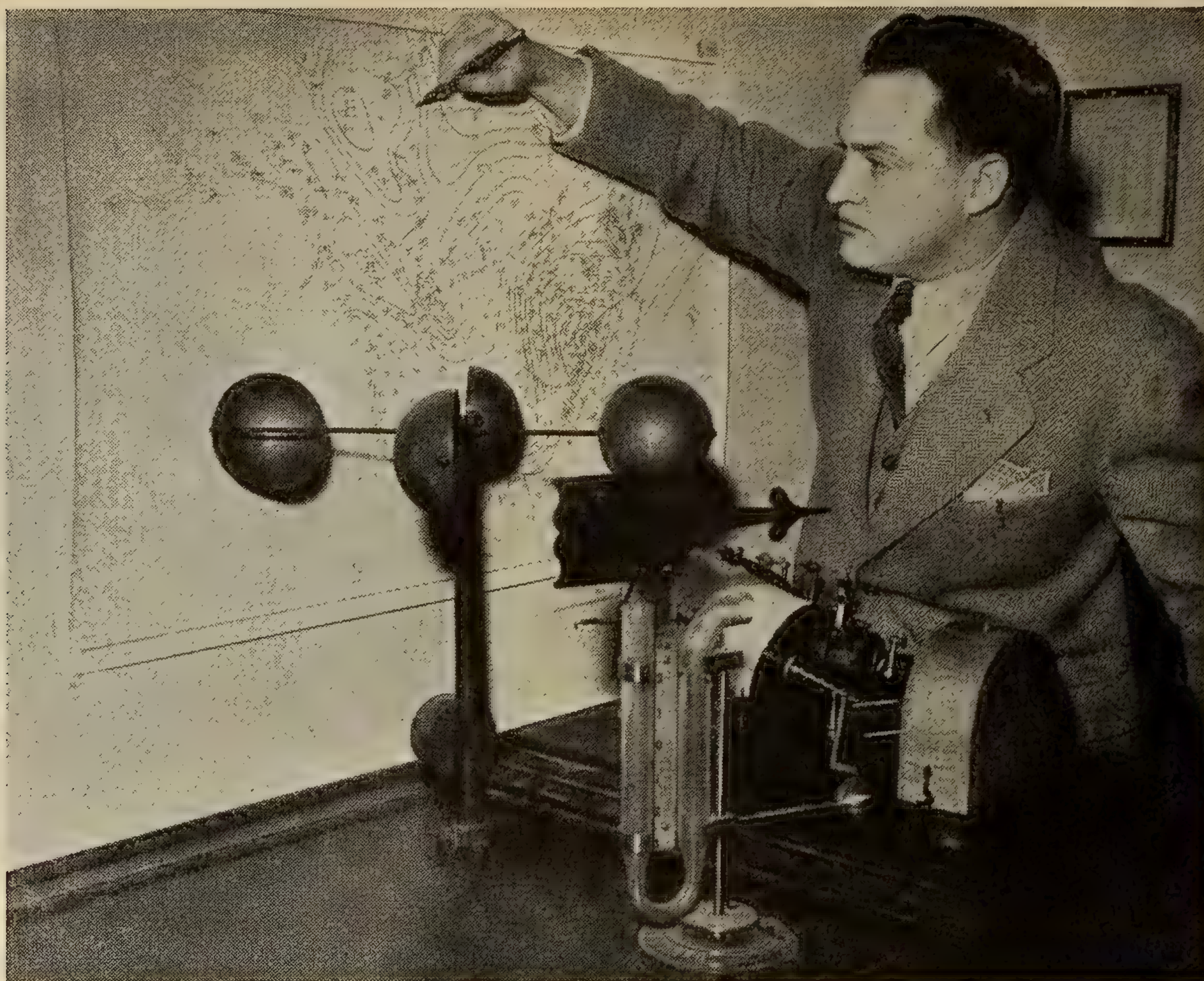
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The recording ban may (Continued on page 11)

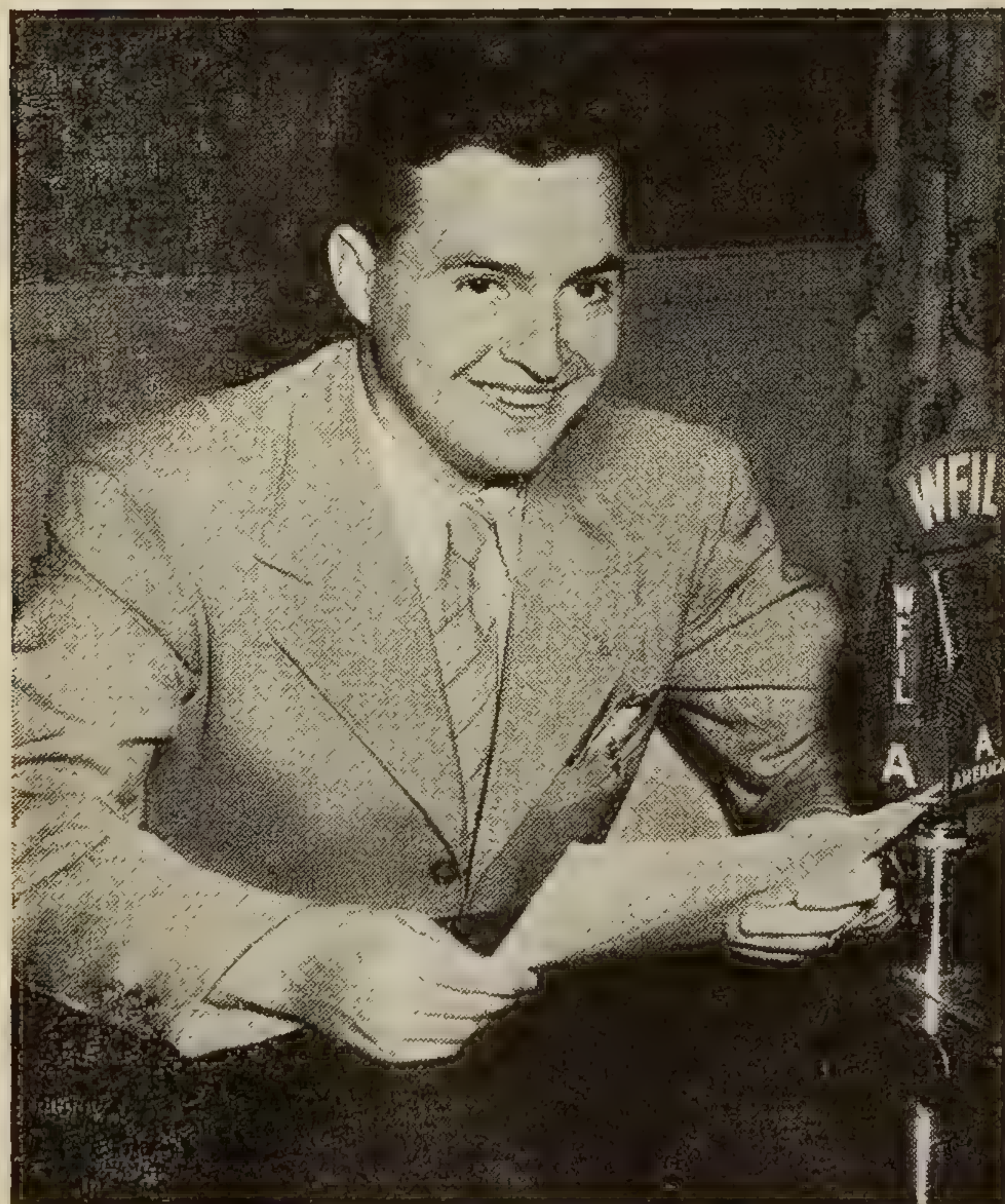


Peter's parents, Sir Peter and Lady Lawford, got a big welcome from their son and everyone else.

The anemometer (foreground) and weather map help Francis forecast local weather.



PREDICTING the UNPREDICTABLE



When Francis K. Davis discusses the weather it's never dry. His program includes human interest items as well as factual reports.

NO MATTER WHAT the weather, here's a good day to you." With those words, Francis K. Davis concludes three five-minute weather programs every weekday on Radio Station WFIL in Philadelphia. Usually we think of the weatherman as the target of a lot of bad jokes but since Davis joined the WFIL staff in October 1947 he has become one of the station's most popular radio personalities and his mailbag is always packed with specific requests.

"Straight weather information usually is dry—even when the weather is wet," says Davis, so he set about building a program that would be packed with human interest as well as authoritative facts. From his own weather stations at WFIL and his home eighteen miles away, from the U. S. Weather Bureau offices in mid-city and at International Airport, he gathers his information. Human interest elements come from the library, the record books, and the news wires.

Davis received his Bachelor's degree in physics at West Chester College and his Master's degree in meteorology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Four years in the Army with Air Force weather squadrons gave him experience in forecasting in all parts of the country and he received a special commendation for his forecasting for the B-29 "Dreamboat" flight from Tokyo to Washington. His research work has been published by the Army and the American Meteorological Society. Recently he addressed their 100th national meeting on the meteorologist's role in radio and television.

A Davis day starts at 4:30 A.M., when he leaves his wife and three-year-old son for work. He stops at the airport weather station enroute. After his morning program, he goes to Drexel Institute of Technology where he is assistant professor of physics. In the afternoon he tries to work in some post-graduate study at Temple University or the University of Pennsylvania before preparing his evening programs. He gathers data at the mid-city bureau before his 7 P.M. show and again for his late evening program. Then home and bed.

The WFIL staff relies on Davis' predictions . . . ever since the summer of 1948 when Francis Davis went on vacation just one day before the worst heat wave in Philadelphia history.

COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 9)

be over, but for many top recording artists the ban was less deadly than what gives now. Then, they weren't recording because they'd agreed not to. Now there's a wave of jitters among platter stars due to the way contracts are being dropped on all sides. Columbia has dropped Woody Herman, Claude Thornhill, Cab Calloway and Tommy Tucker and rumor has it that Decca and RCA-Victor are cutting their lists, too.

* * *

No one will ever be able to explain how Hollywood works to us. It seems that recently a movie called "She" was re-issued and box office reports on the oldie have been most satisfactory, which has caused movie execs to start scurrying around after Helen Mack, contracts in hand. Helen starred in the film ten years ago. The thing we don't understand is that Helen has been in and around Hollywood and Broadway all that time and has made quite a name for herself as a director and producer and actress in radio—and what were the big brains doing all that time?

* * *

It's likely that Jack Carson will be another radio star who'll be recording his shows after his return to Hollywood in mid-March. He and his company recorded one show before they started out on their 10-week vaudeville tour and, like everyone else who's done it that way, Carson was pleased with the result.

* * *

Bits of odd information: The Ryman Auditorium in Nashville, Tenn., from which Grand Ole Opry is broadcast every Saturday night, came into being as the result of a river boat captain's attendance at an Evangelist meeting. Back before the turn of the century, Capt. Tom Ryman, a wealthy river man from St. Louis, had his soul "saved" at a Nashville tent meeting. He was so impressed by the traveling preacher, the famous Sam Jones, that Ryman contributed a large sum of money to build an auditorium for his annual revival meetings. Nashville citizens added to

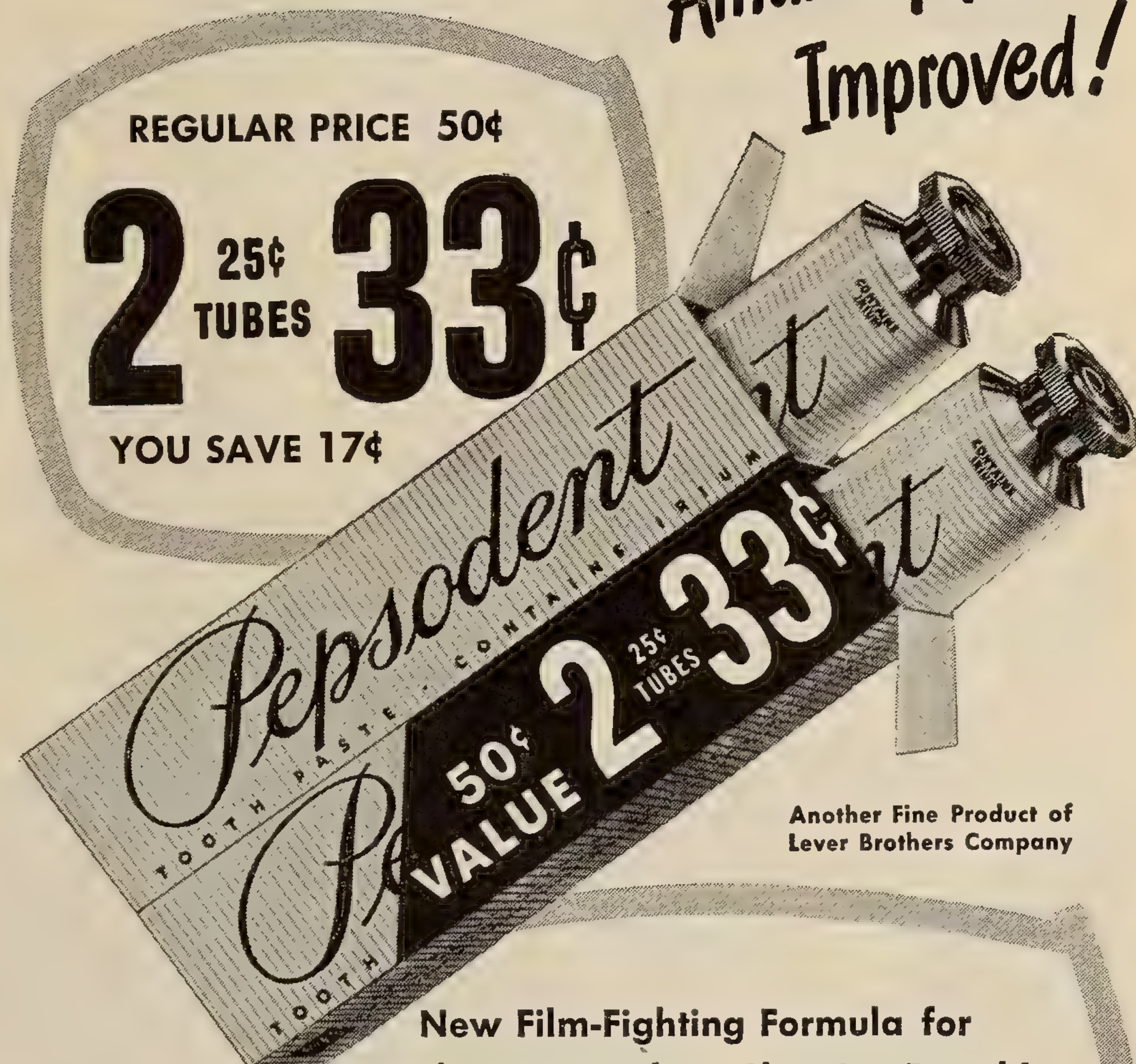
(Continued on page 15)



Dirty work at the canteen: Beverly Wills takes what Barbara Whiting, l., paid for. They're in CBS's Junior Miss.

To Introduce New Film-Removing Pepsodent

Amazingly
Improved!



Another Fine Product of
Lever Brothers Company

New Film-Fighting Formula for Brightening Teeth... Cleaning Breath!

Thrillingly different! New film-removing Pepsodent foams wonderfully — goes to work *faster* removing the film that makes your teeth look dull.

Moreover, Pepsodent's amazing new formula routs "bad breath" germs that lurk in film — germs that cause food particles to decay and taint your breath.

Try new fast-foaming Pepsodent with Irium. See if it doesn't give *you* brighter teeth; cleaner, fresher breath. Hurry! Act while money-saving offer lasts!

Act today!

Pepsodent's twin-pack bargain
on sale March 14, at all drug counters

For limited time only!



By DUKE ELLINGTON

Whose disc-spinning is heard on KLX, Oakland, Cal.; WESX, Salem, Mass.; KING, Seattle, Wash.

ALTHOUGH Martin Block, WNEW's Make-Believe Ballroom conductor, wasn't literally in rags when he started on his way to riches, his story is an amazing and fantastic version of the usual success formula. Just fourteen years ago two ten-dollar bills comprised his weekly wage. Today, that wage is reported to consist of approximately two one-thousand-dollar notes.

This disc jockey-to-be arrived in New York in 1934 via California stations and a sound truck stint—the latter having given him his first broadcasting experience. At that time, WNEW was only a few months old, and Block, who was down to his last few dollars, landed a job with the infant outfit. His job was to play records and announce the titles and that was about all. Then came the Hauptmann trials. He was assigned to fill in with music between the trial bulletins. He got one sponsor, called the program Make-Believe Ballroom, and won enough listeners with his ad lib before-and-after chatter to insure the success of the program.

That single sponsor wasn't lonely for long. The program now plays for about two dozen paying accounts, and has a long waiting list of firms that are eager to place their money with radio's super-salesman, the mellifluous Martin Block.

Although today Block is the best known and best paid platter spinner in the business, the early years of his career in radio were not easy ones. In the beginning both recording companies and band leaders were dead against the airing of what they respectively termed "unfair competition" and "self-competition." But time, and many figures on the profit side of the ledgers, convinced them that recorded programs such as Make-Believe Ballroom had given the ailing phonograph and record business a much-needed shot in the arm. Instead of harming the bands, disc shows tended to increase the popularity of the various orchestras. Today, top flight band leaders grow frantic if Block leaves them out of his mythical ballroom for even a few hours, and, in order to show their appreciation to him for using their recordings, these same band leaders act as guest directors of the program when Block goes on vacation.

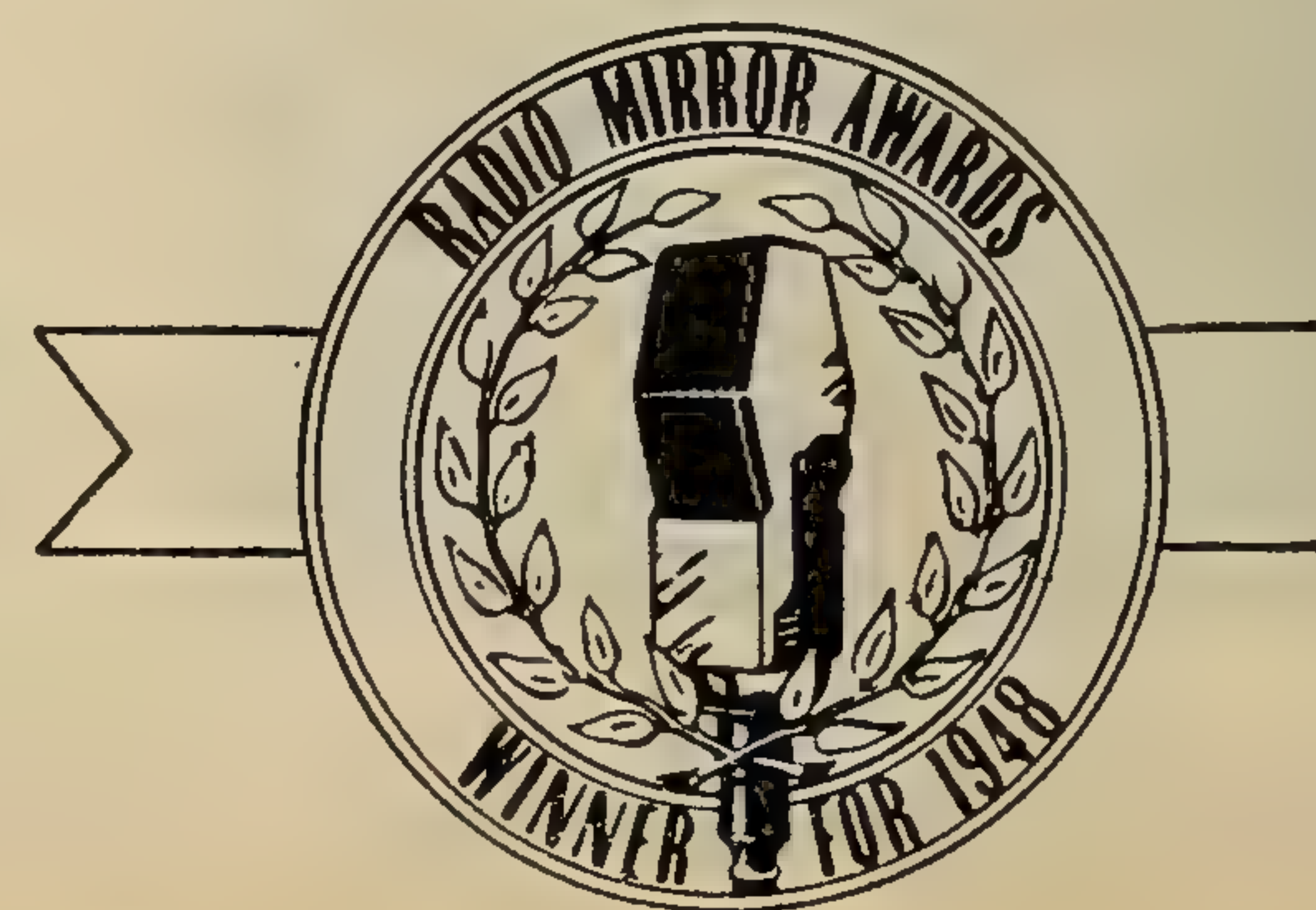
Facing the

Twice yearly Block conducts a popularity contest in order to find out which band rates highest in the public's favor in this area. He also conducts a contest to find out which male and female vocalists have the number one spot on the public's popularity list. These contests invariably bring a deluge of balloting mail to the station.

Martin celebrates his own birthday and the anniversary of the "Ballroom" every year. On that day he surrounds himself with all of the staff members of the station, his sponsors, band leaders and radio artists, and other friends. This celebration has become part of WNEW's tradition.

Whether the constant playing of melodies made Block tune-happy, or whether he was just born with music in his make-up, the fact remains that he is responsible for several hit songs, including one jive number. He is the composer of "I Guess I'll Have to Dream the Rest," "Faithful to You," and "Flat Foot Floogie."

There couldn't be better proof of Block's standing in the disc jockey community than this honor that Radio Mirror readers have just bestowed upon him—naming him their favorite disc jockey in the Radio Mirror Awards for 1948. The first big disc spinner is still going strong—and the rest of us are glad to hear it!



Music

Martin Block, band-

master of the Make-Believe

Ballroom, comes out on top

as Favorite Disc Jockey in

the Radio Mirror Awards



Block, who has been a radio personality for many years, was named the most popular disc jockey in the country by the Radio Mirror Awards.

Your Favorite DISC JOCKEY

BUFFALO'S

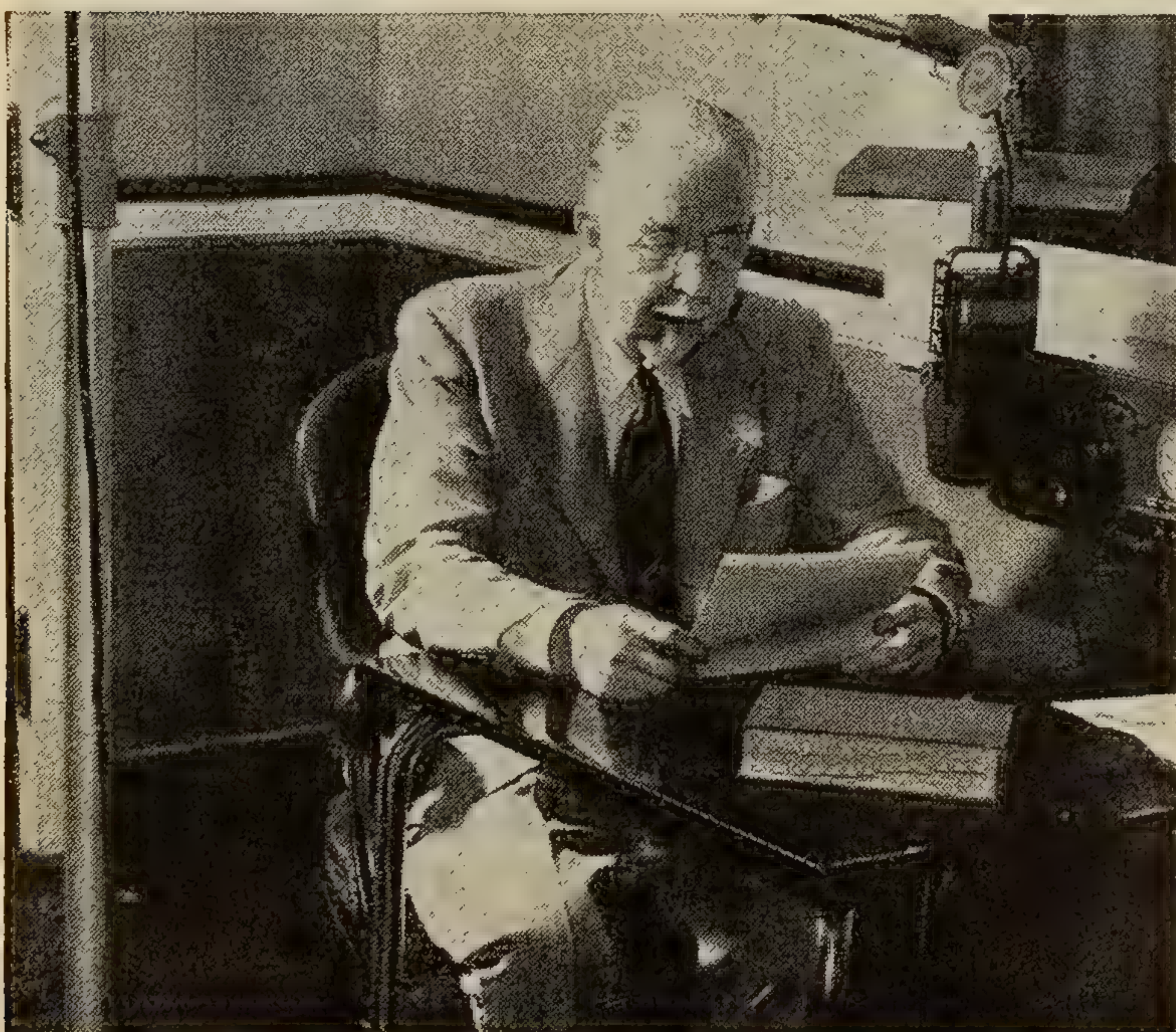
Bearded Sage



DR. HODGE



76-year-old Dr. Hodge has six children and seven grandchildren. The three shown here are Mildred, 10, Charles, 15, Roberta, 18.



Until recently Dr. Hodge broadcast five times a week but lately his scripts frequently are delivered by announcer Fred Keller.

HE'S "the spirit of '76," in age, undoubtedly the dean of America's radio commentators and one of the few radioites with three academic degrees. That, as almost any Buffalo-area listener will tell you, would be the bearded sage of WBEN—Dr. Fredrick A. Hodge, whose quarter-hour of pertinent news comment, *Reading Between the Lines*, follows the noon news bulletins Mondays through Fridays. He selects one subject—history, background, late news, possible strategy—and discusses it thoroughly.

He may talk about the United Nations when it's in session or discuss something like the significance of the life and sudden death of Gandhi. The scope of his program and its appeal may be measured by the success of a recent talk on the Bible as "a good book to live by," which brought numerous requests for copies of the broadcast. In addition, there were so many phone calls that it was repeated a month later and another repeat may be forthcoming.

Dr. Hodge was born in Bridgeport, Conn. He received his A.B. from Virginia Christian College, Lynchburg, Va., and his M.A. and Ph.D. from the University of Virginia. While obtaining the latter degree, he also was a faculty member there. Later he taught at the Farmville, Va. Normal School and then at Winthrop College in South Carolina, where he was professor of psychology and education. He also was assistant director of the University of Virginia Summer School. During World War I he entered the chemical engineering field with the duPont Co.

He continued as a chemical and mechanical engineer in Pittsburgh and New York City before coming to Buffalo in 1935, where he planned to retire and live near a son and daughter in the area. "But the thought of retiring made me ill-at-ease," said the doctor, so he became supervisor of teacher training for Buffalo's Adult Educational Program.

At that time he was invited by WBEN to broadcast a series of six talks analyzing Adolf Hitler's *Mein Kampf*. The series attracted such wide attention that a radio career was born—at the age of 63. Until recently Dr. Hodge broadcast five times a week, but lately he has been preparing the scripts for delivery by WBEN's versatile announcer-producer, Fred Keller, and only occasionally does the doctor broadcast.

He is an avid reader of news magazines, historical books and newspapers and does his best writing at night and in bed. His hobby is chemi-culture of plants and his favorite amusement in playing with his grandchildren. One thing he would like to see in radio is a spirit of optimism in daytime dramas in place of what he calls "hysterical sob stuff."

His favorite joke on himself occurred when a three-year-old spotted him on a bus and shouted to his mother, "Look—Santa Claus!"

He sums up his philosophy of life by his favorite motto: "Keep an open mind."

COAST to COAST

(Continued from page 11)

his contribution and the result was an auditorium for public use in religious and educational meetings and for entertainment—and, while the Grand Ole Opry show comes under the heading of entertainment, the Ryman is still used for its original purposes, too.

* * *

We're thinking that one of the ways to make history an interesting subject for youngsters would be to get them the new Columbia album, "I Can Hear It Now," the records which contain some of the actual, on the spot sounds and words of the most important events in the world's recent history. They can hear the actual surrender of the French at Compiegne in World War II and the marching feet of Hitler's Storm Troopers, as well as many other vital and chilling things. The album was prepared by Edward R. Murrow with the assistance of Fred W. Friendly, former combat correspondent.

* * *

Any day now you're liable to find your dentist's chair wired for sound—soothing sound for you. And you have Al Span, CBS's Hollywood sound effects chief to thank. Al was sitting in the dentist's chair when a trolley car passed along the street and Al noticed that for the brief instant that the car's passing drowned out the whine of the drill, he felt less pain. In a few days, he had translated his mind-over-clatter discovery into a new device, a speaker which attaches to the headrest on the dentist's chair and bone conducts music through the patient's jaw. The dentist pipes in the patient's favorite kind of music by record or radio, adjusts the volume just loud enough to cover the sound of his drilling, and immeasurably improves his reputation.

* * *

From all over the country, teachers are writing in their approval of Our Miss Brooks, which presents a school-teacher as a modern, clever, capable and attractive person. The teachers feel that this kind of show will tend to encourage the right kind of young people to choose teaching as a career.

* * *

The late Tom Breneman's restaurant has been given a new name—in case you ever try to find it out in Hollywood—The Empire Room. But the edifice housing the eatery will still be known as the Breneman Building.

* * *

GOSSIP FROM ALL OVER . . . Bob Hope is bidding for a radio station all his own. . . Gabriel Heatter has signed a five year contract with Mutual covering video and movies as well as radio. . . Bill Virdier, until recently an NBC sound effects man, has been promoted to a producer handling several of NBC's Hollywood shows. . . Jesse Lasky and Jack Bailey have reached the contract stage in their talks about making a movie of the Queen For A Day stanza. . . Alan Young slated for star billing in his next movie for 20th Century-Fox, because of rave notices for his performances in "Chicken Every Sunday" and "Mr. Belvedere Goes to College." . . . Jimmy Durante is off to England this summer, headed for London's famed Palladium in July . . . and Spring is in the air.



GAIL RUSSELL
AND JOHN PAYNE
CO-STARRING IN
PARAMOUNT'S
"EL PASO"

*Gail Russell
Told me The Truth about Men!*

Men never got serious about me.

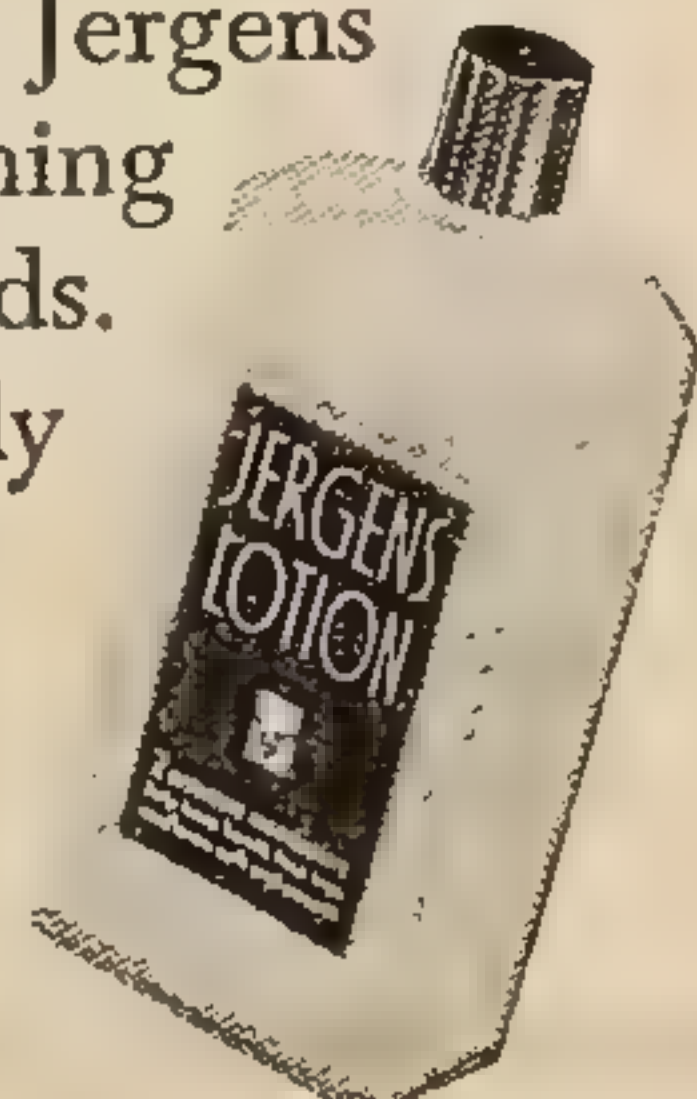
One date, or two—but nothing more. I couldn't understand it 'til I read Gail Russell's words: "A man wants his special girl to be *feminine* . . . wants her hands to be soft and romantic." The magazine said Gail Russell uses Jergens Lotion on her hands, so—

I decided to try Jergens too!



What a difference! My hands felt smoother, looked lovelier overnight. And soon, Bill noticed! "Such beautiful hands!" he said. And tonight he told me so again . . . *when he slipped his ring on my finger!*

Your own hands can be so much lovelier—softer, smoother—with today's finer Jergens Lotion. Because it's a liquid, Jergens quickly furnishes the softening moisture thirsty skin needs. And no stickiness! Still only 10¢ to \$1.00 plus tax.



**Hollywood Stars Use Jergens Lotion 7 to 1
Over Any Other Hand Care**

Used by more Women than any other Hand Care in the World!

R
M

Your loveliness is Doubly Safe



Because
**Veto gives you
Double Protection!**

So effective . . . Veto guards your loveliness night and day—safely protects your clothes and you. For Veto not only neutralizes perspiration odor, it checks perspiration, too! Yes, Veto gives you Double Protection! And Veto disappears instantly to protect you from the moment you apply it!

So gentle . . . Always creamy and smooth, Veto is lovely to use and keeps you lovely. And Veto is gentle, safe for normal skin, safe for clothes. Doubly Safe! Veto alone contains *Duratex*, Colgate's exclusive ingredient to make Veto safer. Let Veto give your loveliness double protection!

**Veto lasts and lasts
from bath to bath!**

Information Booth

Step Up And Ask Your Questions—We'll Try To Find The Answers

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer in Information Booth or by mail. Be sure to sign name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

THREE DR. I. Q.s



Lew Valentine

I.Q.s. The first was Lew Valentine who was with the program when it started in 1939. When World War II began he enlisted, and Jimmy McClain replaced him. In 1946 McClain left to join the ministry and Valentine resumed his original role. He stayed only a few months, leaving to take a job in an advertising agency. Then, Stanley Vainrib took the role but remained only four months. Valentine again returned, and, at this writing, he is the Dr. I. Q. you hear every Monday night on NBC stations.

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me how many different people have been Dr. I. Q.? Which one is on the air now?

Mrs. L. L. T.
York, Pa.

Altogether, there have been three Dr.

MINNEAPOLIS-BORN

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me where the Andrews Sisters were born? They are my favorite singers. If possible, couldn't you print a picture of one of the girls?

J. B.

Palmyra, Illinois.

The Andrews Sisters—Maxene, La Verne, and Patty—were born and raised in Minneapolis, Minnesota. And here's La Verne, the oldest of the three.



La Verne Andrews

QUIET PLEASE THEME



Ernest Chapel

If you've ever listened to César Franck's Symphony in D Minor you'll recognize the Quiet Please theme as an excerpt from the second movement. And here's Ernest Chapel who so skillfully narrates the unusual stories on this ABC program which is broadcast on Sundays at 5:30 P.M., EST.

Dear Editor:

I would appreciate your telling me the name of the music played on Sunday night's Quiet Please. It's vaguely familiar.

Mrs. S. B.
Pawtucket, R. I.

LITTLE ALICE



Jeanine Roose

Dear Editor:

We're in a quandary as to whether or not the two children portrayed on the Phil Harris-Alice Faye show are actually Phil and Alice's children or whether they are actresses.

Miss G. S.

Davenport, Iowa

Little Alice and Phyllis are played by two young professional actresses: Alice is played by Jeanine Roose, and Phyllis is played by Anne Whitfield.

WHO'S WHO



Myra Marsh

Dear Editor:

Please tell me who plays the following roles on Junior Miss: Mr. Graves, Mrs. Graves, and Hilda.

M. E. S.

Amherst, Virginia

Mr. Graves is played by Gale Gordon, Mrs. Graves by Sarah Selby, and Hilda is played by Myra Marsh.

NO REUNION

Dear Editor:

Can you tell me what station Eddy Arnold's radio show called Home Town Reunion is on? I have tried unsuccessfully for the past three Saturday nights but to no avail. Secondly, can you tell me what the Ink Spots are doing and where they are now?

Eddy Arnold

Miss M. M. S.

Plymouth, Pa.

We are sorry to tell you that Hometown Reunion, formerly heard on CBS, is no longer on the air. As for the Ink Spots, they are on a tour of personal appearances. At this writing, they are a featured attraction at the Capitol Theater in New York.

NEW CHICHI



Teri Keane

Dear Editor:

Who is the new Chichi on Life Can Be Beautiful and why did Alice Reinheart leave?

Miss S. T.
New York, N. Y.

Pretty Teri Keane replaced Alice Reinheart when

Alice left Life Can Be Beautiful to take a featured role in a Broadway play.

LOOK AT THE RECORDS

DANCING OR LISTENING

BERYL DAVIS (RCA Victor)—The British Songstress, who recently married disc jockey Peter Potter, sounds fine on the Camarata-Russell ballad "No More," with Camarata supplying the orchestral backing. "If I Had A Penny" with the Russ Case orchestra is almost as good.

JOHNNY MERCER—PIED PIPERS (Capitol)—If by this time you've been hearing people say "eYah, eYah, eYah," you can blame it all on a Mercer record called "Would Ya?"—it's a cute-as-a-button version. "Let's Fly" is a let's-get-away-from-it-all type of song that suffers from comparison with the first side.

SY OLIVER (MGM)—There are many who will agree that it was Sy's orchestral arranging that accounted for the greatness of such bands as Jimmy Lunceford's and Tommy Dorsey's. Here, Sy takes a jumpy melody written by Billy Kyle and George Duvivier and makes it into a great instrumental. It's called "Four To Go." Tommy Roberts does an excellent vocal job on "Sad Sad Story Blues."

STAN KENTON (Capitol)—June Christy is featured on the novelty "He Was A Good Man As Good Men Go," while Eddie Safranski is featured on bass along with Stan pianistics on "How Am I To Know." We prefer the latter—a less frantic Kenton arrangement.

ILLINOIS JACQUET (RCA Victor)—Mr. Jacquet follows his recent pattern by dedicating one of the sides to a disc jockey. The Detroit platter spinner gets the nod on "A Jacquet For Jack The Bellboy." "Embryo" features the usual tenor sax solo.

* * *

ALBUM ARTISTRY

LATIN RHYTHMS (London)—Stanley Black and His Concert Orchestra. The London full range recording technique stands out on "Linda Chilena," "Rhumba-Tambah," "Adios," "La Mulata Rhumbra," "Canto De Ausencia" and "A Media Luz."

FLICK, THE LITTLE FIRE ENGINE (MGM)—A wonderful story for children is excellently narrated by Robert Dann. Greta Holm supplied music for Bert Reisfeld story.

By **JOE MARTIN**

No other **Lipstick...** has these Exclusive features

- ★ **THREE SHADES...** keyed to your individual coloring.
- ★ **LASTS LONGER...** actually stays beautiful until you take it off.
- ★ **NON-DRYING...** keeps your lips moist and lovely.
- ★ **SUPER-FINE TEXTURE...** means smoother application.

Clear Red
The pure red most flattering to your coloring for a clear, sparkling, vivacious you.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR
Co-starring in
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"LITTLE WOMEN"

Blue Red
Your red with a subtle blue cast...sultry, glamorous for matching costume changes.

Rose Red
Your red, but on the pink side...for your delicately feminine moods and costume colors.

U. S. Patents
No. 2,157,667
2,211,465

3 shades for your coloring

...choose your favorite red...or have all three for costume changes

BLONDES	BRUNETTES	BROWNETTES	REDHEADS
CLEAR RED No. 1	CLEAR RED No. 3	CLEAR RED No. 2	CLEAR RED No. 1
BLUE RED No. 1	BLUE RED No. 3	BLUE RED No. 2	BLUE RED No. 1
ROSE RED No. 1	ROSE RED No. 3	ROSE RED No. 2	ROSE RED No. 1

IF HAIR IS GRAY, USE FORMER HAIR COLORING AS GUIDE

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

Flavor
makes all the difference
in the world !



And there's one thing you can always depend upon...the consistently high quality and fine flavor of

**Beech-Nut
GUM**

It's "Always Refreshing"

What makes YOU tick?



John McCaffery, who asks the questions on What Makes You Tick? (CBS, 2:45 P.M. EST, daily) has prepared a special set of questions for RADIO MIRROR readers, designed to help you (and your friends and family, unless you manage to evade them) find out more about yourself. When you've added up your score (and if you cheat, *that* tells something about you, too!) you'll have the answer to the question: "How Adventuresome Are You?"

- | | Yes | No |
|--|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Do you like to try strange and exotic foods? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 2. Have you ever been tempted to throw an egg into an electric fan just to see what would happen? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 3. Have you ever put your finger all the way up the coin return slot in a pay telephone just to see what was up there? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 4. Do you like blind dates? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 5. Did you ever try to pick up a girl? (or fellow?) | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 6. Have you ever tested yourself on your capacity for beer, watermelon, ice cream sodas, etc.? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 7. Have you ever pelted anyone with a snowball during your adulthood? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 8. Do you make a habit of exceeding the speed limit when you drive? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 9. Do you like to play practical jokes? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |
| 10. Do you (or did you) look forward to parenthood? | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> |

Give yourself 10 points for every "yes" answer. 80 points or more indicates an extremely adventuresome spirit and chances are that as you look back over your life, this penchant for the untried and the unknown has caused you more than one embarrassing moment. 40 to 70 points indicates a more or less normal outlook toward adventure, while 30 points or less might indicate that you are missing a lot in life by not "letting yourself go" occasionally.

Date Data • By Mary Jane Fulton

PAT BARNARD and Burt Hilber thought their being in love was a deep secret. All winter they had been trying to avoid casting fond glances at each other during rehearsals and broadcasts of Adelaide Hawley's Fashions on Parade TV program, on which Pat is a model, and Burt the singing lead.

So when we pounced on them for our how-to-look-on-a-date story, they were surprised. But they happily admitted that they plan to be married soon. And they didn't mind a bit being "shot" at New York's famous Versailles Restaurant, where other young folks go on very special dates.



Right: In moderation. It's permissible for a girl to do a *small amount* of face-lifting in public—particularly if she keeps her puffs spotlessly clean. But remember ... don't overdo!



Right: No fumbling around in Pat's purse. All equipment is "filed" to be easily accessible. She cleans purses weekly so there's no odd-and-end accumulation. Burt approves daintiness!



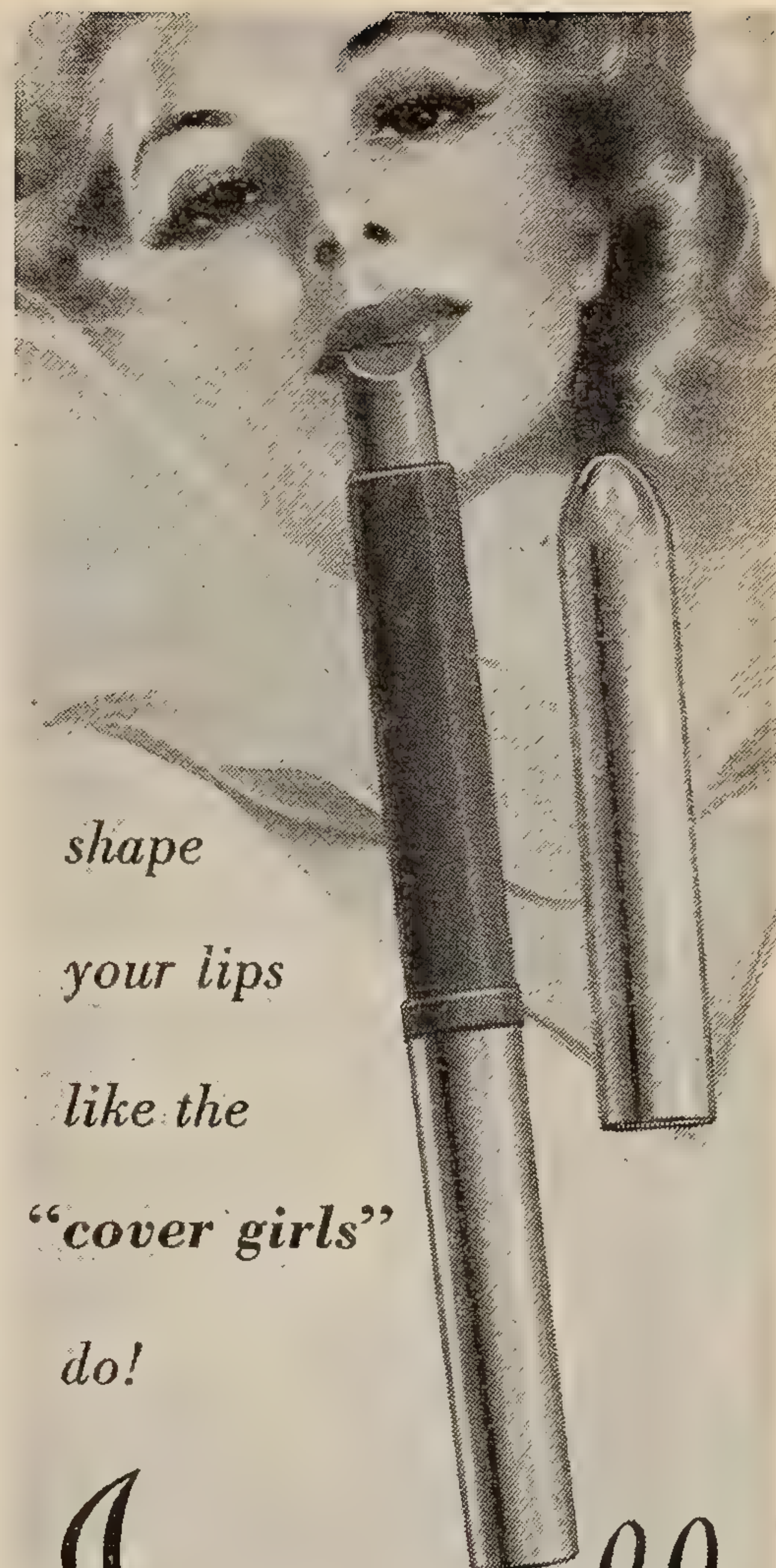
Wrong: Though they're engaged, Pat and Burt would never think of presenting a picture like this to the public gaze. Demonstrations of affection in public, they both agree, are definitely in the worst taste.



Wrong: Not every pretty girl acts pretty. But Pat does. She put her elbows on the table for this picture only; normally, she lifts her cup to drink, then returns it to its saucer.



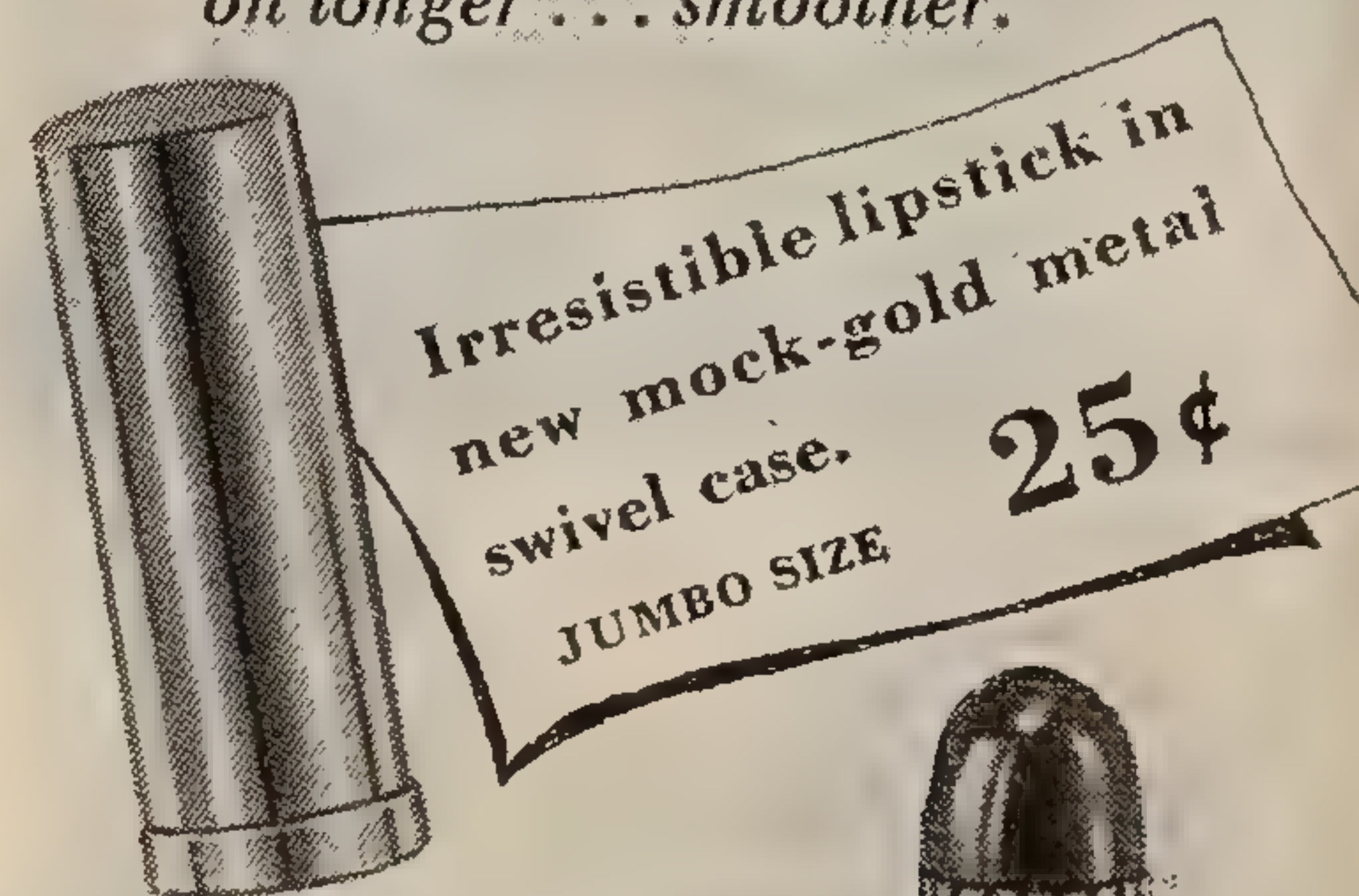
Wrong: Tabling an elbow isn't the only way to spoil a date. Talking with mouth full, waving utensils, smearing lipstick on cup or napkin—Burt says that's not the way to have happy dates or have many of them!



Irresistible
NEW, LONGER
LIPSTICK

Professional size... only 39¢

For the beautifully shaped lips men admire, try softer, smoother Irresistible Lipstick in the new long "make-up-artist" case of mock-gold metal. WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer ... smoother.



At all cosmetic counters

Put a love song
in his heart!
Tonight, use

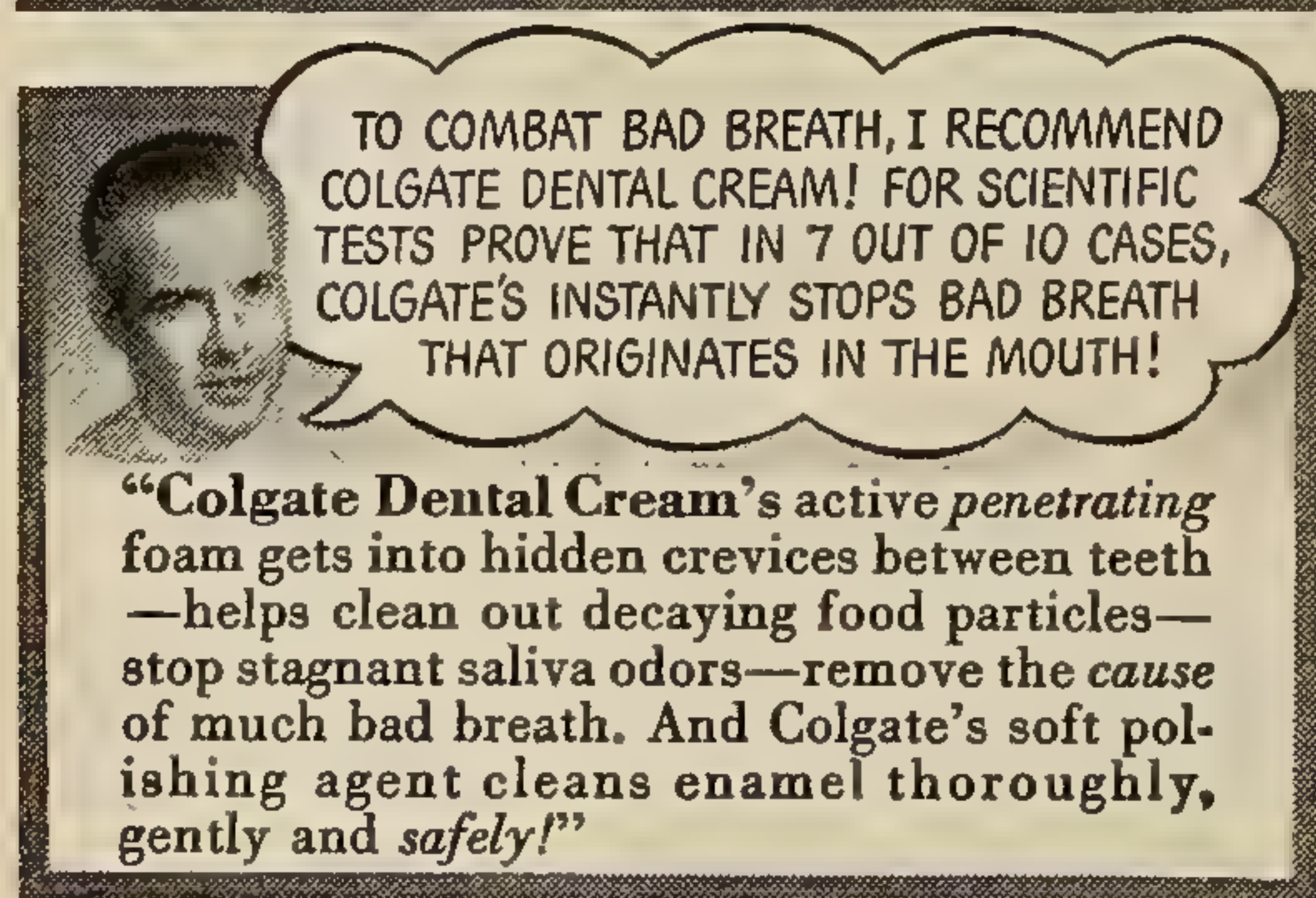
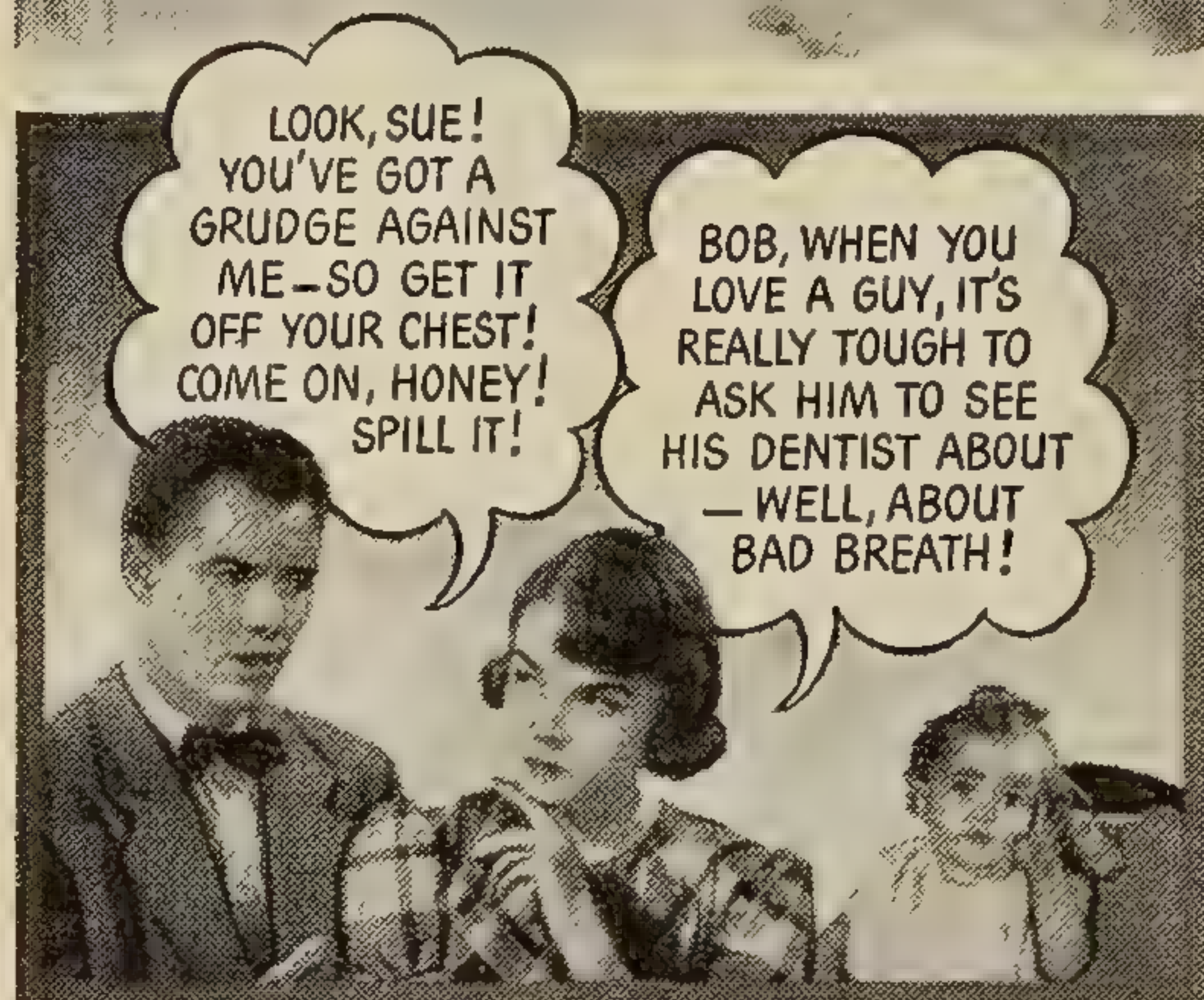
**IRRESISTIBLE
PERFUME**

10c and 25c sizes



RADIO MIRROR for BETTER LIVING

Don't Parents
Ever Grow Up?



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



Traveler of the

By TOMMY BARTLETT



Rena Rosso-Bishop told M.C. Tommy Bartlett how she risked her life to help Allied troops in Italy during the war, on ABC's *Welcome Travelers* (heard Monday through Friday at noon, EST).

OUR traveler of the month is a modern heroine whom this nation, as a reward for her valor, has made a guest of America. And when you learn how Rena Rosso-Bishop personally saved the lives of thousands of Allied soldiers in Italy during the war, and became a key link in Allied Intelligence, I think you'll agree that she's a most *Welcome Traveler* to our thankful shores.

Rena Rosso-Bishop is forty-five years old, a simple seamstress from a farming town near Turin, in Northern Italy. Just another person caught up in the chaos of war, you might think at first. But as I chatted with Mrs. Bishop at our *Welcome Travelers* party at the College Inn of the Hotel Sherman in Chicago, I realized that she wasn't just another person but a very unique person who, with quiet courage, had helped to control and change those war tides.

And in the United States, England and Canada, there are many young men who owe their safe return from Italy to this unpretentious seamstress who didn't give them away under the horror of a German torture chamber or the menace of a Nazi firing squad.

But let's start this strange story at its beginning. As a young Italian traveling in England after the last war, Rena Rosso had met and married an American named Bishop. There was one daughter, Betty. Eventually, the mar-

riage had ended unhappily, and Rena, now calling herself Rosso-Bishop, returned to the little farm village near Turin. The end of her marriage also meant the end of the American citizenship she had gained with the marriage vows, but it didn't end her love for this country. As she said:

"I always have loved America, and felt very close toward all of your people. But I never thought then the time would come when I could prove my friendship."

That time came, all right, with the war. If you recall those days, the surrender of Italy led to a very strange situation inside that unhappy, Fascist-ridden land. Thousands of Allied troops, who had been Italian prisoners, suddenly were freed. Very often though, these newly-liberated young men were in greater peril than they had been while in prison camps. For, suddenly they were walking through German-held territory, ducking Nazi patrols and trying to make their way to the Allied lines. These were strange, cynical days for many of the people of Italy. Some, who still thought the Germans might yet win, turned these men over to the Nazis. Others, like Mrs. Rosso-Bishop, tried to protect them.

When Mrs. Rosso-Bishop heard that there were Allied soldiers in the neighborhood, she went out looking for them. She found groups of two, three, four—

Month

finally, ten. She took them to her home, fed them from her own inadequate rations, doctored them and, later at night, passed them on their way to the Allied lines. This was the beginning of a long saga of heroism.

But if Mrs. Rosso-Bishop was a heroine, she also was a mother. Almost at once, she sent word to her daughter in Turin and warned her not to come see her mother under any circumstances. The woman knew that she was beginning a dangerous adventure, with death a likelihood at any moment, and she wanted to keep her daughter from becoming involved.

And that's how it was for the rest of the war—a woman alone, outwardly a seamstress and farmer, foraging for enough to eat. A woman alone, but inside her small house, or in the woods beyond, were the tough Allied fighting men who depended upon her for their lives.

In 1944, the Allies started dropping their parachute intelligence teams into Northern Italy. One night, standing at her front door, Mrs. Rosso-Bishop saw the billowing chutes float down. Again, she felt her duty. Though this was even more dangerous than sheltering a ragged band of freed ex-prisoners, she ran through the fields and collected the confused parachutists. Because she spoke English, it was easy to explain to these boys that she was their friend, and offered them aid. She took them to her home, gave them food, agreed to keep them in the house by day, so they could slip through the countryside by night.

When the first band of parachutists returned to headquarters, they reported that there was a woman, Mrs. Rosso-Bishop, living right smack in the enemy territory who could be trusted. Wave after wave of British and American secret agents followed. All were protected, sped on their dangerous way.

One night, a British intelligence man stopped to thank his benefactress. And she said this to him:

"Any way I can help will please me. Use me or my home as you will. I really want to help."

This, too, was passed back to Headquarters. At this time, top British officials were looking around for some secret headquarters for a cloak-and-dagger mission inside German lines. Mrs. Rosso-Bishop's home was the best bet. The message went to her. She agreed. Thus, a few days later, the mission parachuted to her home—a pink-cheeked but stern young Major not long out of Oxford, a clandestine radio crew, experts on Italy who would get in touch with the partisans, experts on Germany who would infiltrate the Nazi ranks. This was a major espionage operation, one of the most important in Northern Italy. It was successful, too, and because of that, thousands of American and British lives were saved. (Continued on page 22)



Make fragrance a part of you . . .

NEVER, NEVER face your world without your perfume . . . make use of its magic and power every hour, every day. Remember, daytimes, evenings and always, *Evening in Paris* perfume is enchanting . . . and you're a thousand times more fascinating when you wear it!

SCENT SECRET: Wherever you go, let perfume set the scene. Touch the temples, wrists, bend of the elbow, nape of the neck with fragrance.

GIFT SECRET FOR MEN: The most gracious and acceptable gift you can give is *Evening in Paris*.

Evening in Paris
BOURJOIS

Perfume . . . 75¢ to \$12.50
Eau de Cologne 65¢ to \$1.50
Face Powder \$1.00

All Prices Plus Tax



Are you in the know?



What would you do in this situation?

☐ Smile and switch

☐ Keep on dancing

☐ Play deaf

You're swaying on a dream-cloud . . . and Heathcliff's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you switch to the lethal lad. When your calendar tries to cut in on your bookings—switch to the comfort of the new Kotex. Talk about a dream-cloud!

Kotex has *softness that holds its shape* for hours! Dance after dance, you stay comfortable—because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. What's more, your new Kotex Sanitary Belt's all-elastic, adjustable, smooth-fitting. Doesn't bind when you bend!



What's the best makeup remover?

- ☐ Soap and water
- ☐ Cold cream
- ☐ Smooching

Avast there, matey! First slip makeup off with *cream*, wiping away with Kleenex Tissues. Then wash your face. It takes cream to "fight" cream (such as most makeup bases are made of), and followed by soap and water, it helps keep blackheads at bay. Remove problem-day worries, too . . . with the aid of Kotex and that *safety center*. An exclusive Kotex feature that gives you *extra* protection, self-assurance! All 3 absorbencies of Kotex have it . . . Regular, Junior and Super.



For the lowdown on that N. M. I. T.

- ☐ Read his palm
- ☐ Pry into his past
- ☐ Ask your brother

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't tell you, but you can depend on (guess who!)—your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, depend on *Kotex*—for Kotex prevents revealing outlines. Those special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex don't show, don't tell—keep your secret confidential!



More women choose **KOTEX**
than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

TRAVELER OF THE MONTH

(Continued from page 21)

Mrs. Rosso-Bishop, the seamstress, didn't know much about higher military strategy, or the significance of intelligence reports. She knew, though, that these men had to eat, so she spent her days finding food for them. She knew, also, that they mustn't be caught, so she sent them to the woods each night and remained alone in the little home to meet the German patrol.

The Nazis, however, were closing in. They knew that a clandestine radio was operating from somewhere near her home. Methodically, they began rounding up all persons who even remotely might be suspect. Mrs. Rosso-Bishop was fair game because it was known that she spoke English, and the village Quislings had passed along reports that she always spoke well of America.

After preliminary questioning, the Germans got tough. Mrs. Rosso-Bishop was locked in a foul-smelling room without food or water. She still was silent. One morning, she was marched to a stone wall and a rifle squad stood ten yards from her. She would be executed at once, she was told, unless she confessed within one minute. The minute passed—in silence. The Germans shrugged, led Mrs. Rosso-Bishop back to her cell. Finally, she was freed.

When Mrs. Rosso-Bishop returned to her little home, it was empty. She was lucky to be alive. Mrs. Rosso-Bishop knew that from here on in she would be under the strictest surveillance.

It was at this point when she began the most hazardous adventure of her amazing career: the escorting of over 1,800 Allied Soldiers, intelligence men and airmen across the Italian border into safe territory.

"How did you manage this?" I asked.

"I walked with them," she said.

Just like that. She walked with them. Traveling by night, freezing and hungry, with death behind each tree, she walked with them.

Each of these furtive caravans took ten days and on all those perilous journeys, she lost only five men.

When the war ended, Mrs. Rosso-Bishop's mission ended with it. She did her day's work, slept at night without fear of a German raid. The American and British young men were home, too—also sleeping without fear.

Then, one day, Mrs. Rosso-Bishop had a visitor. A natty British officer. While curious fellow villagers crowded around, he stood before her and read a citation, signed by Field Marshal H. R. Alexander, Supreme Allied Commander, Mediterranean Theater.

Mrs. Rosso-Bishop took the paper and folded it away. She had asked for no thanks; this was more than enough.

There was one more thank you, though. A most wonderful one for Mrs. Rosso-Bishop. After a while, she thought that she might like to come to the America which she had befriended. Hesitantly, she went to the U. S. Consul at Turin. It was arranged, and America, too, had extended its thanks.

So Mrs. Rosso-Bishop came to America, and, in the course of visiting friends came to visit with us at Welcome Travelers. She had come, she said, to start a new life here. Well, I'm sure that we all wish her well in that new life—in very partial payment for all of the American lives which she saved.

Welcome, Traveler! Welcome to the land you helped to keep free.

RADIO MIRROR

AWARDS for 1948

THIS is the issue of RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR which you, the readers, ordered. The ballots on which you voted, during November and December of last year, for your favorite stars, your favorite programs, served as a guide for the editors in planning this, the annual Awards issue. Your votes told us, as clearly as though you were speaking for yourselves right here in our office, just which radio features were giving you the kind of entertainment you wanted . . . what, of all the listening fare provided during the year by the four networks, you wished us to single out for particular honor.

RADIO AND TELEVISION MIRROR carries your message of approbation to these programs in two ways. First, we have devoted this entire issue to the offerings which won your applause. And, during the coming month, you will hear the editors make many Award presentations on the air.

Remember that, as radio is important to you, *you are important to radio*. Continue to support and to demand the kind of entertainment that satisfies *you*.

—THE EDITORS

FOR FULL COLOR PICTURES OF THE WINNERS—SEE FOLLOWING PAGES

The warmth of Kate Smith's personality, always apparent in her singing, also makes Kate Smith Speaks a looked-forward-to treat for daytime listeners.



Thanks

HELLO, everybody! This is Kate Smith writing instead of speaking or singing. And I'm writing about a particularly happy and pleasant subject—the annual awards that are being given by RADIO MIRROR Magazine to the people and the programs of radio which you, the listeners, have selected as your favorites.

I am proud and flattered and grateful to be among those you have chosen. And I'm humble, too, for a very special reason. You see, you are the people who really matter. I know I am speaking for everyone in radio when I say that. We who broadcast are failing if we don't please you. We may please the sponsor and his advertising agency, we may please the critics who write for newspapers and magazines (and of course we try to) but if we don't please you, as you sit in your homes and turn the radio dial, we just

By KATE SMITH

Before you go on to the rest of the Radio

Mirror Awards Winners for 1948, read this summing

up by the star whose comment—according

to your votes—is among your favorite radio fare

for Listening!"

aren't doing the job we want to do.

The RADIO MIRROR Awards are strictly the *listeners'* choice. As you know, there are all sorts of polls to measure the popularity of radio performers, but as far as I know, RADIO MIRROR's is the only national one, inviting listeners from all over the country to express their preferences. Radio trade papers poll the critics and editors. The telephone surveys call up people in large cities and ask them what program they are listening to at the moment. But if you aren't a professional critic, if you live in the country or a small town, or don't have a telephone, the RADIO MIRROR poll gives you an opportunity to vote, in the time-honored way of democracy, for your favorites. Your ballot is just as important as that of the network president.

So we know, all of us to whom you have given your awards, that we are being honored by the people who

really count. And it gives us a fine warm feeling, deep down in our hearts.

Looking over the list of the awards, I notice something rather significant. Nearly every person, nearly every program you have chosen is a radio veteran. Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard, Lowell Thomas, Bill Stern, Portia Faces Life, the Lux Theatre, Horace Heidt, Fred Waring, myself—we've been around the broadcasting studios for a good many years now. Even the newer names, such as Art Linkletter, Jo Stafford, Red Skelton, and Arthur Godfrey (as a network star) aren't precisely novices. And while it isn't always tactful to emphasize the accumulation of the years, in this case I think no one I have mentioned will mind, because there is something very heart-warming about the way you have remained loyal to old friends.

I don't mean that you are inhospitable to newcomers. On the contrary, since you chose a new singer and a new program for special commendation. But you aren't much impressed by the sudden, skyrocketing new personality. You want to be sure, before applauding, that he or she has what it takes to please you, week after week, over a long period of time. Then, once you are sure of your judgment, you stick to it.

Of course, your loyalty makes its own demands on us. If we are to enjoy it, we must continue to give you the best that's in us. We must be just as loyal to you as you are to us. We must not become tired or indifferent or cynical. If one of us does, you soon know it, because you can't and won't be fooled. Loyal you may be, but you won't accept less than our best. For one, I hope you never will.

Radio has (Continued on page 80)



Your Favorite WOMEN'S COMMENTATOR

Radio Mirror Awards

Your Favorite MALE SINGER

Bing Crosby's career has made him an American idol. Wasted time in odd jobs till he got into show business as a drummer; became one of Whiteman's Rhythm Boys; began soloing in radio in 1935. He was 1947 Awards winner too.

Bing Crosby's program is heard
Wednesday nights, 10 EST, ABC.

Your Favorite COMEDIENNE

Eve Arden made her amateur debut at 7, her professional at 16—has always been a comedienne. Graduated from Ziegfeld Follies to movies, where her chief success came in supporting comedy roles. One radio season has made her a major star.

Eve Arden in *Our Miss Brooks*,
Sunday nights, 9:30 EST, CBS.

Your Favorite COMEDIAN

Jack Benny really earned some money as a fiddler till he found out about comedy. Smart enough to leave vaudeville for radio early (1932), he's now so important in the industry that his recent network switch made history. He was 1947 winner.

The Jack Benny Show is heard
Sunday nights, 7:00 EST, CBS.

Your Favorite QUIZ SHOW

Garry Moore: 33-year-old proof that radio does develop young talent. Radio-trained in news and other departments, he worked with Durante for five years. Last year he inherited *Take It Or Leave It*, has carried that quiz to a new high.

Garry Moore emcees *Take It Or Leave It*, Sun., 10 P.M. EST, NBC.

Your Favorite AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION PROGRAM

Don McNeill began in radio while still in college, by 1933 had perfected informal style NBC wanted for its new *Breakfast Club*. Tries to combine inspirational with entertainment values on show; audience response proves he's succeeded.

Don McNeill emcees *Breakfast Club*,
Mon.-Fri. 9 A.M. EST, on ABC.

Your Favorite SPORTS ANNOUNCER

Bill Stern, at 14, was reading *Variety* in his Rochester, N. Y. high school. Plenty of discouragement, climaxed by accident that cost a leg, only sent him straighter toward goal of sportscasting. His "human side" touches rate high with listeners.

Bill Stern's *Sports Newsreel*—
Friday, 10:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

WINNERS for 1948



BING CROSBY



EVE ARDEN



JACK BENNY



GARRY MOORE



DON McNEILL



BILL STERN

Radio Mirror Awards

Your Favorite HUSBAND AND WIFE TEAM

Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard: co-workers since Harriet sang with Ozzie's band in 1932. Radio switched them from music to comedy; they've been playing themselves—a family—with increasing success since 1945. They were 1947 winners.

Ozzie and Harriet: heard Sunday nights at 6:30 P.M. EST, on NBC.

The Best MUSICAL PROGRAM

Fred Waring operates a musical organization rather than a band. His Glee Club and other features have been popular since radio began to show them off in 1933. He's also a composer and inventor: the Waring Mixer is one of his ideas.

The Fred Waring Show: NBC, Mon.-Fri., 10 A.M.; Thurs., 10:30 P.M., EST.

Your Favorite QUIZMASTER

Joe Kelly says his success with the Quiz Kids results from his own schooling having stopped at 8, when he became "Irish Nightingale." He really wants the answers when he asks the Kids questions—and for 8 years they've cooperated by telling him.

Joe Kelly emcees Quiz Kids, Sundays, 4 P.M. EST, on NBC.

Your Favorite MASTER OF CEREMONIES

Art Linkletter, a Canadian who conquered the States, wanted to teach, got sidetracked into radio. He'd been a deck-hand, harvest hand, meat packer, knew so much about people that his job as announcer *had* to lead to emceeing.

Art Linkletter emcees G.E. Houseparty, Mon.-Fri., 3:30 P.M., ABC; People Are Funny, Tues., 10:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS

Florence Freeman, an English teacher, got her first radio job by asking for it—most unusual. It only lasted six months, but the results have kept her working at the microphone since 1934. She's a busy wife and mother, too.

Florence Freeman is Wendy Warren, Mon.-Fri., 12 N., CBS; and Young Widder Brown, Mon.-Fri., 4:45 P.M., NBC.

Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR

Ned Wever went from Princeton to the Broadway stage, left it in 1929 to concentrate on radio acting. He still has a musical avocation, has written the lyrics to a number of popular songs—"Trouble in Paradise" was one.

Ned Wever is Anthony Loring in Young Widder Brown, heard Mon.-Fri., 4:45 P.M. EST, NBC.

WINNERS for 1948



OZZIE & HARRIET



FRED WARING



JOE KELLY



ART LINKLETTER



FLORENCE FREEMAN



NED WEVER



With Arthur is Margaret "Mug" Richardson, chief snag-smoother-outer and head of Godfrey's big assistant staff.

ARTHUR GODFREY:



Your Favorite **VARIETY PROGRAM**

The Arthur Godfrey Show, Mon.-Fri., 10:30 A.M. EST, CBS.



Bill Lawrence, voted best newcomer of the year, was a Talent Scouts winner, now sings regularly on Godfrey show.

IN 1947's Awards, Arthur Godfrey tied himself—his A.M. show and Talent Scouts came in neck and neck as "Best Program on the Air." History hasn't repeated itself only because this year's Awards added a new category: "Favorite Variety Program." Which the unstoppable Godfrey went ahead and won with his daytime show (this page) while Talent Scouts (facing) retains "Best Program" honors.

The Mariners—four reasons for the Godfrey Show's twice-running victory.



Janette Davis holds down female vocal honors on the morning show. The orchestra is directed by Archie Bleyer.

Before a Talent Scouts show, contestant Elizabeth Talbot-Martin confers with director Dick Carney.



Commercials, on Talent Scouts, are handled chiefly by the singing quintet of Peg Marshall and the Holiday



Two Programs—Two Awards!

Best PROGRAM ON THE AIR

Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts, Mon., 8:30 P.M. EST, CBS



For the second time, Arthur Godfrey's charm is behind the success of two Award winners



Their applications approved, contestants await auditions. Nail-biting gives away nervousness they hope won't show!

Receptionist Ardyn Kahn helps prospective "talent" to apply for auditions.



Audition record playback: Nancy Leggett, sec'y.; Sonja Morse, office mgr.; Penny Morgan, of Audition Dept.

WINNERS for 1948



JO STAFFORD



DON WILSON



GEORGE DENNY



BASIL LOUGHRANE



ARTHUR GODFREY



BILL LAWRENCE

Radio Mirror Awards

Your Favorite WOMAN SINGER

Jo Stafford is a native Californian who just likes to sing. She started out with her sisters, was one of Tommy Dorsey's Pied Pipers, persuaded herself (she was timid) to solo in 1944, has broken disc sales records ever since.

Jo Stafford Show, Thurs., 9:30 P.M. EST, ABC. She is also on the Supper Club, Tuesdays, 7 P.M. EST, NBC.

Your Favorite ANNOUNCER

Don Wilson was once a salesman—good experience for the expert peddling he now does on the air. His popularity as an announcer (and, with Benny, stooge) has won him increased duties on the Alan Young Show, on which he also emcees.

Don Wilson: on the Jack Benny Show, Sun., 7 P.M., CBS. On the Alan Young Show, Tues., 8:30 P.M. EST, NBC.

The Best EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM

George V. Denny, Jr., Pres. of N.Y.C.'s Town Hall, helped originate Town Meeting of the Air in 1935, remained as moderator—a ticklish job, since topics are always so vital that debaters and audience become as heated as the air allows.

Town Meeting of the Air: Tuesday nights at 8:30 EST, on ABC.

The Best RELIGIOUS PROGRAM

Basil Loughrane produces Light of the World, which has proved that religious drama, properly presented, can win and hold devoted radio audiences. (Light of the World also placed first in its category in 1947 Radio Mirror Awards.)

Light of the World: Mon.-Fri., 2:45 P.M. EST, on NBC.

Your Favorite VARIETY PROGRAM BEST PROGRAM ON THE AIR

Arthur Godfrey, lazy-voiced radio phenomenon, wins two Awards this year as he did last year. The ex-disc jockey who substituted sincerity for routine commercials now has only to ally himself with a program, it seems, to shoot it upwards.

Talent Scouts (best program): 8:30 P.M. Mon., CBS. Arthur Godfrey Show (best variety): Mon.-Fri., 10:30 A.M., CBS.

Most Promising NEWCOMER

Bill Lawrence, most promising newcomer, is a mere 21. And—partly due to Godfrey—is on his way to who knows what success. For it was on Talent Scouts that Bill sang to his first nation-wide audience, got his first major contract.

Bill Lawrence sings on the Arthur Godfrey Show, CBS Mon.-Fri.

WINNERS for 1948



LOWELL THOMAS



LUCILLE WALL



BILL SPIER



JIMSEY SOMERS



Radio Mirror Awards

Your Favorite NEWS COMMENTATOR

Lowell Thomas holds the title he won in last year's Awards. Till he began broadcasting in 1930, Thomas was chiefly known as Lawrence of Arabia's biographer; now this adventurer-reporter's comments on any topic make news.

Lowell Thomas is heard Mon.-
Fri., 6:45 P.M. EST, on CBS.

Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL

Portia Faces Life, starring Lucille Wall, began on the air in 1940. The story of a successful woman lawyer who tries to be a homemaker as well, Portia is written by Mona Kent, produced and directed by Hoyt Allen.

Portia Faces Life is heard Mon.-
Fri., 5:15 P.M. EST, on NBC.

The Best DETECTIVE STORY

Dashiell Hammett's hard-boiled detective, Sam Spade, made a radio debut in 1946. Produced and directed by William Spier, written by Gil Doud and Robert Tallman, starring Howard Duff, Sam has earned an enthusiastic listening audience.

The Adventures of Sam Spade:
Sun., 8 P.M. EST, on CBS.

Your Favorite PROGRAM FOR CHILDREN

Jimsey Somers is one of the cast of Let's Pretend, whose original listeners (it went on the air in 1930) presumably now tune it in for their own children. Originated by Nila Mack, who also produces and directs it, Let's Pretend won last year too.

Let's Pretend is heard Satur-
day, 11:05 A.M. EST, on CBS.

Your Favorite ORCHESTRA LEADER

Vaughn Monroe was willing to earn money as a musician, but definitely didn't want to be a bandleader—too many worries. So, he became a bandleader, and in 1940 began to be one of the most successful in the country.

Camel Caravan, with Vaughn Mon-
roe: Sat. 7:30 P.M. EST, CBS.

The Best NEW PROGRAM

When Stop the Music exploded onto the airwaves last year, Bert Parks came with it as m.c., Mark Goodson as director. Its fabulous success proves that the drama of sudden wealth—even going to someone else—is today's most exciting listening.

Stop the Music: heard Sun-
days, 8 P.M. EST, on ABC.



Bill's green thumb shows all over the place—in the terrace strawberry urns, in the flowers with which his lovingly-tended gardens fill Genevieve's bowls.



I call him

OCCASIONALLY the master of ceremonies on a quiz show asks a woman contestant to give her reasons for having chosen the husband she did.

Because I'm just Irish enough to be unable to see a motion picture, visit an art gallery, or listen to a radio program without feeling personally involved, I have often tried to answer that question in the privacy of my own living room and to the satisfaction of my own heart.

It is a question that, for me, requires no deep thought whatsoever to produce a long answer. In my opinion, William Keighley—whom I sometimes call "Bill," sometimes call "Keighley"—is that rare combination: a successful business man and a great artist. He is enterprising, has great lust for life, is capable of intense effort; he is also humorous, great-hearted, thoughtful, and sentimental. He is, at the same time, an utterly natural human being and a cultured gentleman.

And he keeps his wife in a state of mingled admiration and astonishment.

"Why don't you continue your picture career?" someone asks me, often enough to keep me quietly complacent. This is a question every actress loves to hear.

I always answer, "For me, marriage is a full-time job."

I believe that some women are able to combine marriage and a career with ease and grace; it depends largely upon the husband. My own husband has projects enough to keep both of us busy all the time. How well I remember the first morning I planned to resume my career after a brief honeymoon!

The maid tapped on our door at 5:30 A.M., the customary time for an actress to arise; I dragged myself into robe and slippers and was wandering around in the dark, when a sleep-fogged voice demanded from the other twin bed "What's wrong?"

"Nothing at all," I chirped. "When I'm working in a picture I always get up at 5:30. I must be on the set, dressed, made-up, coiffed and ready to be vivid for (Continued on page 81)



Your Favorite **DRAMATIC PROGRAM**

William Keighley produces Lux Radio Theatre, voted Favorite Dramatic Program for the second successive year. (Mon., 9 P.M. EST, on the CBS network.)

KEIGHLEY⁹

When a star leaves the screen, at the
peak of her success, for marriage . . .
she's marrying someone like "Keighley"

By GENEVIEVE TOBIN KEIGHLEY

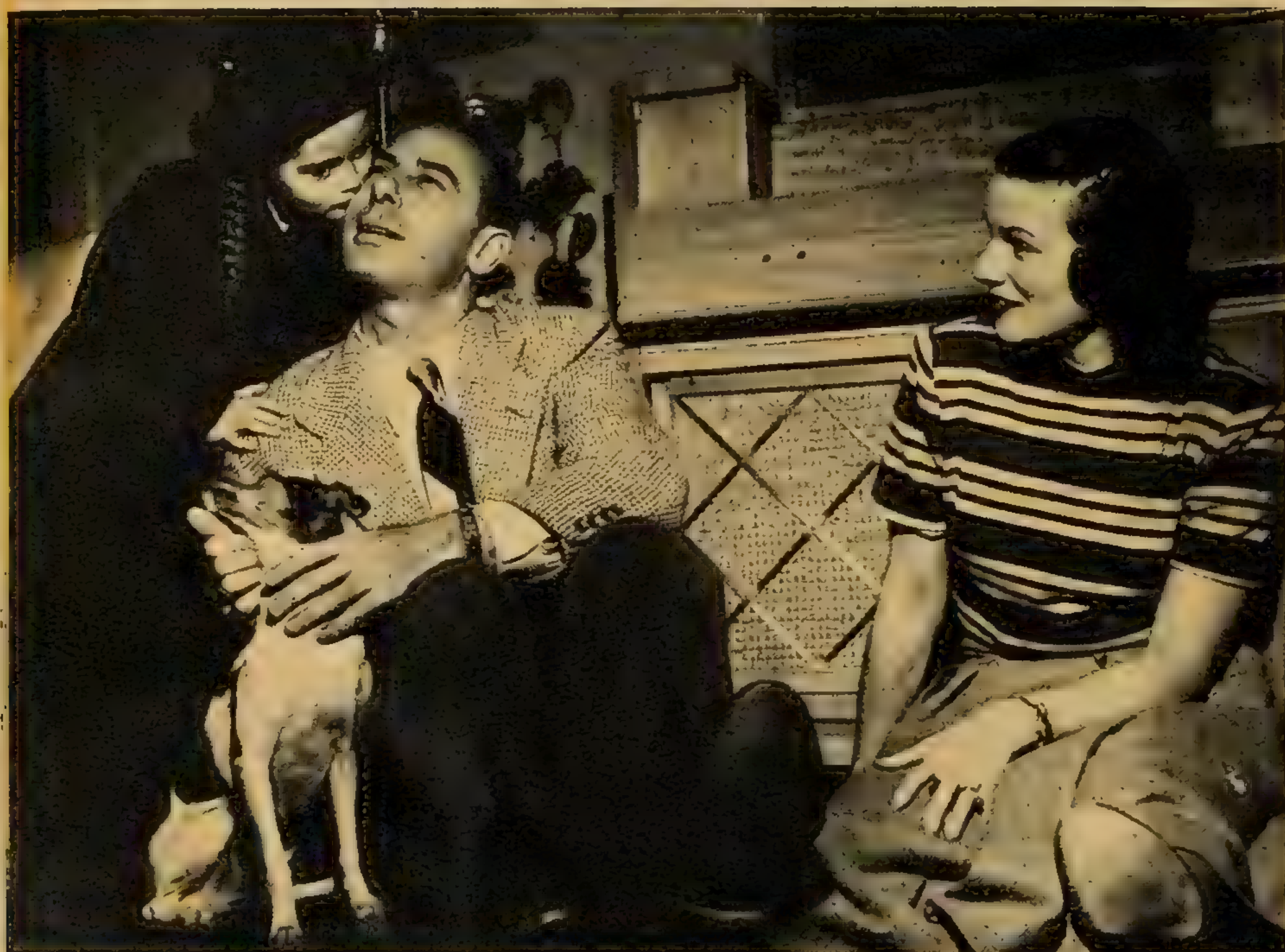


Bill likes not only art, but artists; Everett Shinn, who painted "The White Ballet" (above), is a good friend. Below, terrace brunch is served by Tommy, the Keighleys' indispensable houseman.

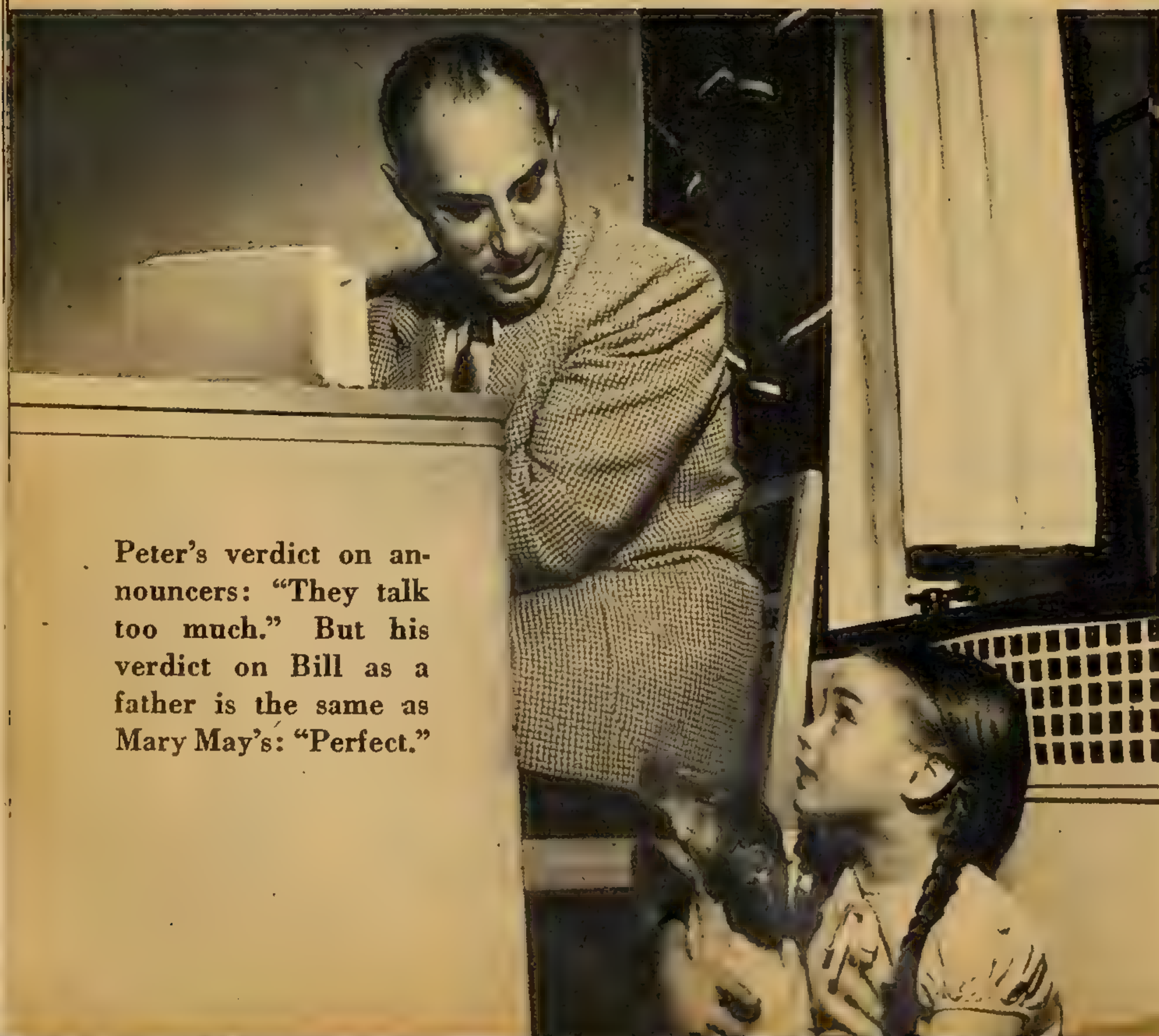




A cold got Peter down, but Bill, Mary and Harriet kept boredom away.



Mary May, five, has one complaint. "Dad and Mom play with our toys!"



Peter's verdict on announcers: "They talk too much." But his verdict on Bill as a father is the same as Mary May's: "Perfect."

"You can't



Rudy Vallee and Bill: friends before their game . . . and after.

There's one quality all champions

have. Nobody knows better than Bill

By MARTIN

YOU'VE heard Bill Stern tell of athletes with the guts and determination to fight their way to the top. But there's one courageous story he will never broadcast. It's the real life story of a fighter who slugged his way through obstacles and handicaps to become a champion in his own right. Bill Stern will never tell this one because it's the story of his own life.

It was perseverance and a strong heart, pluck, not luck, that accounts for his winning every National Award for sports announcers since 1938. Bill Stern is the top sportscaster in the country. But it was a rough and tumble battle all the way up.

"There's no easy road to success," Bill will

let up

99

Bill's sports reports show understanding of the players as well as of the game.



Stern what it is . . . and why

COHEN

Your Favorite **SPORTS ANNOUNCER**



tell you. "You sweat blood from start to finish and then you can't let up."

Bill knows. And perhaps this accounts for his insight. He knows that behind the All American or the boxing champion, there is a tale of broken dreams and human effort that is as heroic as the sports event itself. Bill realizes that it takes more than strong legs and good wind to make an Olympic runner. He knows that the personal victory is bigger than a silver trophy and headlines. He knows these things from the depths of his own experience.

Yet, in paradox, his childhood was a far cry from hardship or distress.

Bill Stern was born into a comfortable

home in the pleasant town of Rochester, New York. If he had been an average person with average ambitions, he would have had every opportunity to build a quiet, prosperous life. But even as a boy he knew where he was going. His only interests were sports and show business.

Too frequently he played hookey from school to see a ball game. At the age of fourteen, teachers scolded him for carrying *Variety* into study halls. When he should have been preparing an arithmetic lesson, he was designing and building a miniature theater. As a result, his chores and studies were neglected.

"Look, son, you've (Continued on page 101)



THE WEVER WAY

Ned Wever's commutation ticket is

By IRA KNASTER

The thirty-foot living room, decorated (as is the whole house) by Carla, offers space for everything the family likes to do together. Being read to by Ned (above) is a favorite after-dinner pastime for the girls—Pam, left, and Pat—as well as Carla. And when Ned supervises piano practice, Pam and Pat are getting a professional's opinion. Their dad is an accomplished musician.



Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTOR

Ned Wever is heard as Anthony Loring in *Young Widder Brown*, Mon.-Fri. at 4:45 P.M. EST, on NBC network stations.

FIVE days each week, a tall, trimly athletic, impeccably tailored man and his strikingly beautiful, smartly dressed wife leave their dream house, nestled amid two acres of delightful Old Greenwich greenery, and drive to the railway station ten minutes away in Stamford, Connecticut. The New York express rolls in. The handsome man gives his attractive wife a farewell kiss and then he boards the train. An hour later, he arrives in Manhattan, all set to carry on with his career as suitor to another woman.

Respectable society isn't the least bit shocked by this sort of double life. In fact, a tremendous number of people have voiced approval of the handsome man's activities by voting him winner of the RADIO MIRROR Award for best daytime serial actor.

His name is Ned Wever and, these past nine years, as Doctor Anthony Loring, all the world knows of his romance with the "other woman"—Ellen, of Young Widder Brown. For fifteen absorbing minutes every afternoon, Monday to Friday, Ned *lives* Doctor Loring and fairly breathes the highly-charged atmosphere of Simpsonville. He becomes embroiled in the problems and intrigues of Ellen Brown, Lawyer Temple, Victoria Loring, Norine Temple, Maria

Hawkins, Doctor Virginia Mallory and the host of other vivid characters who people that imaginary community.

But when the studio clock ticks 4:59 EST, all of these memorable characters fade out and Ned Wever is ready (commutation ticket in hand, almost) to rejoin his real-life companions . . . his lovely wife Carla, his pert eleven-year-old Patricia, his impish seven-year-old Pamela (a comedian!) and their bosom pal Koko, an ultra-affectionate French poodle. They'll all be waiting for him when he returns to the house on Random Road, Old Greenwich.

Does he return to an atmosphere of serene calm and quiet? Not for the first ten minutes, anyway. Bracing himself, Ned meets the onslaught as Pat, Pam and Koko charge at him with uproarious welcome. In a clamorous confusion of poodle barks and small-fry exuberance, Ned will be given to understand that everything has proceeded normally during his absence.

His two blonde and blue-eyed daughters regale him with breathless highlights of their doings at the Old Greenwich School where Pat's in the sixth grade and Pam is in the second. (*Continued on page 85*)

his passport between two worlds: the problem world of drama, the peace of his Connecticut home



"Taste it and see if you like it," is an invitation that holds no dread for any member of Carla Wever's household. She parallels Ned's music and acting success with her talented homemaking and cooking.

Suspense!



For half an hour every week
there's a nation-wide epidemic of cold
shudders—that's Suspense!

The first run-through: seated around the table, clockwise, are actors Fred Campbell and Bud Widom; Eileen Kilroy, script girl; in background are actor Johnny Jacobs and the producer-director of Suspense, Tony Leader; at head of table, Danny Kaye, the guest star of this particular performance; then Paul Frees, assistant director; Theodore Von Eltz, Hal March, Charles Latour, actors; Mary Shipp, who played the only woman's role in "The Too-Perfect Alibi," and, with back to camera, actor John McIntyre.

SUSPENSE was first heard over CBS, as a sustaining program in July of 1940, and has been ever since that happy-and-rare-combination, an artistic as well as a commercial success. In the typical Suspense script there are few characters, and there is no question as to "whodunit," for the program specializes in what is known as psychological drama. Those who want head-bashings, a murder a minute and a detective who talks out of the side of his mouth will have to look elsewhere. Instead, there is a single dramatic situation in which suspense is built to an excruciating pitch before the sudden surprise ending. Tony Leader, producer-director, insists that stories must be logical, believable. There must be no false clues to mislead the listeners, no use of the supernatural to gain the effects of terror and . . . *Suspense*.



On the air: Now Leader goes into an all-but-ballet routine, expressions and gestures mirroring emotions he wants to draw out of his players.



Best MYSTERY PROGRAM

Suspense is heard Thursdays, 9 P.M. EST, on CBS



Rehearsal: Leader never reads lines for an actor—says they know how better than he. His way is to explain what he wants, let them achieve it.



Rehearsal: No comedy role for Danny Kaye tonight; Leader likes to give movie performers a chance to get out of the Hollywood type-casting rut.



Rehearsal: While others have a turn at the microphone John Johnson looks at the news, and announcer Harlow Wilcox reads over commercials.



Standby: Ready to go on the air, the cast, keyed-up for performance, watches Leader, who is now in the producer's booth, for the signal to begin. Except during the actual show, Leader seems composed, relaxed, soft-spoken, even when faced with making big cuts in script—at a few minutes to airtime. But with the program actually on the air, a change comes.



Control room: stopwatch in hand, Eileen Kilroy keeps a close check on the time; Frees follows lines, Leader and engineer iron out a problem.



Sound: Dave Light and Clark Casey, sound men, produce those amazingly real effects for which Suspense is famous. Leader insists on realism.



Music: Lud Gluskin conducts the Suspense orchestra, which interprets the original musical scores composed for the program by Lucien Morawek. Airtime finds everything in the Music department, but rehearsals can be, to say the least, confusing, with Gluskin and Morawek arguing hotly in a torrent of French, to the confusion of the other musicians.

Q⁹UIZ KIDS

The Quiz Kids know the
answers—but Joe Kelly knows
how to ask the questions



His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Jr. (standing) and his grandparents, Mary and Joe Sr., congratulated young Joe III after his recent radio debut. He gurgled with the poise of a veteran.



KELLY

THE GUEST is the star of the show from the moment chimes announce his arrival at the Joe Kellys' apartment, far out on the western edge of Chicago.

Right on cue, Joe flings open the door and says heartily, "Come on in. We've looked forward to seeing you." And Mary appears behind him, echoing his words.

As she stands framed in the doorway to the huge living room, the rose-beige walls accent her dark beauty, and rays from the windows, curved widely in a bay, give her a dramatic highlight. It's an impressive, formal room, but the den, down the hall, is where the Kellys usually "visit." "It's a good place to talk," Mary explains.

That's exactly what it is, too—the right size for three or four friends. A combination trophy room, study and office-at-home, it's warmly intimate. Joe's desk and file cabinet are pushed back into the corner. The red pattern of the Navajo rug contrasts with the Kelly-green desk gadgets.

Comfortable maple chairs are flanked by tables holding well filled candy trays, cigarette boxes and lighters which work.

Joe, clad in (Continued on page 78)



The den is the hub of the Kellys' home life. Here, surrounded by the souvenirs of vaudeville days, Joe entertains, relaxes, and works.



To the Kids, Joe's someone to have fun with. Pat Conlon, Melvin Miles, Joel Kupperman, Lonny Lunde, Ruth Duskin join him in a song.



"I'm strictly a sandwich man—three-decker!"



The dining room is Mary's "favorite place." Joe's success has meant that, after years of yearning for beautiful things, she can now have them.

Your Favorite QUIZMASTER

Joe Kelly is Chief Quizzer on Quiz Kids, Sun., 4 P.M. EST, NBC.



Florence's M.A. in English helps out a lot in the homework department. (Judy, left, is 16 months older than Deana.)

No skimping on kitchen chores—Florence enjoys cooking too much.

WENDY and the WIDOW



Wendy Warren and Widder Brown have one important thing in common: Florence Freeman

By Rose A. Englander

A GROUP of women sat sewing in their Red Cross production quarters. The time of this scene was the war years. The place, the vestry room of a house of worship in Jersey City, a large New Jersey community just across the river from New York.

Women stood at long tables cutting cloth into garments; women sewed by hand. And off to the side whirled the quick girls, the ones who could make a sewing machine fairly fly.

The production chief looked at her watch, called to one of the machine operators, "Florence! Time!"

No response. Florence bent her pretty head with its mass of ash blond curls over her work, her delicate features almost frowning in concentration. Only when nudged did she come out of it.

"Florence! Get going. You'll be late for rehearsal!"

The star of Young Widder Brown grabbed her coat, head kerchief, purse, her carry-all bag stuffed with war knitting, and ran. The women shouted "Good-bye . . . Give a good show . . . We'll be listening."

They certainly told the truth. At 4:45 their dials were set daily to hear Florence Freeman as Ellen Brown, the young widder. Today they listen to two programs, for every noon Florence becomes Wendy Warren, glamorous newspaper girl.

That people listen to Florence Freeman isn't news

—as witness this year's RADIO MIRROR Award. She's known for a long time that her fans are scattered over the nation, for their gifts—the friendly, home-made gifts of crochet work and cookies and such—bear postmarks from California, New England, the Middle West, the South.

But it's fun too to have your family doctor say, "Florence, I caught your show in the car today. Now you know I like your Dr. Anthony Loring very much, but I must say I don't agree with the way he's handling this case."

It's good to have your ten-year-old daughter Judy ask earnestly, "Mommy, why is it when you're sad on the radio it makes Deana and me cry, but when other people are sad we're sorry for them but we don't feel like crying?" Deana, sixteen months younger and a merry youngster, doesn't cry easily, either.

It doesn't hurt any radio actress's feelings to know that several thousand friends and neighbors are lavishly proud of you.

"And don't think it comes easy for women to be so proud of another woman," one of her friends says. "When they first came here twelve years ago people were surprised—to say the least—to learn that the new clergyman's wife was (Continued on page 90)

No career problems interfere with family companionship.



Florence Freeman is Wendy Warren, M-F, 12 noon EST, CBS and Young Widder Brown, M-F, 4:45 P. M., EST, NBC.

Florence likes massage, or practice swings, for relaxation.



Your Favorite DAYTIME SERIAL ACTRESS

RADIO MIRROR

TELEVISION

SECTION



JANUARY 1949 will be a month to be remembered in television. On January 11, at 9:30 P.M. EST., the first coaxial cable was opened to link the eastern TV network and the mid-west network, with ceremonies that were greeted with mixed emotions, but chiefly with wonderment and enthusiasm.

On January 12 regular programming began both east and west over the coax and the cities

which are connected with it by radio relay, making a total of fourteen principal cities within the two nets. Changes in days and dates of existing programs, and additional new shows began coming so thick and fast that your TV editors could—and can—hardly keep up with them. The baby who just yesterday was learning to walk now has us on the run.

On January 20 the inauguration

THE FIRST BIG LINK

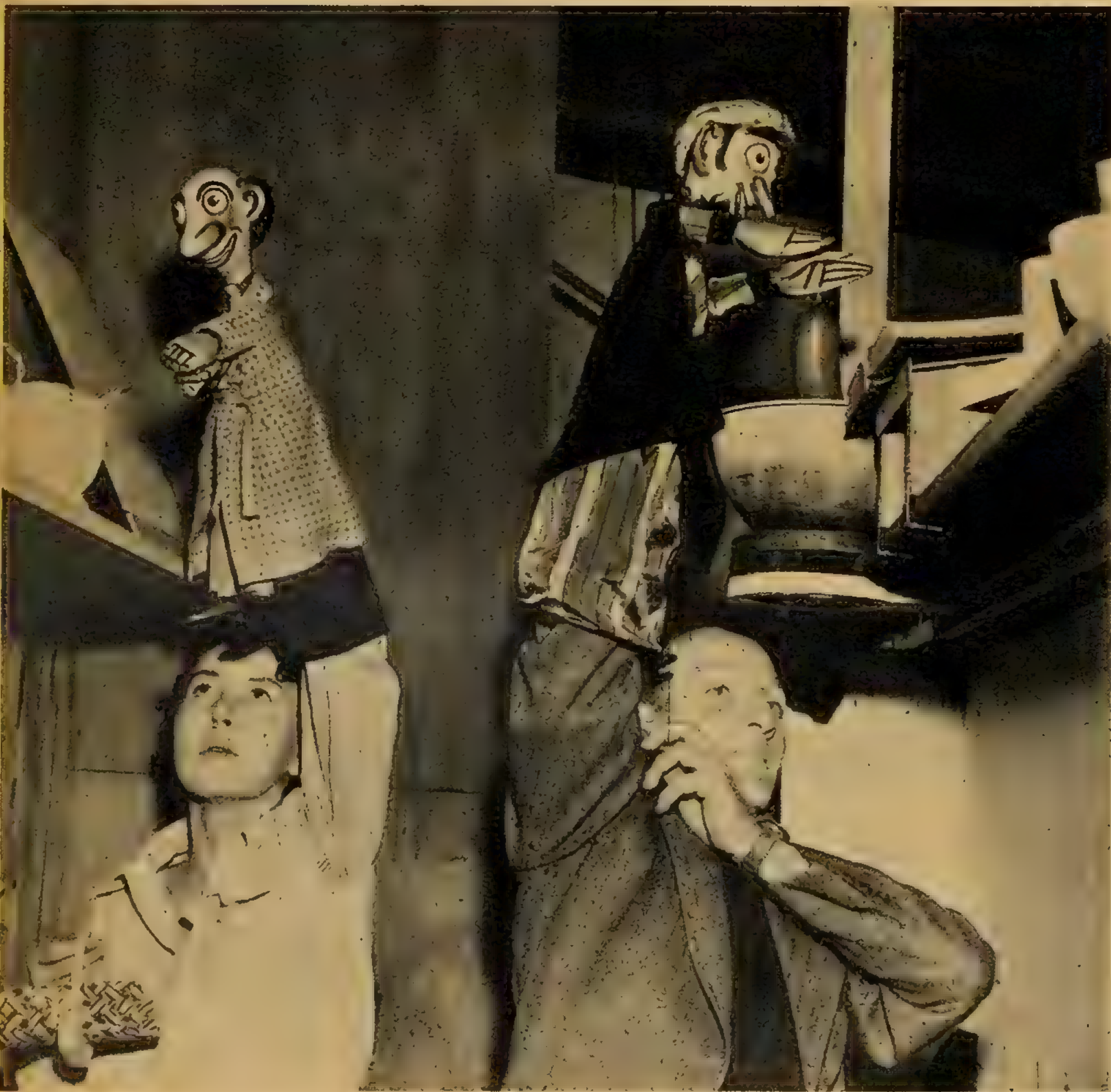


ceremonies of a president and vice president of the United States were televised for the first time in history and viewed simultaneously from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi shore. The far west saw it all later by kinescope recording.

Opening night on the coax, as it has now been dubbed for brevity (and pronounced co-ax, as if hyphenated), included formal, but (Continued on page 100)



Lucky Pup and Jolo can now be seen by eastern and middle-western viewers, courtesy of the new east-midwest cable.



Hope and Morey Bunin, originators and owners of Lucky Pup, are also responsible for their expert manipulation.



Doris Brown emcees the activities of Lucky and his cohorts. (That's Foodini on her shoulder.)

WHEN Doris Brown got a chance to be on Barry Wood's CBS-TV show, *Places Please*, she never thought she was being discovered to play mistress of ceremonies to Lucky Pup, Foodini, the wicked magician; Pinhead, a dim-witted stooge, and Jolo the clown.

And just a little while ago, when Doris turned her back a minute, a couple of new characters sneaked into the show. One of these is Phineas Pitch, a circus barker. The other's a fellow named Hotchkiss, a butler by profession. Lucky, being a big shot now, seems to rate one of those things.

We've seen some other shadowy figures hanging around lately—probably more characters trying to get into the act. They'd better be good, if they're going to get past Doris—and the Bunins.

Hope and Morey Bunin own the puppets, and all of them were discovered at the Music Hall in New York's Radio City, while they were playing a six-week engagement. CBS signed them up fast for television, and now they're on, Monday through Saturday from 6:30 to 6:45 P.M. EST., not too late for the children nor too early for father to catch up with them before he reads his evening paper. Pop seems to appreciate puppets just as much as the kids do. At least he does these puppets.

Whereas *Howdy Doody*, that other great favorite of the kids and pop, is a marionette manipulated by strings, Lucky Pup and his playmates are hand puppets, manipulated by the Bunins' fingers. They're the product, too, of the Bunins' own hands—made by their master and mistress, every one of them. And they've traveled all over the world, have made homesick servicemen in the Pacific laugh heartily for the first time in weeks, made weary infantrymen in Europe forget their feet.

They make us forget ours, too. And we've heard tell that it isn't only the puppets Pops like. It's the pulchritudinous Doris Brown they hurry home to see on their TV screens.

Douglas Edwards

AND THE NEWS



Mrs. Roosevelt, with plenty of radio and TV experience, is a sought-after TV "interviewee."



Even straight news reports are more difficult on TV; script cannot be too obvious.



In roving interview, Edwards catches Bernard Baruch and grandchild on Mr. B's famous "office": a park bench.

BEING a news analyst on television is a little like being an actor, even if you don't strike poses. You do have to learn that script. Douglas Edwards looks at his now and then to check names and figures, but he has to work mostly from memory. Otherwise, all you'd see is a fellow looking downward while he reads. Most unimpressive, even when interspersed with film clips, pictures and maps.

Easterners see and hear Edwards on CBS-TV at 7:30 weekday nights. Mid-westerners get him an hour later. What you see is a five-foot-nine, 160-pounder, with sort of sandy hair that televises darker than it is. He looks straight out at you a good part of the time, and tells the news in easy conversational style.

Very deceptive, that style. Makes it sound as though someone just told it all to him, and he's repeating it to you. You'd never guess he had spent about ten hours of reading news reports, sifting, preparing for this telecast.

Pre-video, Doug was the New York man for the CBS World News Roundup which specializes in short-wave reports from overseas reporters six mornings a week. He is still featured, five noons a week, on Wendy Warren and the News.

Want to know how he started in broadcasting? Well, when he was twelve he used to practice newscasting into a telephone. When he and his pals rigged a 100-watt station he was the big broadcaster—natch! But his first real job came later when he took on a regular radio reporting stint at WAGF, in Dothan, Ala., in 1935. He has been with CBS since 1942.



Americana quiz, conducted by Ben Grauer (Mon., 9:30 EST, WNBT) has one "regular" (Vivian Ferracci, l), three visitors.



Archdale Jones and Val Lewis (center) interview client on Key to the Missing (DuMont), Fri., which traces missing persons.



"What's it Worth?" is producer Gil Fates' question to appraiser Sigmund Rothschild. CBS-TV, Fri., 3 P.M. Frances Buss, l., directs.



Coast to Coast in

BOB HOWARD plays a rippling piano and sings 'em sweet and low five times a week over the WCBS-TV network and affiliates at 6:45 EST. He makes his own arrangements of the music he plays—mostly popular stuff and sentimental ditties—and he interrupts himself to ad lib about practically anything and everything and to talk about his sponsor's product.

New Yorkers knew him face to face even before they met him on TV. He plays their neighborhood theaters, and most recently, the Capitol Theater on Broadway. He did a stretch of small roles in movies, too, and a Broadway run in the play, "Early to Bed," with Richard Kollmar.

Bob got his start on a ukulele and went on from there to a player piano. He would put his hands on the keys and follow the score, then turn off the mechanical player and do an imitation. He still does it, as a stunt.

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION



Singer Helen Ryan, a regular on WNBK's Youth on Broadway, recently did a special telecast from WNBK, NBC's Cleveland TV outlet.

Bob Howard's piano arrangements and ad-libs are heard five days a week on CBS-TV at 6:45 P.M., EST.



TELEVISION

All this went on back in Newton, Mass., where he was born. After he won first prize in an amateur contest he decided to try New York. Tillie's Chicken Grill, on Harlem's Lenox Avenue, was one of his first stops. He was discovered there and before long was touring this country and Europe, capturing audiences with his songs, his smile and his tunes.

Bob's marriage to a graduate of the New England Conservatory increased his interest in more formal study, and he got good coaching from his wife who had majored in musical theory and harmony. That polished off the Howard talent, but his easy style is all his own.

Besides his TV work, you can hear Bob sing and play his own accompaniments on Sing It Again, the CBS network quiz program. (Continued on page 110)

Artist draws clues, quizmaster Alan Prescott (l.) stands by to quiz, on Quizzing the News, ABC-TV 10:30 P.M., Thurs.



One Wonderful Guy

Milton Berle, courageous enough to pioneer in TV, emerges victorious—
a one-man army with banners. They're calling him Mr. Television!

By IRVING GRAY

HE'S Mr. Television. Of course, I'd rather call him Mr. Show Business, because I think he's tops in every department. You'd expect that from me. I'm his pal. And, incidentally, Mr. Berle is *my* business. Don't look now, but business is great.

I have been referred to as Berle's one-man army—writing, booking, doing public relations, sorting his socks, laundering his shirts—and worrying for him. I guess with the Hooper he has in TV my worrying days are over, but it didn't come easy.

It took television to project all of Milton's talents. It was the medium for him to use all of his great knowledge of show business. He has proved himself a master technician.

It all started last June. Myron Kirk, of the Kudner agency, representing Texaco, foresaw the success of Milton in television and signed him to do four shows. The rest is history.

Pioneering in TV was as tough as the rugged days of the Covered Wagon. All alone, facing the uncertainty of a vast wilderness. We didn't know where we were going—or how soon we were going to get there. But Milton "Daniel Boone" Berle was not to be denied.

Milton was an instantaneous hit. He opened an entire new world for entertainment-seekers and performers. I might add that Milton's genius was completely responsible for the artistic and technical success of the Texaco Star Theater.

He's the sole director of the entire show. He has created new gimmicks to facilitate the

speedy production of a one-hour revue that goes into production at twelve noon on Tuesday and is completed and presented at eight that evening. Actually he is presenting a production that might take four to six weeks in Hollywood.

Originally, Milton and I wrote the entire show. As things began to snowball, of course, this became a superhuman job and now we have a staff of top writers—Hal Collins, Jay Burton, Bob Gordon, Jesse Kaplan and Joe Erens. But Milton and I are still in the writing department.

Our production staff, headed by Arthur Knorr and Ed Cashman, is the best—but always there is Mr. Berle to pitch in.

Musically, we have the services of a top-show conductor, Allen Roth, and the most capable musicians available. Milton occasionally handles the baton.

We've got stage hands, but, when permitted, Milton can be seen shoving scenery around.

And we get top-drawer talent. Harry Kalcheim, of the William Morris office, is official booker. We meet weekly. Milton is the final word on talent. He okays the appearance of the act because he can, quicker than anyone else, see the complete picture. He knows what makes a great show and is always aware of what is best for him.

He'll say to a guest star, "You do whatever you do best. You've done your act before. You know where the laughs are." When they get through (Continued on page 108)

Writer Irving Gray, subject Milton Berle.



➤ Your Favorite TELEVISION PROGRAM

Milton Berle, in Texaco Star Theater, is seen and heard Tuesday nights at 8, EST, on WNBT

RADIO MIRROR TELEVISION SECTION



THE SKELTON SAGA

From the father he never saw, Red inherited two

weapons: a stick of greasepaint, a pair of clown's trousers.

With them, he began to fight for what he wanted

By PAULINE SWANSON

EVERYBODY calls him Junior. Women who've never met him knit him socks and bake him cakes. Women who know him well and love him take care of him as though he were indeed a child.

He's like a child in many ways, guileless and irrepressible, or rather like a big, friendly puppy, loving everybody matter of factly and taking it for granted that everybody loves him back. And everybody does, too, everybody, including the readers of RADIO MIRROR, who have just voted Red Skelton's show their favorite comedy program.

Like so many other stories of the great comics of our times, the story of Red Skelton begins with tragedy. It is the story of a perennial child with perennial man-sized responsibilities. It is a success story, checkered with failures; a story full of contradictions in which the biggest laughs light up the hardest years, and the lump in the throat bows in along with ultimate triumph.

It would make a pip of a movie, the Red Skelton story—and it could be simply titled, "The Clown."

Red's father was a clown, but the boy never knew him. Joe Skelton was killed in a freak accident under the big tent a month before

Red was born. But he left Red something.

So far as anyone knows, Joe Skelton—and Red—were the only performers in the family. But Red got the itch for grease paint, and got it bad, from the father he never saw.

His father's costumes and props and make-up were his favorite toys from the time he was old enough to toddle. They were his only toys, as a matter of fact, for Ida Skelton had all she could do to feed her four sons—all under ten when Joe died. Luxuries, even some necessities, were out of the question.

Like most show folk in those days, Joe Skelton died broke. Ida was left with the little one-story frame house—and its mortgage—in Vincennes, Indiana, and enough insurance money to give Joseph a decent funeral.

Red was still in swaddling clothes, sleeping in his hand-me-down cradle, when Ida went out to work, scrubbing floors in downtown office buildings at night, running an elevator by day.

The older boys, Denny and Chris and Paul, took care of little Richard, already tagged "Red," fed him and changed him and rocked him to sleep. And when Ida came home tired from work, they rubbed her sore feet while she relaxed, for a brief interlude, in the

▶ Your Favorite **COMEDY PROGRAM**

This novelette-length biography of Red Skelton is the April Radio Mirror Reader Bonus.

Red Skelton is heard Friday nights at 9:30 EST, on NBC



THE SKELTON SAGA

continued



In 1934, at Loew's in Montreal, Red got his first vaudeville break. After this the



With announcer Ned Lefevre and Red is Rod O'Connor (right) ex-announcer, now Red's "straight man."

front porch swing, and warmed up the luncheon soup to give her a hot supper.

Ida Skelton was—and still is—a remarkable woman. She wasted no time worrying about her sons' growing up on their own.

"I have raised you to know right from wrong," she used to tell them in her rich Irish brogue. "I trust you to do right."

She never gave them advice—unless they asked for it. And that rule still goes.

And although actually they "ran loose" all their growing up years, not one of Ida's four boys ever got into trouble.

The family had its own scraps—"noisy, Irish fights," Ida puts it—as "noisy, Irish families will."

"There was practically never anything we agreed about. But just let an outsider try to criticize any one of us—and watch out!"

Violent antagonists in the living room, the boys were just as violently loyal to one another once they faced the outside world. And it's still like that.

One by one, as they grew big enough for long pants,



In 1936, Red and Edna had to use "leg art" in their pictures to get newspaper space.



By 1937, Red and Edna were hooked in Chicago—better paid, better dressed.

RADIO MIRROR READER BONUS

States wanted him.

the four brothers went off to work themselves, and brought back their slim pay envelopes so Mom wouldn't have to work so hard. Red's turn came when he was ten, and he ran away from town with a medicine show.

School had been an ordeal, but this man's job was heaven to Joe Skelton's son, who had known all along that he too had to be, would somehow manage to be, a clown.

For four years, Red—in blackface and his father's cut-down floppy pants—sold Dr. R. E. Lewis' "Famous Miracle Remedy" on street corners and vacant lots in every one-horse town in the middle west.

He worked twelve hours a day, seven days a week, and he made \$10 a week, which he sent home unbroken every Saturday to his mother.

"We get plenty to eat, and we sleep in the wagon," he wrote home. What more—so long as the audiences laughed—could an actor want?

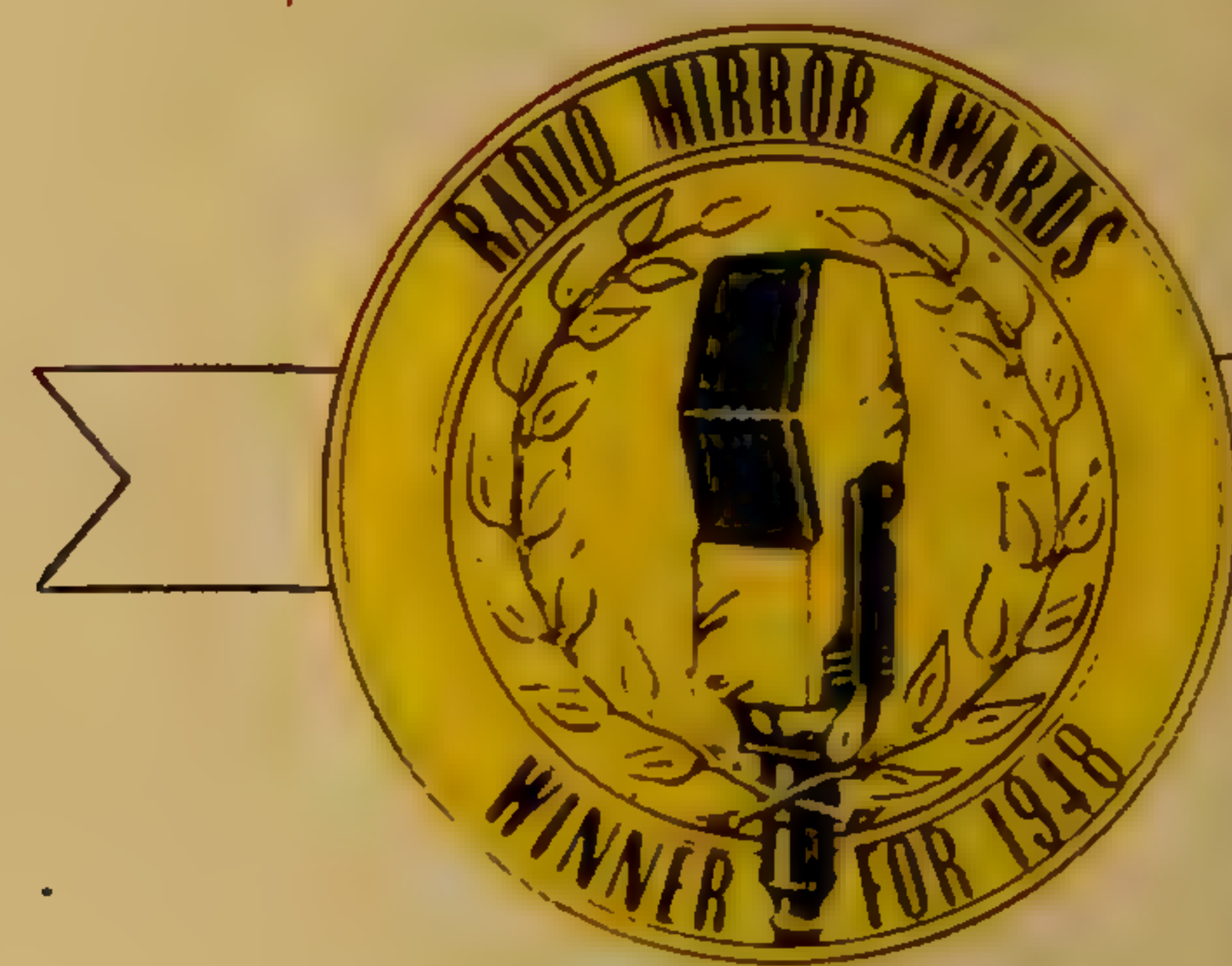
At fifteen, he landed in the Gaiety Theater in Kansas City, the youngest comedian in burlesque, and the strip-tease queens, (Continued on page 93)

Red's second marriage made him a family man. Valentina Marie, shown below when she was an infant, is now almost two.



The BLONDE

Cy's friend Irma has been a
problem from the day she was born — but
you can't help loving that girl



Irma (Marie Wilson, center) once more
drives her friends to the brink of madness
—but not over. Professor Kropotkin,
L., is Hans Conried; Jane is Joan Banks.



I Prefer



Cy Howard originated, produces and directs *My Friend Irma*.

The Best **COMEDY STORY PROGRAM**

By **CY HOWARD**

I WISH I could say, that there is—or was, in my past—one real Irma. That she was an incredibly beautiful girl who broke my heart when I was a youth, and that the radio program is a sort of monument to the great love of my life.

Being the creator-producer of *My Friend Irma*, it would be very nice to be able to say that in answer to the hundreds of people who write to me, saying, "You must be a wonderfully happy married man with a lovely wife and six beautiful children." But the truth is that there was no one real Irma and the further truth is that I'm a thirty-two-year-old divorced bachelor, I'm disgusted with women, so I put two of them into a radio program and let them both suffer.

A less interesting, less romantic truth is that there was—and still is—a real Mrs. O'Reilly, however, and a real Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house. (There had to be—how could a man in his right mind make up a thing like that?) But more of that later . . .

As for Irma, I made her the beautiful-but-dumb blonde type who really is smarter than the girls who make fun of her. Next I created Jane, the girl who lives with Irma and loves her, but frequently is even more stupid. To make it worse, I gave Jane a masculine mind. In fact, Jane is me—she uses my brains. So I have two girls—Irma and Jane. And I'd rather write about them than marry them, thank you.

If you want to know how *My Friend Irma* came to be, you have to go back with me a

few years, because a lot of the Irma people I met along the way, and a lot of the situations in which Irma and her friends find themselves I found myself in, too. You have to go back with me, as a matter of fact, to the real Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house in New York City. Dear old Mrs. O'Reilly, the aristocrat of 73rd Street. She had a face like a ploughed field and a heart bigger than all outdoors. There were lace curtains on the first floor of her old brownstone front and from that floor up it didn't bear investigation. I was the inmate of the third floor front. Mrs. O'Reilly had the nerve to call it a "suite" because I had a screen which turned the one room into two. But there was a gold chandelier on one side of the screen which created an air of ancient elegance. On the other side was a fireplace which worked when you had four bits for wood. If you didn't, it was a cold, hard winter.

So it was a cold, hard winter.

Mrs. O'Reilly knew before I did when I'd be going out. Only dropping dead, which she never did, would have prevented her from appearing in the ghostly lower hall out of nowhere and murmuring in sepulchral tones: "Mr. Howard, could I trouble you for the rent?"

My inevitable, only possible reply was, "Don't worry about it for a moment, Mrs. O'Reilly. I'm seeing George Kaufman about a new play in the morning."

This was breaking Mrs. O'Reilly's heart. Broadway was (Continued on page 74)

My Friend Irma is heard Monday nights at 10 P. M. EST, on the CBS network.



The Most Important Things

With the helping hand he reached out toward young talent,
Horace Heidt pulled himself back to the top

By M. A. McCANN

LIKE a heavyweight boxing contender, Horace Heidt has many times been counted out but always has come back to challenge again. Into his present successful radio comeback, he has again brought a competitive spirit, a shrewd business sense and a driving ambition to endure longer working hours and more strenuous road tours than most men in the entertainment field.

"Kites fly highest against wind," wrote Emerson and it is Horace's favorite quotation. His kite has bobbed erratically at times and he has seen sudden calms when it crashed to earth. Each time, he has had the perseverance to build another kite and look for better flying conditions.

Until Horace broke his back in a football game at the University of California, his ambition was to be a great athlete and coach. He had been luckier than most boys for he had the physique and stamina for rough and tumble games. Only at his mother's insistence did he practice the piano daily.

He was sent to Culver Military Academy and loved the school, but here again his parents' permission to stay at Culver was contingent on continuing his music lessons. A few years later he was grateful for his mother's guidance. That was after the accident on the football field.

"No more football for you," the doctor said. "No more sports of any kind for a long time."

That was one time Horace saw the kite string

slip from his hand and his ambitions disappear over the horizon. Till that point he had put every ounce of effort into conditioning himself for greater glories on the playing field. Suddenly he was all washed up. He was alone. Even his father, who had once been able to offer him excellent contacts, had suffered a business reverse. To pay for his education, to help support his mother and youngest brother, Horace turned to the piano and played dance music.

Horace Heidt and His Californians was the name of his first band. After graduation he got the pit job in the Golden Gate Theater in San Francisco. But their music was secondary; another band was hired for the prominent spot on the stage. Horace's problem was to get his band out of the pit and behind the footlights. He solved this by suggesting a way that the theater manager could save \$1500 a week. The policy of having an extra band on the stage was discontinued, the pit closed and the Californians moved into the spotlight.

Horace created new specialty numbers that proved to be very successful with San Franciscans and the idea of using only one orchestra proved to be very popular with other theater managers. Shortly, Horace was offered a year's contract at the Center Theater in New York. He felt the wind tugging (*Continued on page 88*)

Night With Horace Heidt is heard Sundays, 7 P.M. EST, NBC.

Your Favorite **AMATEUR SHOW**



Mrs. H.: traveling companion

Between the Bookends



Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's program Monday through Friday mornings at 11:30 EST over ABC

Hello There:

An April page of poetry should include almost everything . . . because April does!

Showers and rainbows . . . spring cleaning and spring hats . . . and of course . . . love . . . because it's usually in April "a young man's fancy lightly turns . . ."

And then, in certain years . . . Aprils are special because they also hold the Miracle of Easter.

April is rich with all these things this year, and if you will read closely, you will see the poets have included them all in their April songs for you.

—TED MALONE

Radio Mirror's Prize Poem

MUSEUM PIECE

In charge of the Museum now thirty years,
Miss Prentis welcomed visitors who came
To gaze upon the ancient rarities,
Of which she knew the history and name.
One day a group of girls were gazing through
The dimly lighted rooms with weary eyes,
When suddenly Miss Prentis saw one pause
And point at something with exultant cries.
"Oh, girls, look! See this and have a laugh!"
"How could one wear it and still catch her
man?"
"Out of this world! Methuselah's wife, no
doubt!"
"Let's snap a picture of it, if we can!"
Miss Prentis wondered what the girls had seen
To stir them to such interest as that . . .
She rose to look. The girls were grouped about
An old glass case on which she'd left her hat!

—Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

CONFESSION

If love had never found my door
I might have never guessed
What wonder evening held in store—
The heaven of your breast.

I might have mourned the barren year
And found the days too long
If I had never thrilled to hear
The music of your song.

I might have walked a lonely shore
With bitterness for wine
If love had never found my door
And brought your lips to mine.

—Sydney King Russell

AGE

Age is a funny thing
Cherished in a tree,
And cheese
And furniture
And wine—
Most anything
But ME.

—Helena K. Beacham

POEM TO BE PINNED IN A PURSE

So carefully we learn frugality
Who need to, penny saved by penny earned,
That we've forgotten, or have never learned,
How bracing some extravagance can be.
You may renew your courage with ballet,
I may be happier for a lovely print
That I could ill afford for many a day;
You may walk tall and confident by dint
Of some enchanting hat, I, of the drift
Of some elusive fragrance, trailing after—
But oh, no matter what it takes to lift
The heart, relight the faith, or sweeten
laughter,
No matter what the need we have of bread,
Sometimes let us buy hyacinths, instead.

—Elaine V. Emans

RAINY DAY

She saved them for a rainy day:
A crimson satin bow;
Two velvet roses—somewhat worn—
"To trim a hat, you know . . ."
A few bright buttons tucked away;
And here a strand or two
Of crystal beads—the catch was gone—
Somehow they'd see her through.

She never had much time to think
About her own affairs,
Who always lent a sturdy hand
To other people's cares.
Now she is dead, it makes me cry
To hum her little song.
She never knew most people thought
It rained her whole life long.

—Harriet Scott

TO A GIRL WEeping

You've called him false and fickle;
In tearful rage you've railed
Against your fair successor.
But come, admit you've failed.

I know your rival's triumph
Is harsh as April frost,
But child, love can't be stolen;
Love only can be lost.

—Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

WHIST CLUB ARISTOCRAT

Wealthy, old Miss Emily
Is the milliner's despair;
She's worn the same old style for
Years—perched on her cher-
ished hair.

Velvet toque for wintertime
With crocheted grapes upon it;
Cabbage rose sunk in maline
Is June's aspiring bonnet.

Tiered concoctions rivaling
Bakery specials a-la-mode;
Delectable, covered-dish
Affairs, crimped and wreathed
like Spode.

Veiled and crowned Miss Emily
Thinks modern hats are
"funny—"
(I'll bet if she could wear one
She'd part with half her
money!)

—Helen Darby Berning

BROOM CLOSET

You'll see baskets and nails,
Curtain rods, mats,
Five-gallon pails,
Ten-gallon hats,
Frayed magazines,
Parts of machines
And a million things more,
When you open the door . . .

In fact, you can safely assume
You'll find anything there but
a broom!

—W. E. Farbstein

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY FIFTY DOLLARS

for the best original poem sent in each month by a reader. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem used on Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Limit poems to 30 lines, address to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42, N. Y. 17, N. Y. When postage is enclosed, every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for our Bookends pages.

Haven't you often longed

When a Girl Marries

THE PROBLEM submitted to readers for answering last month was: *What considerations do you think are most important to a widow, with two young children, who is contemplating a second marriage.* The reader who, in the opinion of RADIO MIRROR's editors, submitted the most interesting and comprehensive answer to that question is Mrs. Francis O. Bassett of 1822 Seventh Avenue, Troy, New York. A check for \$25.00 has been mailed to Mrs. Bassett. Here is her prize-winning answer:

"The mother must be sure she truly loves the man, and likes his way of dealing with her children. She must be sure the children do not resent him; they must respect and enjoy their new father-to-be, and adjust to the fact that he will take the place of their own father, especially if they remember that father. The man must feel equal to the financial responsibility of a ready-made family and genuinely willing to work to make the children fond of him. He must also be willing to spare time for the children as well as for the wife."

And now, here are the problems which I have chosen, because of their interest and general appeal, to answer this month:

BEING ATTRACTIVE

Dear Joan Davis:

I admire your way of solving problems that confront you. In this letter I am seeking help with a problem in my marriage, and that is: How can I attract my husband so that he will be more affectionate toward me? Also, how may I act so that he'll think I'm the most wonderful person in the world? We have been married five years. We truly love each other, but I would like my husband to be more affectionate and take me out more often.

Edna W.

Dear Edna W:

Did you ever stop to think of this? Your husband must think that you *are* the most wonderful person in the world, or he wouldn't have married you! So I wouldn't, as long as you are happy with him and he with you, worry about that for a minute. As for his



By
**JOAN
DAVIS**

Played by Mary Jane Higby, Joan Davis is the heroine of *When A Girl Marries*, which is heard every afternoon, Monday through Friday, at 5 P.M. EST, over NBC stations.



for a sympathetic counselor? Bring your problems to Joan Davis

being more affectionate, taking you out more often—try to see his side of the picture, as well. A man who has worked hard all day doesn't feel too much like going out in the evening. Why don't you have a little talk with him, and make arrangements for a regular evening out, once or twice a week? Explain to him that you're cooped up in the house all day, that you need some fun and diversion—I'm sure he'll agree with you. As for being affectionate—I'm sure, my dear, from the tone of your letter that your husband does feel very affectionate toward you. But some people are just naturally more demonstrative than others; some people seem to be almost incapable of displaying their emotions. Have you tried to draw out his affection by a display of it on your part? If you want to be attractive to him—be attractive—always neatly dressed, waiting for him when he comes home at night, and as neatly dressed across from the breakfast table next morning. Are you as careful of your appearance now as you were when he fell in love with you, five years ago? If not, there's room for improvement. But believe me, Edna, you're a lucky girl to have a husband as nice as yours sounds—don't brood over trouble which only seems to be trouble to you because your marriage is running smoothly—because you really haven't any troubles at all!

Joan Davis

"I LOVE THEM MORE THAN ANYTHING!"

Dear Joan Davis:

I wish with all my heart I could be as happy as you! I have been married eight years to a wonderful husband, and have two fine children, a boy, eight, and a girl, four. I love them and my husband very much, but for the last four years I have been sick with heart trouble. I know you can't help me with that—only my doctor can. But my husband thinks I don't love him and the children any more, because I do feel ill so often and sometimes I don't even feel like talking to them. I just want to be alone and don't want anyone around.

My husband works very hard on a farm and doesn't earn much money. With the children to feed and clothe (Continued on page 106)

Each month Joan Davis will answer your questions on any problems concerning marriage, except problems of health or law. No letters can be answered personally. Joan will choose from these letters each month a problem which she will ask you, the readers, to answer.

RADIO MIRROR WILL PAY \$25.00

to the person whose problem
letter is chosen and

ANOTHER \$25.00 WILL BE PAID

to the person submitting the best answer to that problem in the opinion of the editors, whose decision will be final. No letters will be returned. Address Joan Davis, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Prize answers, with the name of the winner, will be printed each month. Winner of the prize for the month's best problem will be notified by mail, as those who submit problems usually prefer not to have their names used in the magazine.

Here is this month's problem:

A widow has lived with her son for some time. Now the son is to be married, and the widow does not wish to live with her son and new daughter-in-law. She is not able to do any sort of hard work. She says, "I do think marriages are better if the young people can start out by themselves. What can I do?"

What is your answer to this problem?

INSIDE RADIO

All Times Below Are Eastern Time
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

SUNDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30			Earl Wild	Carolina Calling
9:00	Story to Order Each Aria Group	Tone Tapestries	Sunday Morning Concert Hall	News
9:15		Chamber Music Society		Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel
9:30				
9:45				
10:00	National Radio	Radio Bible Class	Message of Israel	Church of the Air
10:15	Pulpit	Voice of Prophecy	Southernaires	Church of the Air
10:30	Organ Recital			
10:45	Richard Crooks			
11:00		Christian Reform	Fine Arts Quartette	Bill Costello
11:15	News Highlights Solitaire Time	Church	Hour of Faith	The News Makers
11:30		Reviewing Stand		Salt Lake Tabernacle
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Eternal Light	Wings Over Jordan Lutheran Hour	Piano Playhouse	Invitation to Learning People's Platform
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	America United Chicago Round Table	William L. Shirer John B. Kennedy American Radio Warblers Songs By Great Singers	American Almanac National Vespers	Joseph C. Harsch Elmo Roper Tell It Again
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	NBC University Theater	Mutual Opera Concert Bill Dunningham Veteran's Information	This Week Around The World Mr. President Drama	Longine Sym- phonette You Are There
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	One Man's Family	Ernie Lee Show Juvenile Jury	Harrison Wood Betty Clark Sings Dance Music	N. Y. Philharmonic Symphony
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	The Quiz Kids News Living—1949	House of Mystery True Detective	The Future of America Metropolitan Opera Auditions	Skyway to the Stars
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	Jane Pickens Show Robert Merrill	The Shadow Quick As A Flash	Quiet Please	Festival of Song Strike It Rich

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	The Catholic Hour	Roy Rogers	Drew Pearson Don Gardner Greatest Story Ever Told	Family Hour of Stars
	Ozzie Nelson, Harriet Hilliard	Nick Carter		Spotlight Revue
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Horace Heidt	Adv. of the Falcon	Go For the House	The Jack Benny Show
	Alice Faye and Phil Harris	Mayor of the Town	Carnegie Hall Musicale	Amos 'n' Andy
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Fred Allen	A. L. Alexander	Stop the Music	Sam Spade
	NBC Theater	Memos For Music		Life With Luigi
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Manhattan Merry- Go-Round	Under Arrest	Walter Winchell	Electric Theatre
	American Album	Jimmie Fidler	Louella Parsons	with Helen Hayes
		Twin Views of News	Theatre Guild on the Air	Our Miss Brooks
10:00 10:30	Take It or Leave It Who Said That?	Secret Missions Don Wright Chorus	Jimmie Fidler	Lum 'n' Abner It Pays to be Ignorant



MARYLEE ROBB—graduated from reading commercials to playing Marjorie on NBC's Great Gildersleeve.



JOHN BROWN—looks less like an actor than anyone else in the business; he is often mistaken for a gate-crasher in Hollywood's radio city. Born in England, reared in Australia, John got into radio through the Mighty Allen Art Players in Hollywood. When Allen moved his show to New York, John stayed behind; joined the Life of Riley cast—is Digger O'Dell.

MONDAY

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in New York Clevelandaires	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith In Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love and Learn	Passing Parade Victor Lindlahr	Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag		
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Ga'en Drake	

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Soaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:15				
12:30				
12:45	Boston Symphony	Luncheon at Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00				
1:15				
1:30				
1:45	Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00	Double or Nothing	Checkerboard Jamboree	Dorothy Dix	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Make You Tick?
2:15				
2:30				
2:45				
3:00	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Queen For A Day	Golden Hope Chest	Bride and Groom
3:15				
3:30				
3:45				
4:00	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folks	Ladies Be Seated	House Party
4:15				
4:30				
4:45				
5:00	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time
5:15				
5:30				
5:45				

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	John MacVane Sketches in Melody	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—"
6:15				
6:30				
6:45				
7:00	Chesterfield Club News of the World	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis The Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
7:15				
7:30				
7:45				
8:00	Cavalcade of America Voice of Firestone	Straight Arrow	The Railroad Hour	Inner Sanctum
8:15				
8:30				
8:45				
9:00	Telephone Hour	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Fishing and Hunting Club Bill Henry	Stars in the Night	Lux Radio Theatre
9:15				
9:30				
9:55				
10:00	Contented Program	American Forum of the Air Dance Orch.	Arthur Gaeth Earl Godwin On Trial	My Friend Irma The Bob Hawk Show
10:15				
10:30				



LURENE TUTTLE—who plays Effie, Sam Spade's secretary, every Sunday at 8:00 P.M. EST, CBS, can rightfully be called the first lady of radio, having appeared on every major dramatic show emanating from Hollywood. Radio producers call her the Rock of Gibraltar because she lends so much support to her leading men. Recently, she made her screen debut in "Heaven Only Knows."

T U E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:00 8:45	Do You Remember News			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbors Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barney Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Mag- azine of the Air Club Time	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love And Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods	
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Luncheon At Sardi's	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Art Van Damme Quartet Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Robert Q. Lewis
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:55	This Is Your Life Ralph Edwards Alan Young Show	George O'Hanlan Show Official Detective Hy Gardner	Youth Asks The Government Earl Godwin America's Town Meeting of the Air	Mystery Theatre Mr. and Mrs. North
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45 9:55	Bob Hope Show Fibber McGee Molly	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Air Force Hour Bill Henry	Erwin D. Canham Detroit Symphony Orch.	We, The People Morey Amsterdam Show
10:00 10:15 10:30	Big Town People Are Funny	Korn's-A-Krackin' Dance Orchestra	It's in the Family	Hit The Jackpot

W E D N E S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaies	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barney Folies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Faith in Our Time Road of Life	Cecil Brown Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Mag- azine of the Air Eleanor and Anna Roosevelt	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love And Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods	
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15 12:30 12:45	Harkness of Wash- ington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings Luncheon At Sardi's	Welcome Travelers Maggi McNellis	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folks	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs The Johnson Family Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Robert Q. Lewis
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	John MacVane Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs		Eric Sevareid "You and—" Lowell Thomas
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World The Smoothies H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Blondie Great Gildersleeve	Can You Top This High Adventure	Original Amateur Hour, Ted Macks, M.C.	Mr. Chameleon Dr. Christian
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:55	Duffy's Tavern Mr. District Attorney	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Family Theater Bill Henry	Milton Berle Show Groucho Marx Show	Your Song and Mine Harvest of Stars with James Melton
10:00 10:15 10:30	The Big Story Curtain Time	Comedy Play- house Dance Orch.	Bing Crosby Meredith Wilson	Beat The Clock Capitol Cloak Room



ROBERT TROUT—is the quotemas-
ter on NBC's lively Who Said That?
(Sun., 10:30 P.M. EST). Born in North
Carolina, Bob began his radio career
as a news writer in Washington in 1931
and got his first break in newscasting
when he was rushed to the mike to
pinch hit for a missing announcer.
Since then his radio reporting has taken
him over 250,000 miles through 48 states
and 20 foreign countries.

T H U R S D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air Dorothy Kilgallen	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love and Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods	
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Harkness of Washington Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		Luncheon at Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	Luncheon With Lopez Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone The Guiding Light
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Dixie Barn Dance Gang	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Sfella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Robert Q. Lewis
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Straight Arrow Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	The Green Hornet Sky King	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—"
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World Art Van Damme Quintet	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Counter Spy	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Aldrich Family Burns and Allen	Western Hit Revue	Abbott and Costello Our Job is Manhattan	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Al Jolson Show Dorothy Lamour	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Mysterious Traveler Bill Henry	Personal Autograph Jo Stafford Show	The F.B.I. In Peace and War Mr. Keen
10:00 10:15 10:30	Screen Guild Theatre Fred Waring Show	Dance Orch.	Child's World	Suspense Crime Photographer Hallmark Playhouse First Nighter



BARBARA FULLER—is the petite young actress from Nahant, Mass., who plays the role of Claudia in NBC's One Man's Family and who yearns to be a tragedienne. She developed a taste for emotional roles when she made her debut, at the age of 9, in a part calling for sobs and uncontrolled weeping. But, much to her disappointment, she has never played such roles since.



MEREDITH WILLSON—became a flutist because there were too many pianists in his hometown. He played and studied under Sousa, was a member of the N. Y. Philharmonic, has been a musical director for NBC, and now directs his unique show, Wednesdays at 10:30 P.M. EST, ABC. And he has found time to compose two symphonies and write a book called "And There I Stood With My Piccolo."

F R I D A Y

A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
8:30 8:45	Do You Remember			Local Programs
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Honeymoon in N. Y. Clevelandaire	Editor's Diary Tell Your Neighbor Bob Poole Show	Breakfast Club	CBS News of America Barnyard Follies
10:00 10:15 10:30	Fred Waring Road of Life	Cecil Brown Faith in Our Time Say It With Music	My True Story Betty Crocker Magazine of the Air The Listening Post	Music For You Arthur Godfrey
10:45	The Brighter Day			
11:00 11:15	We Love and Learn	Passing Parade Victor H. Lindlahr	Jane Jordan At Home With the Kirkwoods	
11:30	Jack Berch	Gabriel Heatter's Mailbag	Ted Malone	Grand Slam
11:45	Lora Lawton	Lanny Ross	Galen Drake	Rosemary

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00 12:15	Echoes From the Tropics Words and Music	Kate Smith Speaks Kate Smith Sings	Welcome Travelers	Wendy Warren Aunt Jenny
12:30 12:45		Luncheon At Sardi's	Maggi McNellis	Helen Trent Our Gal Sunday
1:00 1:15 1:30 1:45	U. S. Marine Band Robert McCormick Jack Kilty	Cedric Foster Happy Gang Checkerboard Jamboree	Bill Baukhage Nancy Craig Dorothy Dix	Big Sister Ma Perkins Young Dr. Malone
2:00 2:15 2:30 2:45	Double or Nothing Today's Children Light of the World	Queen For A Day Golden Hope Chest	Bkfst. in Hollywood Bride and Groom	Second Mrs. Burton Perry Mason This Is Nora Drake What Makes You Tick?
3:00 3:15 3:30 3:45	Life Can Be Beautiful Ma Perkins Pepper Young Right to Happiness	Red Benson Movie Show Ozark Valley Folks	Ladies Be Seated House Party	David Harum Hilltop House Your Lucky Strike
4:00 4:15 4:30 4:45	Backstage Wife Stella Dallas Lorenzo Jones Young Widder Brown	Misc. Programs Johnson Family Misc. Programs Two Ton Baker	Kay Kyser Ethel and Albert	Hint Hunt Robert Q. Lewis
5:00 5:15 5:30 5:45	When A Girl Marries Portia Faces Life Just Plain Bill Front Page Farrell	Superman Capt. Midnight Tom Mix	Challenge of the Yukon Jack Armstrong	Treasury Bandstand The Chicagoans Alka Seltzer Time

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00 6:15 6:30 6:45	News Sketches in Melody Sunoco News	Local Programs	Local Programs	Eric Sevareid "You and—"
7:00 7:15 7:30 7:45	Chesterfield Club News of the World H. V. Kaltenborn	Fulton Lewis, Jr. Dinner Date News Inside of Sports	Headline Edition Elmer Davis Lone Ranger	Lowell Thomas
8:00 8:15 8:30 8:45	Cities Service Band Of America Jimmy Durante Show	Great Scenes From Great Plays Yours For A Song	The Fat Man This Is Your FBI	Beulah Jack Smith Show Club 15 Edward R. Murrow
9:00 9:15 9:30 9:45	Eddie Cantor Show Red Skelton Show	Gabriel Heatter Radio Newsreel Enchanted Hour	Break the Bank The Sheriff	Jack Carson Show My Favorite Husband
10:00 10:15 10:30	Life of Riley Sports	Meet the Press Dance Orch.	Boxing Bouts	Ford Theatre
				Philin Morris Playhouse

S A T U R D A Y				
A.M.	NBC	MBS	ABC	CBS
9:00	Mind Your Manners		Shoppers Special	CBS News of America
9:15				Barnyard Folies
9:30	Coffee in Washington	Paul Neilson, News Ozark Valley Folks		Garden Gate
9:45				
10:00	Mary Lee Taylor	Ozark Valley Folks	Concert of American Jazz	Red Barber's Club-House Romance
10:15			Big and Little Club	
10:30	Archie Andrews	Jerry and Skye Albert Warner	Saturday Strings	
10:45				
11:00	Meet the Meeks	Hormel Girls Corps	Abbott and Costello	Let's Pretend
11:15				
11:30	Smilin' Ed McConnell	Magic Rhythm	What's My Name?	Junior Miss
11:45				

AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

12:00	Arthur Barriault Public Affair Luncheon With Lopez	Smoky Mt. Hayride	Junior Junction	Theatre of Today
12:15			American Farmer	Grand Central Station
12:30				
12:45				
1:00	Nat'l Farm Home	Campus Salute	Maggie McNellis, Herb Sheldon	County Fair
1:15			U. S. Navy Hour	
1:30	R.F.D. America	Symphonies For Youth		Give and Take
1:45				
2:00	Musicana		Metropolitan Opera	Stars Over Hollywood
2:15				
2:30	Edward Tomlinson Report From Europe	Macalaster College Choir		
2:45				
3:00	Pioneers of Music	Poole's Paradise		Local Programs
3:15				
3:30		Sports Parade		
3:45				
4:00	Your Health Today Echoes From the Tropics			
4:15				
4:30	Adventures of Frank Merriwell	Charlie Slocum First Church of Christ Science	Local Programs	Local Programs
4:45				
5:00	The Lassie Show	Russ Hodges Quiz True or False	Dance Music	Chuck Foster's Make Way For Youth
5:15	Wormwood Forest			
5:45	Dr. I. Q. Jr.			

EVENING PROGRAMS

6:00	Peter Roberts	Music	Speaking of Songs	News From Washington
6:15	Religion in the News			Memo From Lake Success
6:30	NBC Symphony	Bands For Bonds		Saturday Sports Review
6:45			Jack Beall	Larry Lesueur
7:00		Hawaii Calls	Treasury Bond Show	
7:15				
7:30	Vic Damone, Hollace Shaw	Robert Hurliegh News		Camel Carvan with Vaughn Monroe
7:45				
8:00	Hollywood Star Theatre	Twenty Questions	Starring Kay Starr	Gene Autry Show
8:15				
8:30	Truth or Consequences	Take a Number	Famous Jury Trials	Adventures of Philip Barlowe
8:45				
9:00	Your Hit Parade	Life Begins at 80	Little Herman Drama	Gang Busters
9:15				
9:30	Judy Canova Show			Tales of Fatima
9:45				
10:00	Day in the Life of Dennis Day	Theatre of the Air	Musical Etching	Sing It Again
10:15				
10:30	Grande Ole Opry		Hayloft Hoedown	National Guard Military Ball



CHARME ALLEN—went into the theatrical profession despite parental opposition. She played in stock for a while, then married actor Joseph Allen. They went to Buffalo for their honeymoon but stayed there fifteen years. Charme entered radio in its infant stage, reading poetry, helping with the sound effects, and playing scores of roles. She now plays Polly in CBS's David Harum.

QUIZ CATALOGUE

Notes to Keep Your Radio Mirror

Quiz Catalogue Up to Date

One good thing about CBS's quiz show with a heart, Strike It Rich (Sundays 5:30 to 6 P.M., EST), is that folks all around the country can serve as contestants even if they don't own a phone. The question that's asked is . . . do you need money? And, who, except Arthur Godfrey and Rockefeller, doesn't?

However, affable and stoutish m.c. Todd Russell and his fast-talking producer, Walt Frammer, must get an interesting and purposeful reason from a listener as to why he wants to Strike It Rich.

The contestants are picked from the mailbags and a staff of researchers searches out the more provocative candidates. Todd and Walt then invite them to appear on the show.

Every Sunday about twenty of the best applicants show up at CBS Playhouse No. 3 and tell their story in person. Show-wise Frammer picks out the best contrasting contestants, rehearses them in their little stories and then they're on their own.

In the year and a half that Strike It Rich has been on the air, over \$100,000 has been given—in cash. Most any one player can win is \$800.

The questions posed on the show are average and broken down into five changing categories. Each player starts out with \$25. He can risk anywhere from \$5 to his entire capital on each question.

Smartest thing is always to hold back a minimum amount because if you plunge all and miss the question you are bankrupt and out of the game.

Plenty of folks have good reasons for wanting to win the money the sponsor puts up. Like the Brooklyn girl who wanted to get money to take dramatic and diction lessons because her longshoremen brothers said she "talked like a joik." Or the steelworker whose wife was expecting quadruplets.

Many times a contestant gets more money from unexpected quarters. Sailor Jackie Mendoza had a six-year-old son who had been born with a club foot. A famous Florida surgeon promised he could cure the boy. Jackie won \$800 on Strike It Rich, picked up another \$800 when a Hollywood listener matched the award. Then the Florida hospital gave its services free. Just recently the boy came to the broadcast and walked for the first time without crutches.

Some contestants are picked from the studio audience by lucky ticket stubs, but writing a good letter is still the best way for you to tell Todd Russell why you want to Strike It Rich.

QUIZ CHATTER

Bert Parks, Stop the Music m.c. is infanticipating with the little telephone due in April . . . Incidentally, a Maryland railroad worker won the show's all time high jackpot last month, \$30,500 . . . And a jockey's wife won one of the biggest Break the Bank jackpots with \$9,000 cash . . . The FCC edict on telephone shows expected any minute . . . Borden's County Fair has switched to Wednesdays at 9 P.M., EST on CBS . . . Recently this show had as its guests the winners of the three biggest jackpots on other giveaway shows. All said they would never want to go through it again . . . CBS auditioning a new audience participation show called Earn Your Apples, the contestants will all be school teachers. Prize, a trip to anywhere in the world.

Living within YOUR INCOME



Sylvia F. Porter, financial expert, gave Terry Burton and listeners some penetrating advice on when, and how, to budget.

OH! TO KNOW financial security and peace of mind. But how could we? Stan's department store was falling apart at the seams and we had no funds to buy the new Spring lines. Mother Burton's prolonged visit meant another mouth to feed and Baby Wendy was proving to be a joy . . . but an added expense. As if that weren't enough, the sky-rocketing prices were burning big holes in my purse. Was there any way of trying to make ends meet?

And then something happened. I heard about a book called: *How To Live Within Your Income* . . . and what a wonderful book it is. Its co-author, Sylvia F. Porter, agreed to visit the Burtons as Family Counselor and this is what she told our listeners.

"You'll have a difficult time finding financial peace of mind with a budget because there's no fun in living within a statistical strait-jacket, or in attempting to fit yourself into a ready-to-wear financial suit . . . regardless of your individual wants and desires. But—a money manager will work wonders." "A money manager?" I asked. "Yes," she said, "and it's something the whole family can work on together." Miss Porter explained that all it meant was keeping a record of your proposed income (earnings, returns on investments—and even money gifts) and not just planning with the cash on hand. Your expenses are listed as they occur and before long you'll begin to see the big expenses as well as the nibblers and find out just where you can begin to cut down, substitute—and juggle your funds.

"You know, Terry," she said, "the art of living within your income really means getting the most satisfaction out of what you have to spend, while the science of living within your income lies in knowing how to spend what you have so it brings you this satisfaction."

Miss Porter then gave our listeners some helpful points to follow.

1. Get what you really want for your money through wise buying. And this means *knowing* values.

2. Remember that your leisure time can produce funds as well as fun. Ask yourself—what can I make that other people will buy—or perhaps you have a service to sell.

3. Minimize your tax payments, many tax payers overpay . . . know the deductions to which you're entitled and be sure to use the right forms.

4. Carefully planned investments in life insurance and United States Government Bonds will pay fine dividends.

Miss Porter concluded with this thought by saying: "Remember—just as a fine set of paint brushes doesn't make a fine artist, so a seemingly good income doesn't make a good financial life." And added: "the happy family is that which can use its income as a means to a full, rewarding life . . . for knowing the tools and how to use them is the science of living within your income."

On The Family Counselor broadcasts, we want to discuss problems which are of interest to our listeners. What would you like discussed by one of our Family Counselors? Won't you send your suggestions to me, care of RADIO MIRROR?

Both the creams you need for Spring

NOW—in 1 Beauty Special

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**Pond's delightful lanolin-rich
Dry Skin Cream**

Given to you

**with purchase of 79¢ jar of
Pond's wonderful Cold Cream**

Pond's times this wonderful *two-cream* offer to come just when your face is begging for some special springtime pampering to make it prettier. *Right now* you can get *two* of Pond's loveliest creams to work together for you—and get *both* for the price of the Cold Cream *alone*.

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt says, "Two of the most important creams I know to keep skin immaculate and soft are Pond's Cold Cream and Dry Skin Cream."

Don't wait! Women are smart about bargains in beauty. And *this* bargain is their favorite Pond's combination. *Hurry*, get your Pond's 2-cream special, *today*.



See your *lovelier* face! Immaculate! Soft! Rosy!

**So much that is YOU speaks for you
in YOUR FACE**

Does *your face* say the happy, confident things about you that you want it to say? It can—but it needs help. *Always* at bedtime (for day cleansings, too) give it this rewarding "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's Cold Cream:

Hot Stimulation—splash your face with hot water.

Cream Cleanse—swirl on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and sweep dirt, make-up from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—swirl on more Pond's to *rinse* off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—give your face a tonic cold water splash.

AND FOR SPECIAL SOFTENING, use *lanolin-rich* Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously each night after cleansing. Wipe off lightly so a soft film is left to help your skin all night. Use just a touch of cream under your make-up for *extra* day-softening, too.

Remember

**you get both these wonderful creams for the price of the Cold Cream alone!
For a limited time only! Stop for them today!**

The Blonde I Prefer

(Continued from page 61)

trying to break mine. So I thumbed my nose at the Great Bleak Way and went to Texas. The *Houston Chronicle* suffered to let me sell advertising. On the side I was a disc jockey. Then the Air Corps stepped in. I discovered I couldn't kill myself. When that was all over I was back home in Milwaukee and broke.

Funny thing about being stone cold busted. If you have a little money you relax and wait for the breaks. But if you don't have the price of tomorrow's breakfast you really start to move. I got on the interurban train for Chicago with no idea about what I'd do. By the time the Howard Street station was called I was half asleep.

HOWARD STREET? Why that was me! I jumped up and rushed off the train. There I stood with my entire assets—an eager look and a knife edge press in my pants. A few minutes later I walked into an advertising agency and asked to see the business manager. I came out, dazed with the realization that I'd talked myself into \$75 a week selling radio time. There was some side money, too, writing jokes for Danny Thomas. Stu Dawson sent some of my stuff over to another advertising agency and then Jack Benny took me on as a staff writer, which brought me to Hollywood.

Ah, Hollywood, lovely spa by the Blue Pacific. How peaceful and quiet. All I could hear was falling pedestrians and dropped options. This was the place for Cy Howard to stay and one day—he hoped—pack away more money than Lassie or Darryl Zanuck.

There is always a fateful day. It came to me when I was cutting through the Beverly Hills hotel lobby on my way to a swimming pool located near a beautiful blonde. I was detoured by a man named Maxwell Anderson who said to me, "Are you an actor?" and then took me at my word when I said yes.

A few hours after that I found myself saying to Jack Benny, "I gotta do a Broadway show."

"That's fine, Cy," Benny agreed. "Everybody has to. I'd like to read the script one of these years if you ever get around to writing it."

"I don't mean that. I'm going to act in a show."

A sympathetic look shaded the great comedian's eyes. He put a fatherly hand on my shoulder. "It happens to the best of us, my boy. Maybe if you take a little trip to Palm Springs for a rest, you won't have to see a psychiatrist. Take all the time you want. I'll keep you on the payroll, but get the acting germ out of your corpuscles."

I finally convinced him that what I had was a job, not just a yen. I told him that the play was Maxwell Anderson's "Storm Operation."

Mr. Benny leaned like the Tower of Pisa. He looked at me as though he detected a resemblance to Cary Grant. Then he exclaimed, "Get out of here, you ham. Good luck and Heaven bless you."

Would you believe it? When I came up out of the subway, back in New York, Broadway was still there, shoving people around. Mrs. O'Reilly was doing the same thing with her tenants. I went up to 73rd Street just to make sure. As I walked by I was pursued by a flood of memories and the faint aroma of garlic. I said to myself, "Some day

you will write a play to immortalize Mrs. O'Reilly and her happy patrons."

One play, one radio show and one year later, "some day" came—or began to get under way at least. Once again I'd fallen in with a godfather who was no relative to me. This was Bill Paley, who took me on to create new shows for CBS. I stood up before Bill like a man who knew what he was doing and delivered an ultimatum to both of us, to wit: "The comedy of life is in Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house and a delicatessen on 6th Avenue. You can't go among the people in thirteen weeks. I'll need a year because I like to go to the bank regular."

For two weeks nothing happened. Then one evening when I'd made a comedian of myself at a party my wife said to me, "You are Phil Silvers without an act."

That made me sore. I didn't talk to her for two days, which gave me time to think up a radio show called *My Friend Irma*, incorporating all those people I'd met in Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house, Mrs. O'Reilly herself, and a lot of characters I'd encountered.

How did I really find Irma herself? I could make up a good story about it,

COMING NEXT MONTH

Nancy Craig demonstrates how she transfers to practical use in her own home those delightful ideas her listeners hear each day, in *Come and Visit Nancy Craig* . . .

★ ★ ★

Jack Smith's wife tells her own story of the "important little things" that make her husband just about perfect in her eyes, and won him an award as "The Ideal American Husband." *My Husband Is Ideal*, by Vicki Smith . . .

★ ★ ★

Both—and many more as interesting stories—in

MAY
RADIO AND TELEVISION
MIRROR Magazine

On sale Wednesday, April 11

but why not tell the truth? In my time, I've gone around with a lot of girls. I made a list of them, but decided I couldn't use 'em. They all had a bad connotation. They were too lovely, too silly, too homely, too selfish, too something. I went through a lot of names—Sally, Ruth, Helen, Nelma, Barbara—a list nine yards long before I came to Irma. Now there was a name! Irma could be anything you wanted her to be. I wanted her to be in Minnesota, so she had to have a last name to go with the state. I remembered looking in a Minneapolis telephone book once, and all I could find were Petersons, Olsons, Johnsons and more Petersons.

So there she was, in name only—one Irma Peterson.

Now, about the other girl I wanted to

use—the clipped and brittle, capable and American one, the feminine counterpart of Tom Jones. Jane's a good, dependable name. So's Stacey. So there she was—Jane Stacey.

Then off to the West Coast I went, armed with a script and a briefcase full of ideas—but there was no band waiting to meet me.

When I arrived in Hollywood to set up shop with Irma I had to find her. I considered hundreds of people who didn't know what they were applying for. I needed an Irma who wasn't as stupid as she sounded, but who'd be out of her class when thrown in with Jane. Jane who'd always know what she was doing and enjoy having a friend like Irma who'd polish up her ego. The whole cast had to be people who, standing by themselves, could be called quite normal, but when thrown together at Mrs. O'Reilly's boarding house would become a comedy concert.

See what I mean? There's Al. Irma knows he's not so much, but she loves him. And she's right. Al's a good fellow, but he's influenced by Joe who's a big crook. And Professor Kropotkin who never gets anywhere—but in different circumstances he might.

It took a year and a half to put all this together. One night I went to see Ken Murray's *Blackouts*. I had an idea about Marie Wilson, the leading lady, and I confirmed it by going backstage to meet her. She had all the sweetness and charm my Irma needed. Also she seemed like the Ph.D. of Dumb Dolls.

I explained Irma to her.

"Oh," Marie exclaimed. "I couldn't do a character like that. I tried radio once. I can't read lines. Somebody'd have to double for my dialogue."

There was a long parade of would-be Jane Staceys. I heard about Cathy Lewis and called her up. She said, "I'm very busy. I'll give you exactly five minutes of my time. And in the end you'll take someone else."

THAT did it. Cathy's aggressiveness and basic sincerity hit the character right on the nose. She is one of the greatest talents I've ever known. When we learned at this season's beginning that Cathy couldn't go on, even after having worked the dress rehearsal, I was horrified. She just didn't have the stamina following her illness of the summer before.

There were hours of nightmarish auditions trying to perform a miracle. We couldn't come up with another Cathy, but Joan Banks seemed closest to her definition of the role. With less than an hour's rehearsal, Joan went on and has delivered an outstanding job ever since, although by the time you read this Cathy may again be Jane.

Professor Kropotkin? That was another tough one. I was nutty about the character and wanted to play him myself, which was why I was so hard-boiled about finding the right man. One day I was rushing through the lobby at CBS when I spotted a great actor by the name of Hans Conried. He was wearing a long, flowing tie and looked so preoccupied that I swear he walked through the front door without opening it.

"Hey," I exclaimed. "Do you drink tea out of a glass with the sugar in your mouth?"

He looked at me as though he'd be infinitely happy (Continued on page 76)

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(Continued from page 74)

if I crawled back into the woodwork. Then he spoke in rumbling, resonant tones.

"It is none of your business, Mr. Horowitz," he said, deliberately lousing up my name. "But as a matter of fact, yes, I do drink tea out of a glass with sugar in my mouth." That made two of us, and I knew we would enjoy insulting each other.

Then came John Brown for Al. I seriously suspect that John, one of radio's original iron horses, makes more money than I do, he plays so many characters in various shows. Another of the war horses is Alan Reid, who plays Mr. Clyde. You know, Marie isn't just in "good company." She's with the greatest, including Donald Woods as Richard Rhineland.

As for Gloria Gordon, what can a mere producer say about her work? That reminds me that at one time someone suggested that to save time we take away her credit on the show. "Take away her credit?" I howled. "Look, aside from the fact that she is sensational, she owns six houses and she's always late for rehearsal because she has to collect the rent. Why, I suspect that she owns most of Sunset Boulevard. Take away her credit and maybe CBS has to start looking for a new building!"

Speaking of credit, I hate to pick up my fee for directing these people. In case you don't know it, a good director is simply a fellow who has the sense to put a gang of performers like this together.

That's why I have such a calm disposition. People go away from rehearsals for My Friend Irma thinking I'm berserk. One reporter got so mad he wanted to punch me in the nose.

I'd been rehearsing one scene over and over. My temperament overshot the safety mark when Marie Wilson giggled.

"Shut up!" I roared. "You're a miserable actress. You've got no talent. You do everything wrong, and on top of that you are insolent!"

There was a slight pause. Marie looked up at the booth. "Thank you, Mr. Howard," she said silkily. "I accept your apology."

I was told later that the reporter went out of there declaring he'd wait for me in the alley. He should have waited until after the rehearsal when Marie came up to me and inquired anxiously, "Cy—are you feeling all right? Sure you're not sick? You only yelled at me for ten minutes today."

It's hard to explain why I do those things. I have an habitual attitude when I walk in on a rehearsal. The whole cast is sitting around a table reading their lines. Before I can hear what they say I yell, "Stop! Do it over—it's all wrong!" It's self-defense because if I treated my staff with the respect to which they are entitled, they'd think I was crazy, crawling in on my hands and knees all the time. Consequently it is entirely possible that I'll be murdered some day during rehearsal.

There's the matter of music.

That genius of melody, Lud Gluskin, turned to me on one occasion and asked, "Cy, are you hearing enough of the viola?"

Violas I don't know from. "I wouldn't recognize one with the label on it," I admitted furiously.

We went on from there. A few moments later something sounded wrong. "Look here, Gluskin," I bellowed. "How many times do I have to tell you I don't

want so much of that pringail. I realize you have a beetle browed opinion of my musical knowledge, but if you can't swing in with more klismeyer, go on out and lose yourself. I'd rather work with a hurdy gurdy."

Mr. Gluskin bowed from the waist. Mentally he assigned me to the lower reaches that all musicians reserve for those who can't tell an obbligato from a reprise, whatever that is.

People assume that I am a creative nut. Privately, I insist that I studiously avoid being hemmed in by routine and disciplined emotion. One day I walked into the show without screaming about something. The whole mood dropped down a foot.

Confidentially, I must admit that a portion of my work is done by my airedale dog, Mr. Clyde. What portion I'll never admit. Do you think I'd want NBC to hire him away from me? In addition to loaning his name to a character in the program (Mr. Clyde is Irma's boss), my Mr. Clyde has won more blue ribbons as a dog than I ever will critical acclaim as a producer.

Not too long ago there was an Irma in my life. A lovely girl. We'd gone together for quite awhile and liked each other so much we didn't have the nerve to come right out and admit that we'd begun to bore each other. The romance was exhausted but it kept breathing on the backs of our necks. Clyde fixed that. When she stopped by rehearsal, he jumped up and put his dirty paws all over her new white dress.

This Irma had been waiting for just such an opening and so had I. "You horrible dog, you!" she exclaimed.

"Look here, woman," I yelled. "You can't talk about my dog like that! Get out of my life!"

"With pleasure," she snapped, on her way to the door.

You can believe it or not, but driving home Clyde winked at me.

That's really why I used his name for the character of Irma's boss in the show. He likes to be in on the act.

There are other things you should know about My Friend Irma. How I suffer, for instance. Take the way I tangle with Hans Conreid. Usually I get away with reading all the character lines the way they should be read, but my ambition is to play Professor Kropotkin on the air. This is the terrible cross that Hans has to bear. When I get to needling him, he suffers. Recently he slammed down his script.

"If you can play this part better than I can," he demanded, "why don't you do it?"

"What," I returned in injured voice, "and ruin your reputation in thirty seconds?"

I should try to follow Hans Conreid? I should fall over a corpse. That's a great man!

They say that actors are like children. That's silly. You tell a child where you're going to be a couple of times and he'll find you like a bird dog. That's why I start rehearsals a half hour early. Marie always goes to the wrong studio. Unless I'm careful, she'll wind up one of these days playing stooge to the Thin Man.

She drives me mad. During the last political campaign we were preempted by a political speech. "We get a vacation," I told Marie. "Senator Taft's coming on."

"Senator Taft?" she asked. "Why, Mr. Howard. I thought you told me we'd never have a guest star!"

Sometimes all of these wonderful people detest me. Hans hates me with an incurable rage—for giving him the job. John Brown will someday put poison in the rehearsal coffee because I'm always taking him away from his poker game with the musicians. No wonder he makes so much money. I hope he gets the wrong cup! And Gloria Gordon. I turned down eight Mrs. O'Reillys before I picked her. Yet I am a worm under her feet. If she didn't have to work so hard she'd have been out buying five more apartment houses and be hiring me to collect the rent.

Do you think that's bad?

All right. My Friend Irma is now consistently among the first five shows, by Hooperating. That's nice company up there with Jack Benny, Bob Hope, Fibber McGee and Molly and Lux Radio Theater—and not a big star in the cast. Then Irma leads me to Luigi, and Irma herself goes into movies. I said I hate women. Look what she's done to me.

But you must grant me one thing. I have a tremendous pride in Irma. She was created and written by me. After that, and to their everlasting credit, is the work of Parke Levy, who with his writing staff of Stanley Adams and Richard McLean, took over the script after the fifth show. This, with the inspired work of a fine production staff, has produced a show of which radio can be proud. Still, all this would be nothing if you, the listening audience, hadn't signified your love for My Friend Irma and voted her and her friends the best comedy story.

May you never lose each other!

"It gives me new zest for life"

—So writes a regular listener to "MY TRUE STORY" Radio Program. "It's the *realness* of these complete daily dramas that's so refreshing!"

Listen to radio's *greatest* morning show, adapted from the pages of True Story magazine, and you'll understand why so many women are fascinated by it every day Monday through Friday.

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deeper—right into pore openings.
Never before has a cream
softened tiny lines so soon...
smoothed dry skin to
younger-looking beauty!

Quiz Kids' Kelly

(Continued from page 45)

gabardine shirt and frontier whipcords, loafs in his desk chair. Mary's red calico skirt and white peasant blouse splash brightly against the dark upholstery of the couch.

Easy relaxation pervades the room and everyone in it.

Before you know it, you're chatting away, asking what President Truman said as he autographed his picture, and hearing about Bob Hope's encounter with the Quiz Kids. The photographs on the walls constitute a virtual Who's Who of entertainment. In the back of your head, the impression grows that you sound brighter, wittier than you ever have in your life.

About the time you think you're being a Quiz Kid yourself, it dawns on you that's exactly what is happening. That's Joe Kelly's genius, an ability to spark other people—kids or otherwise—into outdoing themselves.

THAT'S what has made him so brilliantly successful in an assignment that had stumped plenty of men with more formal education.

Lou Cowan and Walter Wade originated the Quiz Kids program in 1940. Without difficulty, they found the kids, but they had trouble discovering the right master of ceremonies.

Finally, Walter Wade thought of Joe Kelly, then under contract to him for National Barn Dance, where he was doing a good job as M.C.

Kelly was reluctant, but as a favor to Wade, he auditioned. So far as he was concerned, he wasn't eligible for the job. For him, regular schooling had ended with the third grade when he went on stage as the Irish Nightingale. Subsequent learning had been the informal variety gleaned by touring as star boy soprano with a minstrel show. He had no desire to pit his wit against kids who could confuse Einstein.

Audition completed, he left for a Canadian vacation. It was cut short by a telegram reading, "Come on back. You're the Chief Quizzer."

Sensing this same sincerity the kids felt, the radio audience has, for the second consecutive year, chosen him to receive RADIO MIRROR's award as the nation's favorite quizmaster.

Joe Kelly's den gives evidence of how much work he does to prepare for his program and provides a graphic documentary to the Kelly living as well as to the Kelly work. Pictures and gadgets are useful as a prompter's book in telling the story.

Starting point is the photograph of Kelly's Klowns, the dance band that got Joe back into show business after his forced retirement at fourteen, when his voice changed. One day he was a star; the next, he was an office boy. He learned to play piano by watching dime store song pluggers, and as soon as he could fake a tune, organized a band and started hunting for engagements.

Photos of Mary, looking like an earlier Dorothy Lamour, illustrate the next chapter. Forsaking the band, Joe became an actor in a touring stock company where Mary had graduated from a secretary's job to become one of the youngest advance agents on record.

Joe is proud of those pictures. "I married my boss," he grins. "She was prettier than the leading lady. It was at Sault Saint Marie, Ontario, St. Patrick's day, 1923. Snowdrifts were eight

and a half feet high and the thermometer was hitting bottom. Before the service, I had to help build the fire to warm the church."

Baby pictures of Joe Jr. date from the time the young Kellys tried to settle down in Michigan. They lived first in Benton Harbor, then in Coldwater, and finally, in Battle Creek. Joe had a variety of jobs, ranging from selling pianos to managing a clothing store. No venture was very successful. Joe and Mary belonged in show business.

Kelly's Klown's, second edition, gave them their break. Joe prevailed on the manager of the new radio station, WELL, to put the band on the air. The venture brought both bookings and more air time. Joe sold the show. Eventually, he became an announcer.

Mary points to a framed map. "Here, near Watervliet, Michigan, is where we have our summer place. We've fixed it like a ranch, with Navajo rugs and other western things we've found. We go out in May and don't come back until October. We're comfortable in frontier clothes and we have a great time. That's where we really live."

Joe goes into character, flourishing a six-shooter which turns out to be a cigarette lighter. He has nearly fifty lighters, many of them souvenirs of Quiz trips.

"Mary and I shop exactly opposite ways," he confides. "She reads the ads, then phones. I'm a window shopper. Soon as I get into a new town, I revert to the vaudeville habit of scouting the main stem. I look at all the windows, decide, then next day go back to buy. I go too crazy in New York. Then I can't make up my mind. But that's nothing to what happens when I get into a western trading post. Then I want everything."

"And yet," Mary puts in, "his interest in the cow country hasn't made him a steak enthusiast. He's still a sandwich-type man. He out-dagwoods Dagwood."

To justify this ad, Joe leads the way to the gleaming kitchen, sets the stage for a production.

At that point, Mary whisks you out. "Come see the rest of the house," she suggests. "Joe goes temperamental. He never fusses before a show, but sandwiches are different. He wants to be alone when he's creating."

Opening a door, she says, "Here's the room that really suits me."

WHITE woodwork contrasts with deep green-blue walls. The plum-colored carpet adds warmth. Across an entire wall, draw curtains present a continuous expanse of yellow chintz. Silver gleams on the mahogany table.

Everything important in the Kelly household has a story. From a cabinet, Mary lifts a cherished treasure. "The Quiz Kids gave us this on our twenty-fifth wedding anniversary."

Engraved on the face of the tray is the first question from the first show: "What would you carry home if you bought an antimacassar, a dinghy, a sarong, and an apteryx?" Well—what would you?

Moving along to the living room, she tells you she likes to keep house, but doesn't care much about cooking. With the aid of Mrs. Robert McNamara, hired seventeen years ago as a cleaning woman, but now designated by Mary as "my Chicago mother," she keeps the

place in coffee-and-apple-pie order.

She's an inspired home-maker, though, and an avid collector. Her best-beloved possessions are Royal Doulton figurines which bracket the fireplace. "I like them better than Dresden," she says. "Growing up in Canada, I always yearned to have one, but couldn't afford it. Collecting them has been a childhood dream come true."

She planned the apartment herself. Because she hates to shop, she has often asked a professional decorator to do the preliminary scouting, but final selection and arrangements have been hers. And the effect is unique. Mary's rooms are planned as settings for people, rather than to display furniture. They're harmonious and attractive as a background, but never overwhelm you.

It is good theater without ever being theatrical.

THE Quiz Kids have their own special spot. That's the rumpus room in the basement, scene of the annual Christmas party, and "borrowed" on other occasions to entertain the radio and stage stars who head for the Kellys' to have fun.

Talk to these friends and you'll hear one phrase repeated over and over. "We always have a magnificent time. So good a time, in fact, we don't have sense enough to leave. Visit the Kellys and you just never go home." It's testimony that with Mary and Joe, good theater also proves to be good hospitality.

From the kitchen comes a shout, "Three decker coming up."

You hasten back to the den. The production number justifies its advance publicity. It takes a blueprint rather than a recipe to chart a Joe Kelly sandwich. Here's the way he described the process:

On the foundation slice of fresh bread, smoothly spread creamed butter. Next, set in place quarter-inch slices of ham, Spam or what have you. Top with mustard and spread over it a thin layer of Worcestershire sauce. Add a slice of lettuce, cutting through the head rather than peeling off a leaf. Rounds of sweet pickle come next. Spread with mayonnaise.

Fit the second slice of bread onto the structure. Spread with butter and mayonnaise. Place cheddar, tangy Old English or smoked cheese on top. Spread with Worcestershire, then mayonnaise. (Hold it firmly. It's getting topheavy by this time.) Cut a slice from the biggest, sweetest Bermuda onion you can find. That's the climax. Anchor with the third slice of bread.

Trim off the crusts with a very sharp knife and cut the sandwich into fours before serving. This is important, for anyone who attempts to break it into dainty morsels ruins the masterpiece. Spike olives with toothpicks, and use these to fasten each section. Serve with cold milk.

Joe watches anxiously as you take that first cautious bite. You're a little leery of it, especially that onion.

There's a hushed pause while you get the first bite down. Suddenly you beam. It's a perfectly balanced blend of flavors. Onion and all, it tastes just wonderful.

"Thought you'd like it," says Joe with satisfaction "Joe Jr. and his friends always did. I'd fix up a flock of sand-

wiches, wrap them in waxed paper, and leave them in the refrigerator. The kids would come piling in after a basketball game or dance and just gobble them." With relish, he takes a bite. When he can talk again, he adds, "I've got an ambition. When I retire from radio, I'm going to open a chain of sandwich shops."

Retirement, however, appears to be a long way off. Quiz Kids continues to draw one of radio's largest audiences, and additional shows constantly are being offered him.

Beyond that, Joe has some coaching to do. Joe Jr. is now learning his radio at WELL, the station where Joe himself started. When he acquires enough microphone know-how to move to the networks, Joe III will be coming up. He cooed and squalled with poise at his mike debut during the Christmas party. There's an unconfirmed rumor the Kellys substitute radio circuits for nervous systems.

Joe flips the switch of the television set. You're soon into a technical discussion of zoomar lenses, lighting, etc.

Quiz Kids is one of the few shows adaptable to simultaneous radio and TV broadcast, and Joe looks forward to the time the audience can see the kids wave their hands as well as hear their eager shouts, "I know, Mr. Kelly."

A new program comes on and Joe recognizes its origin. "That's an old vaudeville act. Here, I'll show you."

You pelt after him along the hall to the living room.

Joe sits down at the piano, turns minstrel man again. Mary takes up the song. They go into a duet that's their own take-off on a familiar number.

JOE tells a story. He acts it out, using that well-planned open space. You see why his living room has to be uncluttered.

He bounces back to the piano, goes into the Quiz Kids song he wrote:*

Why did London Bridge fall down?
Is it true Jack broke his crown?
Just ask the Quiz Kids,
They know all the answers.
Was Simple Simon really dumb?
How big was Little Tom Thumb?
The Quiz Kids, those whiz kids,
Just ask them and they'll tell you.
Could poor Mother Hubbard afford a cupboard?

Can a cow jump over the moon?
Who found the sheep lost by little Bo Peep?

Did the dish run away with the spoon?
Was old King Cole such a merry old soul?

Who were Eenie, Meenie, Minie, Mo?
Just ask the Quiz Kids
They're sure to know.

From that, he swings into Irish songs, and even though you know you can't sing, you're soon making like Melchior, practically drowning out Mary and Joe. It's traditional that every Kelly guest winds up at the piano, convinced he is possessed of undiscovered talent.

A sidewise glance at your watch shocks you. You had no idea it was that late.

You've kept the record intact. Like all the rest, you've stayed far beyond a reasonable time. And also like all the rest, you have enjoyed every moment of it.

Going out into the crisp air, you conclude you need to borrow a phrase from the circus. For the greatest show on earth, visit Mary and Joe Kelly.

*Copyright Famous Music Corp.

"It seems there was a Traveling Salesman..."

... and naturally, when he came home from a long trip, Mrs. T.S. was *very* happy—until she unpacked his bag.

The clean white shirts he took away always came back with a "mourning band" of railroad dust ground into the collars and cuffs. And the job of getting those shirts white again was not only a test of wifely devotion—it was *very hard on the shirts*.

The happy ending to this story came the first time Mrs. T.S. tried Fels-Naptha Soap Chips. To use her own words, "I never had any white shirts come out any whiter—and no rubbing!"

~ ~ ~

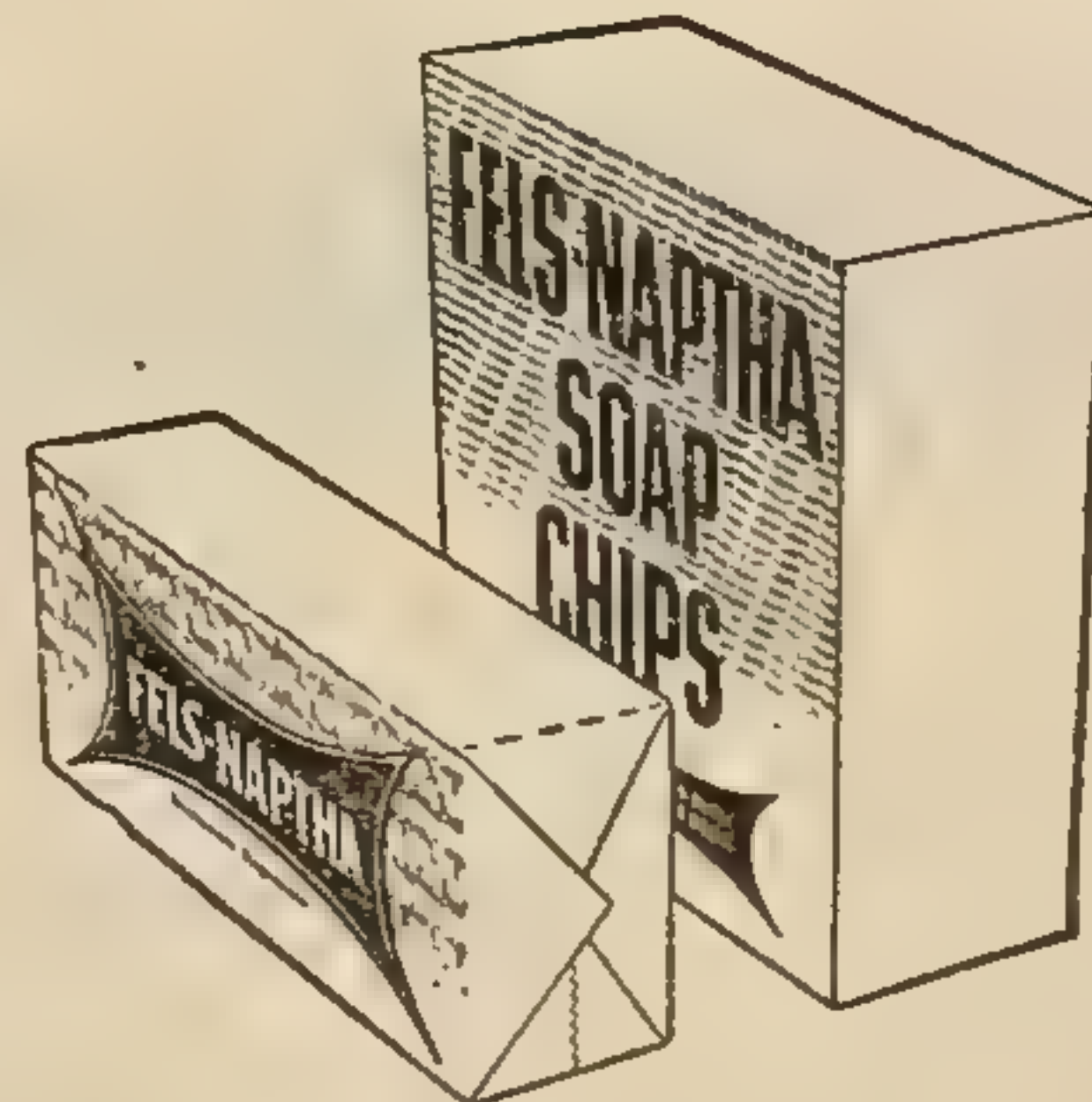
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"Thanks for Listening"

(Continued from page 25)

changed a great deal since I first went on the air. That was on May 1, 1931, eighteen crowded years ago. I sang on a sustaining program over CBS, in a small studio with an eight-piece combination to accompany me, and I was paid fifty dollars a week for five fifteen-minute programs. A studio audience was unknown in those days—no, that's not quite right. Rudy Vallee's variety hour had a studio audience, but it was separated from the performers by a sheet of plate glass, so there was no danger of its laughter or applause going out over the air!

There was an easy comradeship about radio in those days that's missing, somehow, from the broadcasting machine of today. We were building something, and we knew it. Sometimes we disagreed among ourselves, but it was always because each of us was eager to create—and always there were the parties, the jokes, the informal after-broadcast get-togethers, to prove that the disagreement didn't cut very deep.

I REMEMBER a night when I introduced one of your award-winners for the first time on the air as a solo performer. It was when I left my seven-o'clock sustaining spot on CBS to take my first commercial. The young man whom CBS had chosen to take my place was virtually unknown, and it was decided that on my last program I should introduce him to the listeners and ask him to sing a song for them. I don't think Bing Crosby—he of the magnificent poise—will mind at this late date if I tell you that as we stood at the microphone that evening, he was one of the most frightened young men I ever saw. After all, he had a good reason—besides being unknown, he was suffering from a bad case of laryngitis.

But perhaps it is better not to be nostalgic. Although I said a paragraph or so ago that radio has changed since I entered it, in the most important respect of all it hasn't changed a bit.

Radio is still a personal contact between someone standing or sitting at a microphone and someone sitting near a tuned-in receiver. Television, as it grows, will be just that too, only in its case a camera is added to the microphone. Those two words, *personal contact*, are the mystery and the glory of radio and its bouncing new brother, television. We, the entertainers, come into your homes. (That is, if you invite us.) We are a part of your daily lives—more so than we could be on any other medium, the movies or the stage.

That personal tie is still as strong as it ever was. How can I doubt it, when I read the thousands of letters that come to me every week—friendly, chatty letters about household and neighborhood events, about son John's new baby, the family next door, Dad's illness or his happy recovery? You send me a new recipe for apple dumplings. "Just try it," you say. "I know you'll like it."

I've never seen your faces, but you are all my friends. You know I'll like the apple dumplings, because—with the certainty of old friendship—you know what I like.

So you can see why, besides being proud and grateful, I am also humble, because I want to go on deserving your precious friendship.

Thanks for reading!

"I Call Him Keighley"

(Continued from page 37)

the camera at nine. You know, darling, an actress really *works*."

My director husband, who could arise at eight and be on the set on time, hunched his shoulders and turned over. "Back to bed," he ordered. "Five-thirty rising is not for *my* wife."

"Whatever you say," I sighed.

That scene took place nine years ago. It had a sequel. On an occasion only last summer, Bill found it necessary to make a flying trip to New York, so I followed my usual routine of getting the tickets, packing, calling for him at the studio, and accompanying him on the journey. We were in the air over Phoenix when Bill turned to me casually and observed, "Oh, *yes!* I forgot to tell you . . . RKO wanted you for a part in the next Shirley Temple picture, 'What Every Young Bride Should Know.' But if you had done that you couldn't have come on this trip."

Missing a trip with Keighley, let's face it, would be my idea of a minor catastrophe. I would give up the best part ever written if it interfered with one of Bill's numerous careers.

Bill's is the most agile intellect I've ever encountered. I have more than my opinion to offer on that—I think his background shows it. He started out as an actor, and was successful on the stage in both New York and London. While in Hollywood on vacation, he directed several productions for the Old Curran and Belasco theaters. Then he signed with Warner Brothers as a movie dialogue director—his first brush with films—became a co-director, and ultimately was given full directorial charge of a picture called "Easy to Love," in which were Adolph Menjou, Mary Astor, Edward Everett Horton . . . and Genevieve Tobin. (That was 1934. In 1938, we were married.)

BILL had quite a number of screen successes behind him when he came to the Lux Radio Theatre in 1945, after his war service. In fact, many of the stars he directs on the Radio Theatre he has directed in films. But that's far from saying that he uses the same techniques in his radio direction as he does for movies. On the contrary—the difference is just what he likes. He finds it stimulating. It makes for more of that mental agility I was talking about.

Take for example, his hobbies. Most men have *one* hobby; Keighley always has several afloat at the same time. When he became interested in paintings, he bought every art encyclopedia, every art collector's manual, and every book of art criticism he could find. He steeped himself in color until I expected him to wear a rainbow 'round his shoulder.

Bill loves art talk and artist's talk, and so do I. He and a group of our friends involve themselves in long historical art discussions which carry far, far into the night. A few nights ago, for instance, Bill was rustling through a copy of Bacon's Atlas for 1929 to find an answer to a riddle that had arisen at two o'clock in the morning!

At first, when my women friends began to hear about Bill's art hobby, several of them said in dismay, "However will you fit a collection into your decorating scheme?"

I hadn't given it a thought because Keighley is a man of quite good taste. Also, we're fortunate in having large,

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high-ceilinged rooms. With a color scheme keyed to greys and muted grey-greens, there isn't anything to clash with the paintings that line our walls. The truth is that his selection of paintings has made every single room come alive. It never occurred to me to question his plans, because I was certain they would work out well. He's that sort of person. He manages situations.

I learned exactly how well he managed situations when we were on our round-the-world honeymoon. We were married on September 19, 1938, and went immediately to San Francisco. From there we went to Honolulu, then to Japan, China, Saigon, Bangkok, Singapore, Java, Bali, India, Egypt, Italy, up through Europe, and then home.

During that trip, Bill took pictures, pictures, pictures. Whenever I missed him from my side when we had been studying some spectacular view, I had only to glance at a nearby ledge where he would be hanging precariously by his shoelaces in order to get the best possible angle shot. Not only did he make a photographic record in color of our entire trip but he also made copious notes. When it was inconvenient to make jottings on the spot, he would wait until we returned to our hotel in the evening, then he would write down collected facts about stores, streets, dwellings; about native customs, native dress, even characteristic sounds.

THIS has been of enormous help in this radio work. A story can be set in almost any part of the world, yet Bill will be able to suggest authentic details which should be worked into a script to give it validity and color.

This devotion to research might have proved embarrassing if Bill hadn't been the sort of resourceful tactician he is. When we were in Japan, we promptly encountered the old-time Japanese aversion to having a foreigner around equipped with a camera. It was forbidden for anyone to take a picture which included anything which might remotely concern national defense.

Between Tokyo and Yokohama is the Daibutsu Shrine with its massive Buddha, Kamakura, the largest in Japan. Naturally, Bill wanted to include it in our newsreels. When we reached the shrine we found that not only did it border a body of water—which made it a forbidden subject—but it was surrounded by sailors.

My husband busied himself with several official-looking gentlemen. I couldn't hear the conversation, but it seemed to proceed with mutual compliments and an air of cordiality. The next thing I knew, my diplomat was taking extensive footage of the handsome object.

He has never told me how he blarried the official, who must have known that relations between our two nations were more than a little strained, into permitting him to take his pictures.

In our household, my husband is occasionally called "Invincible" because of another of his triumphs on our trip. No matter where we went, he ate the native foods and suffered no ill effects. He ate sukiyaki in Japan, dripping pressed duck in China, and boiled bird nests in Bangkok. Most of the time I could nibble along with him.

But when we reached Siam, I had to resign. Keighley fell in love with a fruit known as the durian. This affair is a melon-shaped fruit with a thick skin which is peeled back to disclose a pinkish flesh similar in consistency to a banana. In a picture, this agricul-

tural product has charm, but no picture has a sense of smell. The durian smells like limburger smothered in rotten eggs

My husband, holding his nose, could eat the durian and enjoy it. I couldn't even watch the process. I think you can work too hard for an education.

This is a sentiment with which my husband does not agree. He refuses to miss anything. When we were in Tokyo, we saw portions of five plays in one night, and Bill went backstage in order to meet the entire cast of each play. When we were in Shanghai we visited four playhouses in one night, and also met the casts.

He likes people of all ages, from birth to Methuselah. He likes them all shades, sizes, and states of cleanliness. I have seen him shake hands with a leper, which I think is tops in brotherly love.

I don't think he has ever met a human being whom he didn't like at once. Sometimes his faith has been abused and his trust betrayed, but even then he has given his fellow man the benefit of every possible doubt. In short, Mr. William Keighley accepts human nature as he finds it, and refuses to rule out anyone for a mistake, intentional or accidental.

But my husband doesn't limit his interest to human beings. At the other end of the scale, he also likes worms. I think he has around nine billion earthworms quartered here and there around our garden. Bill says that I exaggerate every story I tell, so I suppose I should be conservative and admit that he only has eight billion.

Earthworms, I have learned from Farmer Keighley, are sort of minute, round-bladed plows. They eat their own weight in dirt, twice a day. This aerates the soil, which is very good for plants of all types. All of which brings up the fact that my husband is an ardent gardener.

Between pictures and when he is not busy with his chores for the Lux Radio Theatre, he may be found in disreputable levis, an earthy blue shirt and a tattered old sweater, coaxing some shrub, tree, or flower into more abandoned bloom. On our hilltop he grows nearly a hundred different varieties of flowers, along with an assortment of such trees as lemon, orange, coral, monkey, cork, peach, and tangerine. He also nurtures sixteen avocado trees, which is my idea of a good joke.

KEIGHLEY loathes avocados. He raises the trees only because they challenge the ingenuity of any gardener with their reluctance to produce really fine fruit.

I would not have anyone think that this concentration on gardening suggests a cloddish or lackadaisical form of mind. There is no one as full of drive and humor as Bill, once he is stripped of his canvas gloves and his trowel.

During the war, for instance, he joined the Army Air Force and was given a major's commission (later he was retired as a colonel) and an assignment to develop the Force's combat photographic units. I knew in general that we were going to give up our California home temporarily and live in Washington, but I knew very little about what Bill would have to do to qualify for all his responsibilities until—one morning—I received one of those non-committal little cards sent out by the War Department.

It notified me that my husband was physically able to fly at altitudes ranging up to thirty thousand feet.

I dropped the notification from nerveless fingers, and it fell on a newspaper beside an item which told of the collapse of a series of football players when subjected to conditions which simulated flying at an altitude of twelve thousand feet.

The boys blacked out; my husband, who, during the first World War was working with Lewis Stone and Henry Stephenson in "Inside the Lines" and with John Barrymore in "Richard III," was able to fly at thirty thousand feet and feel just fine.

I am a little smug about this.

I am sternly forbidden, in our household, to utter one single word about my husband's war record. It was a good one; I am determined to report that General Arnold himself said that Bill took the Air Corps Photographic Unit when it didn't have a Brownie and developed it into an outfit superior even to the highly equipped and briskly trained German units.

His mother lives with us now, but during the war he would telephone her at her Hollywood hotel suite whenever he hit town, and give her one of his impersonation routines. At one time he announced that he was the desk clerk (mimicking the man perfectly) and that there had been complaints about Mrs. Keighley having a gentleman caller in her suite. You can imagine the indignation which this caused. Mrs. Keighley asked the clerk to come upstairs at once for conference. When she opened the door. . . . Ah, great reunion!

"The next time I will not be fooled," she said.

The next time an "Italian plumber" asked her to fill her tub with water because the pipes were to be drained for two days. Bill nearly joined the Navy when his mother learned the truth about that one.

No one should draw the conclusion that Bill is not a great sentimentalist, because he is. For our first anniversary he gave me a solid gold bowknot set with small diamonds.

For our tenth anniversary he added a second gold bowknot to the set. He slipped the clip out of its strongbox, unknown to me, had it copied, and returned it to the safe before I missed it. When, on our anniversary morning, I opened the velvet jeweler's box and discovered that the two knots could be attached to form one resplendent brooch, I was overwhelmed with tears.

We plan to spend the summer of 1949 in France, so my farsighted husband has already started our preparations: another of my Christmas gifts was a huge brown calfskin purse. It is about eighteen inches in diameter, and it is fitted with a kingsize coin purse, a passport holder, and a series of zippered compartments.

Not only has he taken steps to prepare me for the trip, he also has begun a refresher course, for two hours each day, in French.

When one of our friends asked if I were studying with him, Bill answered with a chuckle, "Genevieve doesn't need to speak the language more fluently than she learned to do when she was a youngster in school in Paris. She has always used her hands and her eyes to get anything she wanted."

I know that modesty should forestall my repeating this praise, but every married woman who reads this will know how much the teasing tenderness of a husband can mean. Particularly when that husband is as fascinating as Mr. William Keighley.

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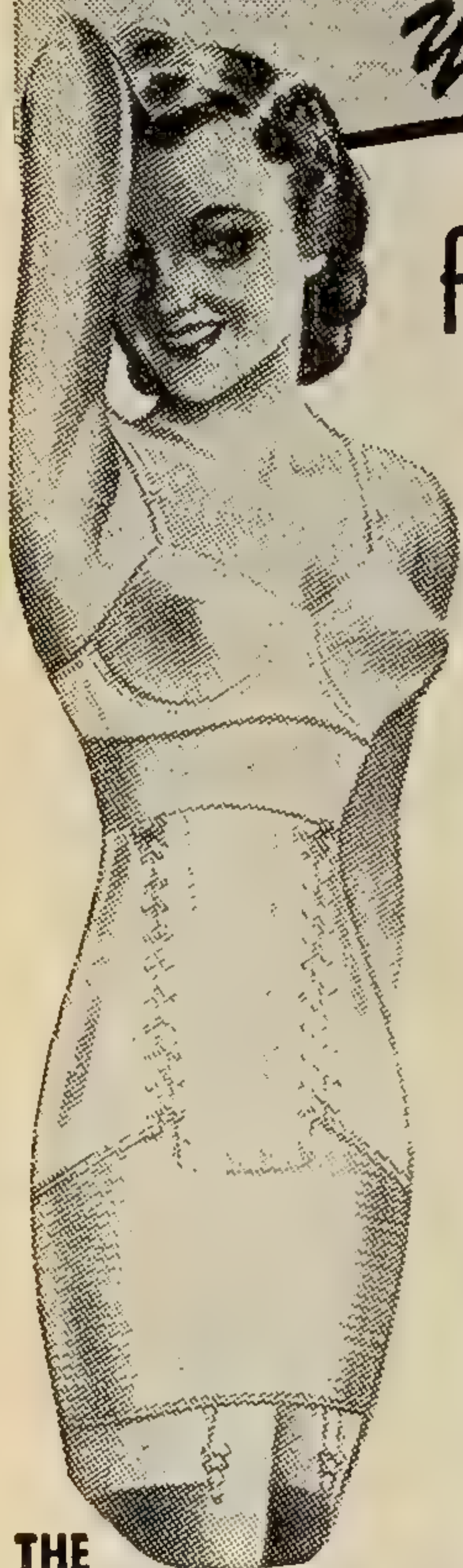
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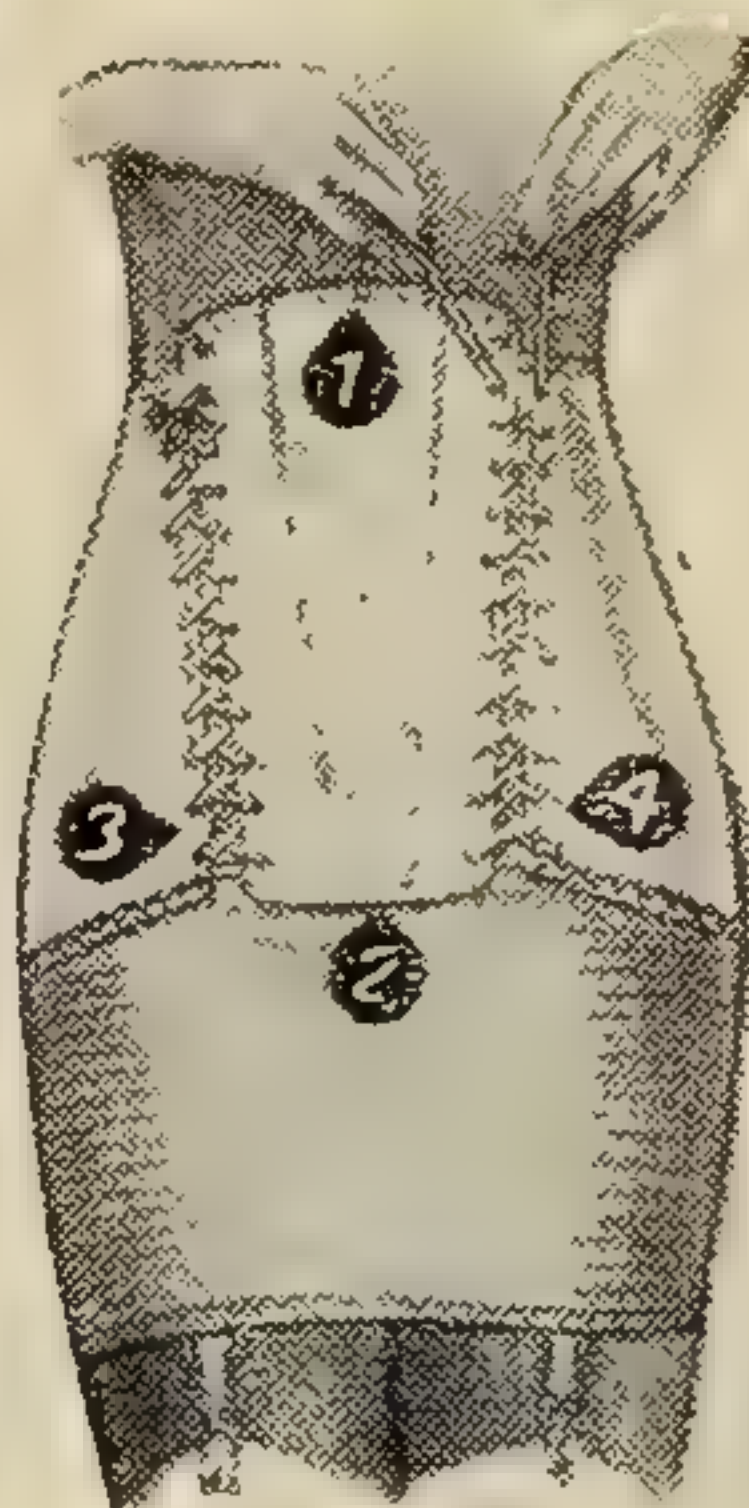
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Mable Flapsaddle—Alias Sara Berner

THE TELEPHONE skits on CBS's Jack Benny Program, in which two saucy-voiced "hello girls" keep cutting in on conversations, are some of the choicest bits on the Waukegan Wit's show.

The operators are played by Sara Berner and Bea Benadaret, two of radio's top character actresses.

Sara Berner's theatrical career began as a baby sitter for her brother in Tulsa, Okla. Brother liked westerns, she loved the drama. So, having deposited her young relative in the local "Ride 'Em, Cowboy" movie house, she was off to the Orpheum Theatre where she sat enthralled through a silent picture and several vaudeville acts.

She was fascinated by the leading ladies, the comedienues and even the dowagers. She studied their facial expressions, mannerisms and their various methods of acting. When the bill was over, she'd repair to the ladies' lounge where she entertained the attendant (and scared the other customers) with an amateur version of what she'd just seen and heard.

Thus was evolved Sara the Mimic, who today delights radio audiences with her roles of Jack Benny's airwave girlfriend, Gladys Zybisco, as well as Mable Flapsaddle, the Brooklyn-voiced telephone operator.

One of four children, Sara was born in Albany, N. Y. Her father, an auctioneer, moved his family to Tulsa, where Sara attended both grade school and high school. Naturally, she took part in the school plays but her first real dramatic effort took place just following graduation, when she was given the role of Mrs. Cohen in the initial amateur presentation of "Abie's Irish Rose." She remembers proudly that the players grossed \$1,000 from a three-night stand.

Soon after, Father Herdan moved his family east again, this time to Philadelphia. Sara went to work as a salesgirl in Wanamaker's department store, where life was bearable only when she had time to mimic the customers.

One day she picked the wrong moment—and customer—to mimic. An elderly Main Line dowager whom Sara thought had left was one of the interested viewers of a shredding impersonation of herself. That night, as Sara walked by the statue of John Wanamaker for the last time, she promised

herself that someday she would return, not as a salesgirl but as one of the customers.

She had not lost her theatrical ambitions. She spent all her spare time at Columbia's station WCAU. Counting the experience more valuable than the few dollars to a budding amateur, Sara played running parts, impromptu roles, last minute substitutes, anything and everything.

"In those early radio days," says Sara, "we thought nothing of doing umpteen shows a day, switching from one dialect to another at a moment's notice. It was wonderful experience and I finally wound up with my own fifteen minute show, written by Arthur Q. Bryan. At that time Jan Savitt was staff conductor for WCAU."

Later, Sara headed for New York to be closer to the growing hub of radio. Getting a salesgirl job in a millinery shop on Broadway, she continued her rounds in an attempt to break into radio as a professional. Never one to miss an opportunity, she entered her name for the Major Bowes amateur show. Her appearance flooded the Major with phone calls, and so tremendous was her debut that the following morning she joined the Bowes Number One theatre troupe. Several years of cross-country touring gave Sara the polish and assurance she needed. Then she went back to radio, where she's been ever since.

Five feet, three inches tall, weighing a scant 115 pounds, Sara has reddish-brown hair and brown eyes asparkle with energy. During the war, she established a record of more than 1100 camp shows, innumerable canteen appearances, an entertainment stint on the aircraft carrier Saratoga for the Navy and junkets to entertain the Armed Forces at desert camps where it was 140 degrees in the shade.

Besides her roles on the Jack Benny program, Sara also has been heard on the Amos 'n' Andy show. Her voice has been heard in five Academy Award-winning cartoons, including "Red Hot Riding Hood," "Mother Goose Goes Hollywood" and others. She also has done the cartoon voices of "Little Jasper."

Her squeaky-voiced role of the animated mouse with Gene Kelly in "Anchors Aweigh" helped add "Look at me, I'm dancing!" to American jargon.

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TRUE STORY

magazine on newsstands March 16.

The Wever Way

(Continued from page 41)

Koko tries to bark a word in edgewise as Pam points to a scraped shin suffered in a spill while biking home from school and Pat starts demonstrating a tricky new tap step she learned that afternoon in dancing class. The hulla-baloo subsides only after Carla intervenes with a few firmly-voiced entreaties . . . whereupon she manages to get in a word or two about the day's events on the domestic front.

"It is Carla who runs the house to perfection—and without a maid," Ned acknowledges, adding, "I met Carla at a cocktail party and never suspected that beneath all that glamor lurked the soul of an efficiency-expert. She's more than a hausfrau. She's a homemaker."

MRS. WEVER'S homemaking is not of the push-button, daily-memo-to-the-staff-of-servants sort. Aided only by her mother, who lives with them, Carla is her own maid. She does the inevitable Monday laundry, shops, plans and cooks the meals, cleans house.

Even so, Ned might almost accurately refer to her as a "hausfrau"—on the basis of national origin, anyway. She hails from the city of Frankfurt-Am-Main, Germany, but she has been a resident of this country since the early 1930s. When Ned met her, Carla had been living in New York three years. Nowadays, only a delightful accent hints at her German background.

The Wever home is an eye-pleasing succession of seven lovely rooms, each done in a different pastel color. "Everything you see here—the furniture arrangement, the draperies, the color scheme, everything I have designed myself," Carla will tell a new visitor and, with justifiable pride, she adds, "Even the wallpaper in our guest room I have put up myself."

Once a week, Carla swaps her homemaking for glamor. Once a week she gets dressed in her chic best, says farewell to the house, to Pat, to Pam and her mother, and takes the four-something to New York. Arriving there, she cabs it straight to the Stork Club, the Wevers' favorite rendezvous. Not many minutes later, Ned, just finished with his broadcast, walks in and together they sip a cocktail or two. Then dine . . . and then they take in a musical or a play. The arrangement provides a nicely balanced mode of life for those two very urbane people.

Ned is one of those rare characters in the entertainment world—a native New Yorker. After completing his grammar grades in Manhattan, Ned attended prep school at Pawling, New York. He figured actively in dramatics . . . a bit more actively than his father wished.

Wever senior was a prominent New York attorney. Quite understandably, he wanted Ned to follow him in the legal profession. To Ned's way of thinking, though, the sock-and-buskin was infinitely more fascinating. Ned effectively pleaded his case, whereupon his father asked, "If you want to go on the stage that badly, why bother with any further education?"

With persuasive eloquence, Ned pointed out that a career on the stage called for the same degree of intellectual preparation and training as did a career in the courts. Ned won a favorable decision, was enrolled at Princeton.

During most of his four years there, he was a member of the editorial staff of the *Daily Princetonian* . . . on the edi-

Beautiful, Heavenly Lips For You WITHOUT LIPSTICK



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Bid "good-bye" to lipstick and see your lips more beautiful than ever before. See them decked in a clear, rich color of your choice—a color more alive than lipstick colors, because—no grease. Yes, Liquid Liptone contains no grease—no wax—no paste. Just pure, vibrant color. Truly, Liquid Liptone brings your lips color-beauty that is *almost too attractive!*

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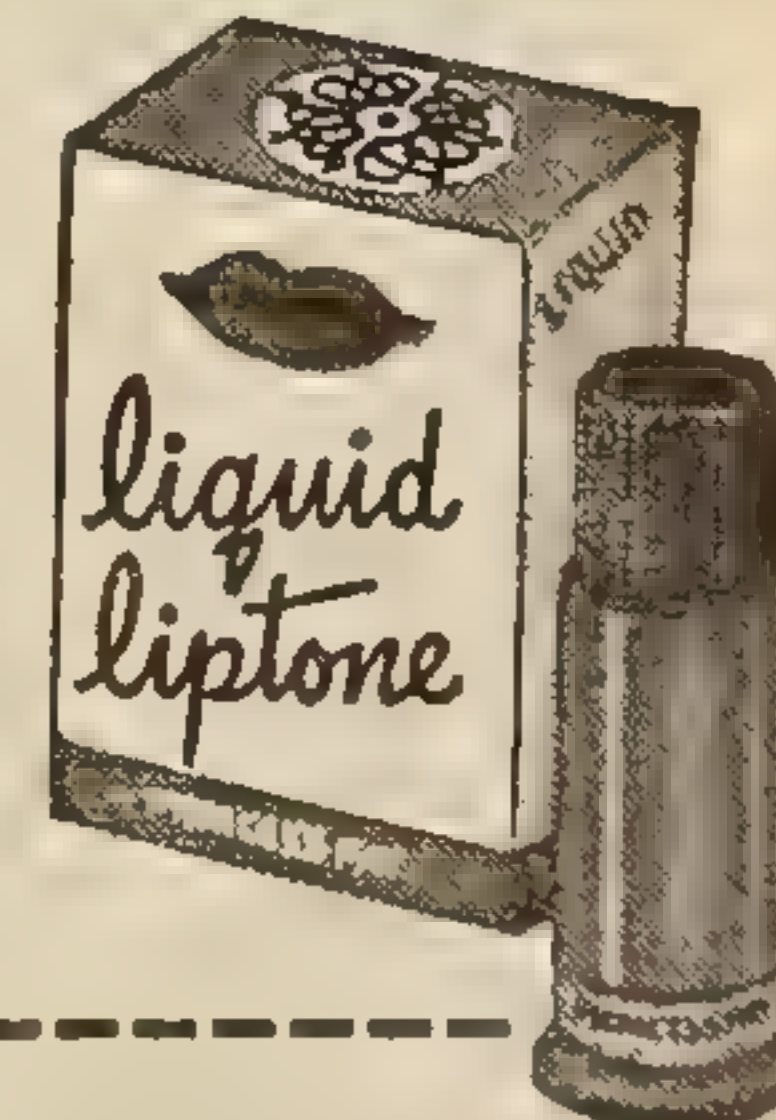
Once you experience the greater beauty of greaseless color and the confidence of knowing that your lip make-up will stay on no matter what your lips touch—I am sure you will thank me for making this offer. Mark the coupon for the shades you want. (Each trial bottle is a week's supply.) Enclose 12¢ for each shade to cover postage and packing. Sincerely,

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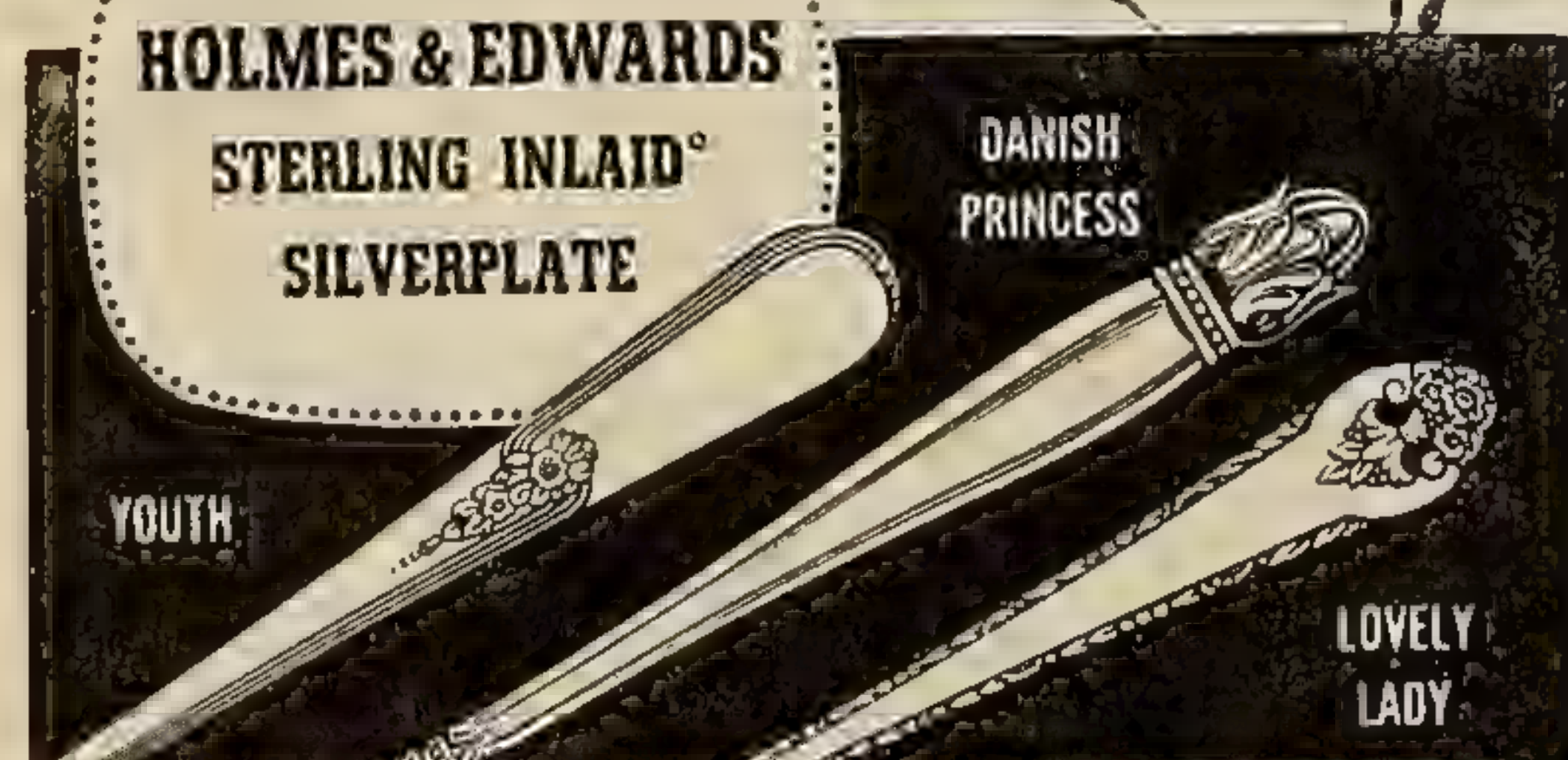
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torial board of *The Tiger*, the humorous
monthly . . . an editor and contributor
to Princeton's *Nassau Literary Maga-
zine* . . . a working member of the
Princeton Press Club, through which he
functioned as campus correspondent to
New York metropolitan newspapers.

And, as if all that pencil-pushing
didn't occupy enough of his time, Ned
was active with Princeton's Triangle
Club, famous for its presentation of
original musical comedies. Identified
with Triangle productions during each
of his four years at college, he acted
in principal roles, became its president
and, in his senior year, wrote the book,
lyrics, music, acted in and directed
its "They Never Come Back."

"The fact is, I'd turned professional
even before I finished with my thesping
at Princeton," says Ned. "In between my
sophomore and junior years, I did sum-
mer stock with the Stuart Walker Com-
pany in Indianapolis. That took the
curse off my amateur training when
I began making the rounds after grad-
uation."

EVIDENTLY, the Triangle Club-Stuart
Walker experience was just the right
blend of collegiate-professional train-
ing. At any rate, they combined to
insure Ned's immediate acceptance on
Broadway. Only months after com-
pleting college, producers of "The Fan"
cast him in a key role. Subsequently,
he played important roles in Broadway
plays with Paul Kelly, Grace George,
Melvyn Douglas and other stage no-
tables. He clicked brilliantly in the
Scott Fitzgerald-Owen Davis version of
"The Great Gatsby." In fact, the per-
formance of young Edward H. Wever
(for his full name always appeared in
the programs) was almost always
singled out for special praise.

Having gained acceptance along Shu-
bert Alley, Ned sought recognition on
Tin Pan Alley. Mindful of his senior
year Triangle Club triumph, Ned began
to utilize the remainder of his very
valuable training at Princeton. He
turned his pen to writing song lyrics.

In due time, he held membership in
the American Society of Composers,
Authors and Publishers (ultimate goal
of any tunesmith) with such popular
songs as "Spellbound," "I Can't Resist
You," "Trouble In Paradise," "Trust In
Me" and others. Ned dashed off a brace
of special lyrics for Billy Rose's "Crazy
Quilt" revue. One of them, "I Wanna
Do a Number With The Boys," sung
by Fanny Brice, was a show-stopper.

At one end of the large living room
in the house on Random Road, there are
a small desk and a spinet piano and a
considerable part of Ned's spare time
is spent at them, developing ideas for
the lyrics of tomorrow's hit tunes.

Like most prominent actors, Ned
is frequently the target for the inevi-
table "How can I break into radio?"

"Frankly, I don't know the formula,
if there is any such thing," he says. "I
got in by the merest fluke. One day, in
the early thirties, I had business at
Chamberlain Brown's office. After leav-
ing him, I chanced to turn east instead
of west on 45th Street. Because of that,
I ran into Allyn Marsh, a fellow Prince-
ton alumnus who was then a sales exec-
utive for Columbia Broadcasting Sys-
tem. We exchanged the usual greeting
and chatter and, although I had a stage
commitment at the time, I remarked,
'I understand you use actors in radio.'

"Allyn evidently took that as a bid
for work. A week later, he sent me a
letter of introduction, a sort of open-
sesame to the CBS production people.
An audition was arranged. I stood at the

microphone while a director, giving me a few instructions, put a script in my hand. Then he started walking away. I followed, thinking that was the proper thing to do. He waved me back, saying, 'No, Mr. Wever. I listen to you inside that control room. You stand at that mike and talk.'

"I went back to the microphone and had my first look at the script. It was written for two parts, Joe and Mary. 'Read both parts, won't you, Mr. Wever?' said the director. I read Joe's lines and, so help me, I read Mary's lines. The whole thing took a merciful three minutes. The director came out of hiding, walked up to me and said, 'Not bad, Mr. Wever. Can you start work Thursday?' And that's how I got into radio."

Mere fluke, magic formula or whatever it might be called, that "Joe" and "Mary" audition resulted in establishing Ned Wever's voice as one of the most popular and familiar in dramatic air fare. He has played the title roles in *Bulldog Drummond* and *Dick Tracy*. For years, he's been leading man not only in *Young Widder Brown* but also in *Lora Lawton*, *Angel Of Mercy*, *Manhattan Mother* and *Valiant Lady*. He has played regular parts in *Perry Mason* and *Big Sister*. He has been called upon to fill key roles in major programs like *Mr. Keen*, *Tracer of Lost Persons*, *Mystery Theatre*, *My True Story* and *Cavalcade Of America*. He has played leads opposite such actresses as Margalo Gilmore, Ruth Chatterton, Irene Rich and Helen Hayes.

He has done leading roles in about thirty playlets for NBC television experiments. At present, in association with a group of video producers, Ned is awaiting developments that will launch him in an important dramatic series.

He believes television won't be as rough a road to success for the individual actor as radio has been. It's much harder, he feels, to make a name in an unidentifiable medium like radio. The audience gets only half of the actor's personality, he maintains, and the actor cannot capitalize on one hundred percent of what he has to offer.

BUT how about the medium in which he has just earned the RADIO MIRROR Award for "best actor"? How about daytime serials, otherwise known as...

"I bristle when I read and hear gags about 'soap operas,'" Ned Wever declares. "Not because I'm sensitive about playing in them. Quite the contrary, I regard it as a privilege. But those gags reflect a lot of shallow thinking. More and more, people are showing a tendency to make and accept unfair generalizations. All labor is communist. All vegetarians are crackpots. All Catholics are this. All Jews are that. No, I regard that kind of 'label-it-and-damn-it' thinking as downright dangerous, both socially and culturally."

"Of course some daytime dramas are mediocre, but not necessarily all of them. It's true that some night-time radio is excellent, but not necessarily all of it. How can you generalize? I maintain that, by and large, 'Young Widder Brown' is as well-written as any drama on the air. As Doctor Loring, I've had scenes in it that I'd be pleased to play on Broadway. Let's be discriminating. Let's judge radio programs on their merits."

His vigorous defense hardly seems necessary, in view of the fact that such a large number of discriminating listeners have passed favorable judgment—not only on daytime serials but also on Ned Wever's acting in them.



New York—Gorgeous Pat Barnard always looks "just right." "Noxzema is part of my regular beauty routine," says Pat. "It's certainly helped improve my complexion."



Vancouver—"Noxzema has helped my skin so much," says charming Bette Morphet, "that it's now my regular night cream, hand cream, and powder base."



Montreal—"My skin was so dry and flaky I couldn't use powder," says lovely Pat Heselt. "But since using Noxzema as my powder base, rough, dry skin is no longer a problem."



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Now there is a simple *home* treatment developed by a doctor. 181 women from all walks of life took part in a skin improvement test supervised by 3 noted skin specialists. Each woman had some little thing wrong with her skin.

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Each woman followed faithfully Noxzema's new 4-Step Medicated Beauty Routine developed by a skin specialist. At 7-day intervals, their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in just two weeks!

If you want an aid to a lovelier-looking skin, if you suffer from rough, dry skin, externally-caused blemishes, chapping or other similar skin troubles—get acquainted with this startling new beauty secret *now*.



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1. Morning—bathe face with warm water; apply Noxzema with a wet cloth and "cream-wash" your face.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
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The Most Important Things

(Continued from page 63)

at the kite string then and during the opening week in New York, he worked hard to make his band a hit. At the end of seven days, the theater had lost \$30,000.

"We're going to have to let you go," the manager said.

"Give us a decent chance," Horace urged.

"Sorry. You're through."

Horace remembered the papers he had signed only a few days before.

"You can't fire us," he told the manager. "We've got a year's contract."

The manager shrugged and said, "In the contract is a clause that says the agreement may be broken by an act of God." He smiled without joy. "When we lose \$30,000 in one week, that's an act of God."

WHY had he flopped? Horace got off by himself to analyze the band business and immediately realized that the only successful orchestras were those with a radio reputation. So he took his outfit back to the West Coast and concentrated on developing a good radio show.

"And I was up bright and early every morning knocking on doors," he will tell you. "Every time a big executive came to town, I met him and gave him the pitch."

There were many polite rejections and auditions that missed the mark. For many months, he and his band worked around the clock, rehearsing during the day and playing jobs at night. Before he got his first network show, he had experienced the heart-breaks most people know in show business.

But his kite was flying high and handsome when he met his wife Adaline. She was teaching English at a Long Island school and he was playing at the Biltmore Hotel in Manhattan. Their meeting came about in an accidental, romantic, and a pretty convincing case of love at first sight. From the first moment Horace felt she was the woman he wanted to marry. But to win her required the same perseverance he put into his band.

Adaline, although a fine violinist, was a stranger to show business. Her home was in upstate New York. Her father was a violinist and composer. During two years of courtship, Horace made fast friends with her father. He arranged to have some of his waltzes published and broadcast over the air. Many evenings were spent in the living room with Adaline while her father gave them violin recitals. After the wedding, Adaline learned the extent of Horace's sacrifice and discomfort.

"I'm not a hard man to get along with," he said. "But I can't stand the fiddle. You'll have to give it up completely."

They were married in December and it turned out to be a lucky month. Their children, when they came, were December-born.

Two-year-old Slugger, christened Horace Jr., travels with them and gets his kicks out of the Youth Opportunity concerts. He currently makes unscheduled appearances with the band's musical toy specialty.

Jack and Jerry, the twins, have little inclination to be performers. They are at Culver now, trying to live up to their father's school record.

Their only girl, Hildegard Harriet,

has started school in Berkeley. She was named after a nurse and the Harriet was tagged on in case she didn't turn out to be the Hildegard type. But she did. Her heart and imagination have been tied up with the stage since she began to talk. At the age of six, she made an unexpected debut.

It was ten minutes before curtain time in Indianapolis when Horace heard the audience applauding and cheering. He peeked through the curtain and there was Hildegard finishing a ballet and taking her bows.

Horace grinned, waiting for her to come off the stage. Instead Hildegard walked to the mike, which was a foot higher than her head, and announced, "I will now recite a poem."

Horace finally got her off the stage.

"You know you shouldn't be out there," he said sternly.

"But, Daddy," Hildegard explained.

"I was only trying to warm up the audience for you."

The Heidts have taken great pains to see that their children are raised properly in spite of the demands of show business. It was one of the things Horace and Adaline discussed before marriage. One other thing was decided, this by Adaline.

"My philosophy is that next to being in love, a wife must respect her husband's work," she will tell you. "So I decided that I would never sit by the fireside while Horace was on the road."

She's lived up to that. Adaline has never missed a one-night stand whether it meant sleeping in a bus or hotel lobby. She's not the kind of wife who plays the role of a grandstand observer. At all times, she has been right down on the field with Horace, helping him carry the ball and buck the line. And he needed her help in 1944, when he was forced into retirement from the band business.

SOON after Pearl Harbor, Horace began to tour the country for Bond rallies. When they were in California, the band worked in a war plant during the day and entertained at night. There was no let-up for several years. The 24-hour routine was exhausting. Then his voice began to give out. His throat got worse and for the second time in Horace's life, a doctor's verdict changed the course of his career.

"You have a hemorrhage of the vocal chords," the doctor said.

"What does that mean?" Adaline asked.

"It means your husband will have to give up band business for an extended length of time."

It was a hard, punishing blow that forced him to reconsider his future. He made a decision he couldn't keep—to give up radio.

"Do you think I'll be good at anything else?" he asked Adaline.

"You'll be good at anything you put your heart in," she reassured him.

So Horace went into real estate. He bought a hotel in Palm Springs and a restaurant and the Trianon Ballroom in Los Angeles and another place in Las Vegas. By any business standards his ventures were very successful, but it didn't take him long to realize he'd left his heart with the footlights.

"Is it the dance business you miss to much?" Adaline would ask.

"No," he'd say truthfully. "I don't think so."

But when he reminisced, he talked most often about Gordon MacRae or Frankie Carle or Alvino Rey and the King Sisters—stars he had discovered and given a helping hand. Perhaps he thought so much of them because he received a lot of letters from soldiers he'd met during bond tours. They were young boys and girls asking how they could get a start in show business.

"There ought to be some way of helping these kids with talent," he often told Adaline.

It wasn't till 1947 that he had the answer. Then he had the basic idea for the Youth Opportunity concerts. Instead of establishing a typical amateur show in a big city, he would tour the entire country in a talent hunt. His network broadcasts would originate from whatever city or whistle stop they were working.

In 1948, with the bulldog tenacity that has marked his career, Horace's troupe gave 20,000 auditions in a 50,000 mile tour through 48 states. They soon learned to deal with more than the routine problems that face a traveling unit. Adaline has found herself doing more work than most of the people in the troupe. In addition to handling publicity and raising their children, she is chaperone and teacher to the teenage youngsters who travel with them. Most of the kids come fresh from their homes into the show and it's quite natural that the parents first want a good look at the Heids. Adaline accepts responsibility for their health, education and general welfare. She has had as many as sixteen youngsters to care for; one boy only three years old, Ernie Camerotta, traveled with the Heids for six months.

People have been generous in their praise of the Youth Opportunity program, have gone out of their way to honor the show.

But there are greater compensations than plaques for the Heids. There is the thrill of taking boys and girls from the obscurity of a grocery store or stenographic office into radio. There is the satisfaction of seeing them become seasoned performers. There is a sense of achievement in hearing huge audiences applaud these youngsters.

Today Horace's kite is flying higher than ever and he has achieved the most important things you can get out of life.

"The Youth Opportunity concerts have given me more satisfaction and happiness than any other show," he will tell you.

And it's funny the way it happened. He got the idea when he'd reached a crisis in his own life. He'd solved that by turning away from his own problems to think of others.

There's spine-tingling excitement and hair-raising thrills in



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about these INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!

Often a young wife is too timid or shy to learn these intimate physical facts. And because of this her husband may become sulky and resentful. She feels her marriage is breaking up—heading for divorce. Yet she finds herself *helpless*.

It's this pitiful young woman who definitely needs to be instructed on how important vaginal douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *married happiness*—to combat one of woman's most offensive deodorant problems. And what's **EVEN MORE IMPORTANT**—why she should always use ZONITE in her douche.

She should learn: NO OTHER TYPE LIQUID ANTISEPTIC-GERMICIDE OF ALL THOSE TESTED FOR THE DOUCHE IS SO POWERFUL YET SO SAFE TO TISSUES AS ZONITE!

Developed By World-Famous
Surgeon and Scientist

What better assurance could you want

than to know that a famous Surgeon and Scientist developed the ZONITE principle—the *first* antiseptic-germicide principle in the world with such a powerful germ-killing and deodorizing action yet **ABSOLUTELY SAFE** to delicate tissue lining. ZONITE is *positively non-poisonous, non-irritating*. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as needed without the *slightest* risk of injury.

A Modern Miracle

ZONITE destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective*—it kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. But you can **FEEL CONFIDENT** that ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps them from multiplying. Scientific douching instructions come with every bottle. Any drugstore.

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE! NEW!

For amazing enlightening NEW Booklet containing frank discussion of intimate physical facts, recently published—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. RM-49, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

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Just Whistle...

by Bissell



What do you do when your cherub child trails cookie crumbs over your newly cleaned rug? Spank? No...

Just whistle... and get out your Bissell Carpet Sweeper. See how that new "Bisco-matic"* Brush Action gets the dirt, at a touch! No need to bear down...



This miracle brush adjusts itself automatically to any rug nap, thick or thin. Sweeps clean under beds and chairs, with the handle held low!

Save your vacuum for occasional cleaning, and whisk through quick everyday clean-ups with your "Bisco-matic" Bissell®!



Exceptional values. "Bisco-matic" Bissells with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty as low as \$6.45. Other models for even less. Illustrated: the "Vanity" at \$8.45.

Bissell Sweepers

The Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg U S Pat. Off. Bissell's patented full spring controlled brush

Wendy and the Widow

(Continued from page 47)

not only young and beautiful but a radio actress too.

"Then she became a star. And then she became a mother—twice—and kept right on working and ran her home beautifully. But the important thing is this—she was always right there beside her husband, and as he became a leader in the community she became a community leader too, in the women's groups. She made a howling success of everything she handled. So it's only natural she should be highly respected. But," with a philosophical grin, "with all that on the ball, to be well-liked and loved too—"

And that is the crux of this story: that Florence Freeman is as much a community leader in her own setting as Ellen Brown is in hers and Wendy Warren in hers.

All three women are strong characters to whom people turn for strength in time of stress. All three have courage, sympathy and love for others. All three are deeply religious.

Florence says these similarities help her interpretation of the roles.

"Oh, I could play a bad woman and give a creditable performance," she laughs, "but to my husband's ear, for instance, the lack of authenticity would be recognizable."

Of the Florence-Ellen-Wendy trio Florence is the luckiest—she hasn't the enemies the other two must make to keep the programs going. But she has always become just as "involved"—not in radio intrigue but in large-scale projects that end up as hard work.

The war years, of course, were hardest. Along with "Widder Brown" five times a week and other radio jobs, there were many benefit appearances. There was the Red Cross.

Nor did the war diminish the visits—in joy or in sorrow—that a clergyman's wife makes with her husband.

But this is no family in which service is limited to war years. Neighborhood captaincies in Community Chest drives, benefit readings in churches and synagogues, directing plays for "young marrieds" and sometimes playing the lead because a "pro" means more ticket sales for some good cause—all this goes into community service.

Two shows a day, fifteen minutes each, sounds like an easy schedule—if you say it fast. But listen to this.

"Up at eight, breakfast with the family, out of the house by nine-thirty, to New York by Hudson Tubes and subway," Florence ticks off. "At CBS, Madison and 52nd, by ten-thirty to rehearse steadily till twelve. Show from twelve to twelve-fifteen.

"My time is now my own for several hours unless I lunch with writers, directors or publicity people or must shop for the house or the children or for gifts for people. I receive a great many gifts from fans, but I give gifts too, to my friends and their children—and so I shop."

Once in a while, for relaxation, she gets a massage before going to NBC at Radio City for the Widder Brown rehearsal—three-forty-five to four-forty-five. Then the show until five.

"I used to go with my husband on all his calls of condolence or congratulations, but now I can't go on daytime calls," she says regretfully. "So I write notes. And of course I don't want to stay away from a funeral or a wedding

if I can help it. These are my friends. And we certainly don't intend to short-change the children," she continued. "So it's our social life that has to be sandwiched in. That's better than sandwiching the kids."

So Mommy, who has her Master's Degree in English, often helps with homework after dinner before everybody makes a dash for the television set. And weekends are reserved strictly for family and fun. Florence will take no weekend radio call, however tempting.

Furthermore, one of the two leisure days is goaled to something glamorous the family can do as a foursome—a museum, the ballet, a Broadway show. Both girls are good horseback riders and Mommy drives them to the distant stables many fair Sundays. On the other hand, both parents are ardent golfers and the little girls have been known to be extremely generous about "letting" them play on a Sunday.

"They even go into a huddle with their Daddy sometimes when they think I look peaked," Florence relates, "and come up with a prescription: Mommy should go play golf."

It was the horseback riding that brought Princess, the family Dalmatian, into the script.

When the kids "oohed" and "aaahed" over some new-born Dalmatians at the riding stables and wanted one, Daddy suggested, "Why not find a good pedigreed Dalmatian instead? Some day you might want to show your pet."

So all four set out hunting and found the sprightly, endearing imp with one of her black polka-dots set askew on her mouth for all the world like a permanent grin.

The girls are taking their new responsibility seriously, all the way to Pabulum and cod-liver oil, and reading the newest addition to the family library: "How to Raise a Dog in the City and Suburbs," by Dr. James Kinney of the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital of New York.

AS A matter of fact, Judy is one who takes a good many things seriously.

And Florence says, "She's an awfully good sport. She tries to encourage others." Her mother recalls a tale from Judy's nursery school days when, at three and a half, she singlehandedly transformed a little boy from a poor eater into a good one. It was simple. All she did was exclaim to the teacher, "Oh look, Mrs. Little, look at David! He's eaten all his potatoes—almost." From then on David always ran to Judy with his cleaned-up plate because her praise had meant so much.

Both girls swim, dance beautifully, play the piano and ice skate—and do everything together. Including squabbling—which they get over quickly, being devoted sisters. They attend the same private school, Bergen School for Girls, not far from their home.

"Deana is impulsive, noisy and so funny," continues this analytical mother. "She's a complete extrovert and can entertain herself endlessly. Doesn't need other people, yet enjoys them when she has them. They enjoy her, too."

"And she's so quick on the uptake—why, I've seen her poke her nose into Judy's studies, waste Judy's good time, pick up enough information to get by on and then surprise everyone with

her astounding collection of unrelated information."

With no one in the family exactly slow-witted, table talk moves along in a sprightly manner, with Deana and her father providing a good share of the laughter. They're the teasers. Meals aren't the serene, low-voiced interludes one might expect in this well-ordered household, for earlier-dining neighbors think nothing of walking in and joining the conversation during coffee. There's a great deal of trekking back and forth on the block anyway, and this house is one of the most popular.

"Our house and furniture take a beating," Florence explains. "I don't mean the children—they've always had a playroom and have had too many interests to consider furniture-jumping a pastime. But we have an open house for friends, parishioners, everybody. We use our house hard. We want it that way. You can always replace furniture, but not people."

Florence loves curries and elaborate desserts but her clothing tastes go in reverse, her favorites being plain suits or severely smart frocks relieved by costume jewelry. She is not happiest in evening clothes, which comes as a surprise from a slim, trim woman.

"I can't help it," she pleads. "I just don't like décolleté gowns."

WHAT hats she has are fine "going out" affairs, but chiefly she wears head kerchiefs, even to New York, or leaves her well-coiffed hair uncovered.

She is extravagant about some things, amusingly economical about others. At rehearsals these days she is knitting covers for dress hangers, complaining that new hangers are "much too expensive."

Some of her loveliest possessions are handmade gifts from fans. "A Mrs. Ethel Henderson sent me exquisite sterling spoons when she and her husband retired to a private home for elderly people. She wrote that on breaking up her home she wanted me to have some of her most precious belongings. I treasure those spoons."

From California come boxes of native fruits from another fan's ranch. From New Hampshire, frequent letters from an admirer who began corresponding in her maiden days, sent a card every day of her honeymoon and now writes whenever something momentous transpires in her married life.

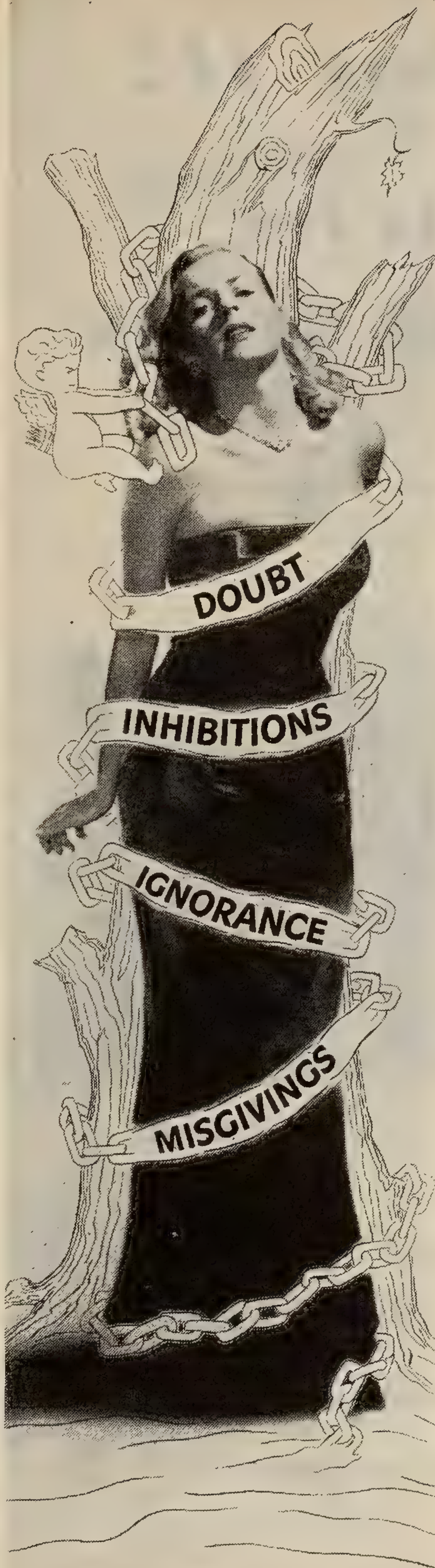
And from Brooklyn, N. Y. come letters from a young blind girl, member of a society of blind teen-agers who often get together to listen to their favorite radio actress.

How does one get to be the favorite daytime actress of millions of Americans? Florence will tell you that on the one hand it has meant hard, hard work. Yet on the other it all seemed to start with dreamlike ease.

"I always wanted to act," she told me. "All the while I was earning my B.A. at Wells College, N. Y. State College for Teachers, and taking my M.A. in English at Columbia—on such a learned topic as 'Discovering the German Influence in Galsworthy'—I wanted to act. I took dramatic and stage production courses and acted in college plays."

But after graduation she landed not on the stage but in a Pearl River, N. Y., school teaching English. Not for long, though. Came a young clergyman and marriage in 1933.

When the couple moved to Brooklyn, and New York with its producers and theatrical agencies was so temptingly near, she succumbed, learning her way



ONE NEGLECT THAT CAN BE STRONGER THAN LOVE...

Chains of intimate physical neglect can bind wives away from husband's love . . .

Too often . . . too frightfully often . . . the romance and tenderness of married love is shattered on one sad neglect.

This neglect makes a wife unsure of her feminine daintiness . . . slowly but surely succeeds in causing trouble between her husband and herself.

Far too many wives are guilty of this neglect . . . fail to practice the complete, effective feminine hygiene that assures dainty allure. Yet all they need do is take regular vaginal douches with a scientifically correct preparation such as "Lysol." So easy a way for a wife to banish this unsureness . . . which may stand in the way of normal, happy love!

Germ destroyed swiftly

"Lysol" has amazing, proved power to kill germ-life on contact . . . truly cleanses the vaginal canal even in the presence of mucous matter. Thus "Lysol" acts in a way that makeshifts like soap, salt or soda never can.

Appealing daintiness is assured, because the very source of objectionable odors is eliminated.

Use whenever needed!

Yet gentle, non-caustic "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissue. Simple directions give correct douching solution. Many doctors advise their patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant, just to insure daintiness alone, and to use it as often as they need it. No greasy aftereffect.

Three times as many women use "Lysol" for intimate feminine hygiene as any other liquid preparation! No other is more reliable. You, too, can rely on "Lysol" to help protect your married happiness . . . keep you desirable!

For complete Feminine Hygiene rely on . . .

"Lysol"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant

A Concentrated Germ-Killer



NEW!... FEMININE HYGIENE FACTS!

FREE! New booklet of information by reputable gynecological authority. Mail coupon to Lehn & Fink, 192 Bloomfield Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

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Street _____

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R.T.M.-494 Copr., 1949 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

watch for it!

“medals for HOLLYWOOD STARS”

Ralph Staub's on-the-scene newsreel of the famous Photoplay Gold Medal Award Dinner featuring the winners:



INGRID BERGMAN



BING CROSBY

Esther Williams

June Allyson

Jennifer Jones

Rita Hayworth

Gregory Peck

Alan Ladd

Bob Hope

Humphrey Bogart

and other screen celebrities

A Columbia Picture Short

Coming This Month To Your Local Theatre . . .

don't miss it!

around the metropolis—and getting nowhere with the stage urge.

Her new sister-in-law asked, "Why not try radio?"

"Oh I'm not interested in radio," was the quick response.

"Huh," said the in-law, "bet you couldn't get an audition if you tried." She was joking but Florence took it seriously.

She went to New York, to WMCA. The reception girl said, "No auditions." They chatted anyway, a chat that ended with the receptionist getting her in to see the head of dramatic programs. He gave Florence a script to read, asked her to wait, disappeared for twenty minutes and returned with a job starting that day at \$50 a week. Leading lady of the sustaining dramatic company, no less.

"So up to that point it really wasn't so hard," she relates with admirable understatement.

AFTER six months at WMCA the new actress reached for the networks and found the same method doesn't always work twice. Her husband said, "Buy a copy of *Variety*."

"What's *Variety*?" asked the actress.

"*Variety*," patiently explained the clergyman, "is a publication devoted to the entertainment world in all its aspects—theater, films, radio, and so on."

They bought a copy of *Variety*, found the names of some advertising agencies—one on the west side and many on the east side.

"I will go to the west side one first," said the practical job seeker, "and then take a cross-town trolley for all the east side ones."

She never caught the trolley, for the west side agency placed her with NBC on *Madame Sylvia of Hollywood*. That was fourteen years ago and she's been working ever since.

At rehearsals the star is indistinguishable from the bit actor.

In the few minutes' break sitting around the studio table, she chats softly with the others in the cast, voices down while the director irons out problems with the sound man or control technician. She is friendly to everyone and her directors will tell you she never, never gives a display of temperament.

"She's got temperament, all right," one of them told me. "After all, she's an actress—a good one. But she keeps a lid on it. And she never blows up."

A favorite story around one studio illustrates Florence's quick thinking and control.

Two well-known actresses were in the cast that day. The show was on the air. Miss A, reading a resounding dramatic speech, flipped over the page of her script to go on, saw the page was missing and turned white.

But she quickly pulled herself together, walked around the microphone to Miss B's side and began reading her part from that script.

Miss B, who didn't catch on to the situation, looked worried and nervous and walked around the mike to the other side. Miss A began to follow and Miss B to edge away again.

It was Florence who stopped the game of tag. She'd sized up the situation in a flash. Firmly seizing Miss B by the arm she held her quiet while Miss A read all the lines she needed for that page.

Florence admits the story is true. But—and this is typical of her particular kind of niceness—she won't tell you who Miss A or Miss B is.

The Skelton Saga

(Continued from page 59)

40-Beautiful Girls-40, competed for the job of mothering him as women—except his own mother, perhaps—always have mothered him.

A year later he met the girl who was to take on the job for keeps, Edna Stilwell, who for ten years was his wife, and still is his manager, writer-producer of his radio shows, and general Solver-of-All-Problems.

The gossips buzzed in Hollywood after Edna and Red were divorced in 1942, and—although both remarried very soon—Edna stayed on as chief of the inner circle of Red's professional life.

The gossips didn't bother Red. His ears just don't hear anything unpleasant. Edna heard it all right, but she shrugged it off.

"LET them criticize," she said. "I'm not going to leave Red. He's all the family I have."

Edna Stilwell's childhood had been just as rugged as Red's. Her parents had separated when she was six months old, and her mother—like Red's—had to work hard, long hours for a bare living.

When she met Red she was fifteen. He was seventeen, and they were married six months later without asking any adult's permission.

"When you've been working since you were ten, you're old enough at fifteen to know your own mind," Edna says.

Edna was a contestant in a walkathon—her first, last, and only walkathon. Red came on from burlesque to join the show as master of ceremonies. Edna won the endurance contest, after walking for four and a half months. Red says his job was comparatively easy. All he had to do was be funny for seven hours a day, seven days a week.

They didn't think it was too tough.

"Hell," Red says, "that was 1931, remember. We were working. A lot of folks weren't."

But it takes a lot of material to keep people laughing for four and a half months, and the contestants—to say nothing of the throngs of people who kept the 10,000 seat auditorium filled day and night all that while—were pretty impressed with this unknown red-headed sprout who could do it.

Except for Edna, they admired him without qualification.

She opened up kindly. "You ought to have a raise," she told him. "The comic is the mainstay in this business. You hold the show together. Also, you need better material."

Red was pleased, both with the praise and with the prospect of getting his hands on more money. He never had any sense about money.

"Why don't you fix it?" he said.

"I will," she said. And, little by little, she did. Little by little, Red changed from a brash burlesque clown with a hat full of bang-bang jokes to the subtler and funnier character comedian he is today.

Edna's job just grew. She didn't plan it or even look for it.

"He couldn't afford to hire anybody," she says. "So whatever he couldn't or wouldn't do for himself, I did!"

Her wife's job was half mother-job from the first. She loaned him the \$2 to pay for their marriage license.

She covered the agents' offices trying to sell Red to vaudeville, cooked his

LITTLE LULU



"When that big blow comes — here's the Kleenex*!"

Little Lulu says: Breeze through a cold in comfort—use Kleenex! For only Kleenex Tissues give you a perfect balance of softness and strength to soothe your nose—take the blows!

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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CORN BAD? GET GLAD!



BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS
with NUPERCALINE*

Give You GREATER Relief!

Have carefree feet again. Anesthetic Nupercaine, exclusive with BLUE-JAY, curbs surface pain! Gentle medication loosens hard "core"—just lift it out in a few days! Get BLUE-JAY, on sale at drug counters everywhere.



**FIT
to be
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in...**

...this sheer white beauty under sheer blouses. Miss Swank's exclusive straight-plus-bias design molds to your figure—assures better fit, more comfort, smoother lines. Won't twist, ride or bunch. 4.00 and up.

STYLE SHOWN IN SOFT BUR-MIL RAYON CREPE, ABOUT 6.00 AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE.

*Miss Swank**

MISS SWANK INC., 112 Madison Ave., New York 16, N.Y.
*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1949



Now!
Stop
that
Pantie-
Waste!

Don't let yourself get talked into buying high priced panties. That's pantie-waste!

Beautifully-made, never-shrink Countess Panties of famous non-run tricot rayon jersey are designed to fit you and your pocketbook...to look as lovely, wear as long as panties selling for almost twice the price. Extra fine elastic for longer wear.

Illustrated: Self-band bottom style—in seven luscious colors, sizes 5, 6, 7. Also, Elastic leg Hollywood briefs.

Try Countess Panties today! About 69c a pair.



"be pantie-wise..."

buy *Countess*

At chain and specialty stores or write
MONTEREY Undergarment Co., Inc.
118 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 16

favorite fried bread and stews for him on a two-plate grill they kept hidden in the bottom bureau drawer in their cheap hotel room.

Although he was a big hit on the walkathon circuit, Red wasn't satisfied. Vaudeville was the big thing in the early Thirties and Red from the beginning wanted to be the biggest in the biggest.

When an offer came along to do a show in Harwichport, Massachusetts, Edna said he had to take it. It was at least closer to New York, hub of the vaudeville world.

They spent the last of their money for an old broken down Packard, borrowed Edna's mother's last five dollars and hit the road.

Harwichport was 2,000 miles away. They got as far as St. Louis before the five dollars dwindled to fifty cents.

"GUESS we have to grub for tinfoil," Red said cheerfully.

"Come again," said Edna.

"Pick up empty cigarette packs," Red ordered, "and save the tinfoil."

They worked for a couple of hours and grubbed up quite a lot.

Then Red spent the fifty cents for a few bars of ivory soap, which, in the back seat of the Packard they sliced with a razor blade into one inch cubes. Each cube they wrapped in smoothed-out tinfoil.

"Voila," said the old Medicine Man, "fog remover for your eyeglasses."

With a pocket full of silver cubes, and a spiel remembered from the "Miracle Remedy" days, Red took to the street corners, and sold the fog remover tablets for fifty cents apiece. Edna collected the money and kept an eye out for the cops.

They slept in a hotel that night, and every night on their way to Harwichport, which they made in good time to keep their engagement.

Red doesn't see anything unusual about the story.

"I never had anything," he says. "I never got anything the easy way. And everything I ever did get was gravy. I didn't mind working for it. I thought everybody had to."

Still nobody but Edna—and the legion of walkathon fans—thought that Red had the stuff for the big time.

As master of ceremonies for the endurance contests, Red had broken all records. His show played for a solid year in three spots in Camden, New Jersey, in 1933, just because people were willing to come back again and again—at 10 below zero, at 10 o'clock at night—to laugh at Red.

But vaudeville wanted no part of him. Edna set auditions for him, but the big, cold, empty theaters with no people in them depressed him, and he couldn't as he puts it, "get off the ground."

Their good friends Jim and Marian Harkins, former big timers in variety, were "thrown out of every agency in New York trying to sell Red." Red and Edna, in the meantime, were being thrown out of their room at the Old Flanders Hotel on 46th Street in default of nine dollars rent.

They doubled up with Marian and Jim that night.

Red always had friends like that, battering away at the closed gates for him.

Another was Eve Ross, who was in charge of the Gae Foster chorus lines at the Roxy theatre in New York.

Eve "knew an agent," but Eve's agent, like so many others, couldn't see Red.

But Eve would not be put off.

"Let me take him up to the Lido Club in Montreal," she begged. "I know he's got it."

Eve won, and went with Red and Edna to Montreal. Opening night Red fell flat on his face. The manager wanted to toss him out. But Eve had heard him when he was good.

"The kid's just scared," she said. "Let him stay the week out and if he isn't a hit, I'll pay his whole week's salary."

Red was a hit. He always is on the second bounce. And he stayed at the Lido for months.

That was the beginning.

Considering the fact that it was a nightclub, his success was startling. Red doesn't like clubs, and as a rule they don't like him. He's not a wise guy, he doesn't know how to insult the customers—who expect it. His work is largely pantomime. But at the Lido, with his second wind, he mopped up.

Harry Angers, booking agent for Loew's Montreal, caught the act one night, and joined the Skelton fan club.

He spoke to Edna, backstage.

"I'd like to book the kid into Loew's," he said, tentatively, "if he has any free time."

Free time! Red didn't have anything else. But Edna didn't let on.

"We have a booking in Atlantic City after the Lido run. After that, we could work you in."

They went off to Atlantic City expecting never to hear from the little man again. But a few days later a contract arrived with railroad tickets back to Montreal.

Loew's in Montreal, Shea's in Toronto—Harry Angers booked Red into the entire Canadian circuit. He played for a solid year. All of Canada loved him, and everybody in the United States—hearing about his record-breaking runs—began to wonder about this "unknown Canadian comic," who was killing the people up there.

So Red finally crashed American vaudeville—as a Canadian!

First American stop was the Capitol Theater in Washington, for Carter Barron and John Ford. Later, Red transferred around the corner to the Earle Theater, then being booked by Red's old friend Harry Angers.

RED, overwhelmed with gratitude, decided to buy Harry a car, and he and Edna went shopping for it.

They wrapped it all in cellophane, draped it with red ribbons and had it delivered to Harry's office door, only to discover that Harry couldn't drive.

He couldn't, but he did, and in quick succession knocked down his own garage door, hit a tree and piled up six cars in traffic.

"I don't know whether to thank you," Harry's wife told Edna on the phone, "or sue you."

A hit in Washington, Red proceeded in style to Chicago where—true to his own erratic traditions—he "laid the biggest egg in vaudeville history."

Two weeks after this debacle Red was booked into the Chicago Palace. There, also true to tradition, he was a sensation.

Up, down! High. Low! And never certain that the next performance wouldn't be a frost.

And then vaudeville itself began to get shaky. A thing called radio was sticking its nose into show business.

As though Red didn't have enough trouble.

He made a few auditions, with the usual frightening results.

Radio could go hang. Red would

stick to vaudeville until its last breath. He could always go back to Montreal. He didn't know that he had yet another friend to front for him.

At about this time—it was early 1937—Freeman Keyes, an advertising man in Chicago who had made an early reputation in radio with hillbilly shows, was looking for a comedy variety show for one of his clients. Something fresh, different.

He took his headache home to dinner with him one night and his wife—along with two aspirins—gave him some advice.

"I saw a red-headed fellow in Chicago once," she said, "who was the funniest person I ever saw. He did an act dunking doughnuts."

Too tired to explain that doughnut dunking was a pretty visual operation for radio, Mr. Keyes contented himself with "What was his name?"

Mrs. Keyes didn't remember.

MR. KEYES went on auditioning aspiring comics, and his headache grew. And at home the barrage of propaganda proceeded for the funny man with red hair who dunked doughnuts.

Finally, as he puts it "to get my wife out of my hair," Freeman Keyes called every talent agency in Chicago to ask if by any chance any of their clients had red hair and dunked doughnuts.

Red Skelton, playing a vaudeville date in Indianapolis, got wind of stuff going on when his agents in Chicago called on Monday to say they were flying in, and his agents in New York popped in unexpectedly the same day.

This was the big break, the agents explained.

All Red had to do was run over to Cincinnati and audition for the fellows who sold the soap.

Red, who can be a contrary little boy, stomped his foot and said "Uh-Uh."

"No more auditions. I've done auditions until I'm blue in the face. They're never any good."

And he went back out on stage and dunked doughnuts.

Edna agreed. "If they want to see him work they can pay him for a guest shot."

The poor agents, drooling at the thought of all that money just lying there, had to go back to Chicago and tell Freeman Keyes that their man Skelton didn't do auditions.

Keyes raged.

"Don't you think the guy's a little uppity," he said, "considering he needs the work?"

He told his wife who gave him two more aspirins.

And more advice.

"I think the boy is right," she said. "Why shouldn't he be paid if he works? And, besides, he's much funnier than the others."

So Red played a guest shot on the Barn Dance, and two weeks later was signed for his own show.

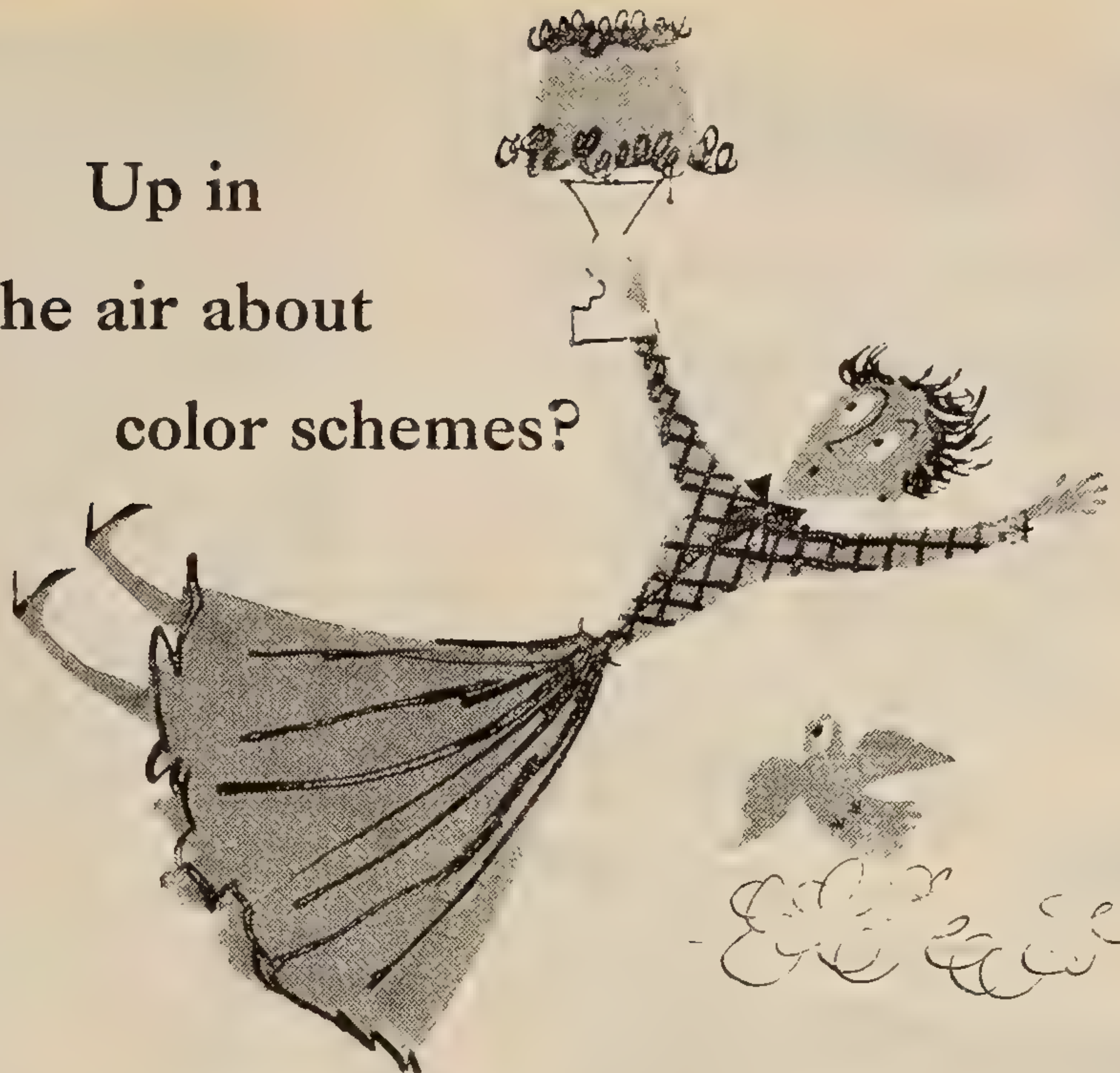
He worked for a year for Keyes—and Avalon cigarettes—and then quit in a huff because the raise stipulated in his contract was not forthcoming.

"I don't care what you do to me if you tell me," Red said, "but it hurts if you don't keep your word."

A year later, Red and Keyes—by then abbreviated to "Boss"—kissed and made up, and have been a radio team since, for a series of sponsors.

Whoever hires Red for radio must hire Keyes' agency—Red is loyal to his friends—and nobody but Keyes can give Red orders from the sponsor. That's in the contract. And Keyes has

Up in
the air about
color schemes?



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kept his word. There even is a clause in the contract which says Red can quit if he isn't happy.

"I wouldn't try to work with Red if he were in a pout," Keyes explains. "There are easier ways of earning a dollar."

But there hasn't been a pout—about radio, at least—in ten years.

In Red's film career, the weather has been more changeable.

He did his first movie in 1937, playing the camp social director in "Having Wonderful Time," and as he himself says "was so bad it took me five years to get back in."

In 1941, he signed the now legendary seven year contract with MGM where his embroglios with the big shots have made trade paper headlines every other week since he arrived on the lot.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER, more than any other studio in Hollywood, is boss-heavy. And at Metro, Red has had himself a circus throwing his weight around.

Edna recalls the day that she answered the phone to hear a secretary's voice proclaim, "Mr. Mayer would like to speak to Mr. Skelton."

"Mr. Skelton doesn't talk on the telephone," she said, "but he's right here. I can relay a message. Or if Mr. Mayer wants to see Red, he'll drive out to the studio," she added.

Face to face across the desk, the Boss and the Bad Boy glowered at one another.

"Don't you think it's a little early for you to be 'going Hollywood'?" the Boss asked.

"I'm not going Hollywood," Red snapped back. "But I don't talk on the telephone. That's what Edna is for."

"What did you do," Mr Mayer remarked acidly, "before Edna was around?"

"Before Edna was around," Red replied, "nobody called me up."

Edna had been around for a long time, taking care of things for a long time, and it is revealing no secret to say that at this time Red was taking his marriage pretty casually.

It wasn't much fun for Edna, as a good many of Red's friends noticed—particularly Frank Borzage who directed Red's early pictures.

Edna was young, too, and pretty, but she wasn't having any flings like Red's.

She remembers one night when Red came home for dinner at 9:30, bursting with explanations.

"I ran into Uncle Frank and Uncle Boo at the club and they wanted to sit around and hash," he said. (Uncle

Frank was Mr. Borzage, and Uncle Boo is Boo Roos, Red's investment manager.)

"Well," said Edna quietly, "you go on in the study and relax. I'll try to dig you up some supper."

Red sauntered into the study to find Uncle Boo, waiting with papers for Red to sign. He had been there for four hours, by appointment.

Edna laughed, but you can't go on laughing forever, and in 1941 Edna decided to divorce Junior, let him have his fling with no strings attached.

Red was indignant.

"What you gonna tell that judge?" he demanded, "If you tell him that I made you sick, that you just wasted away, if you tell him anything like that I'll—"

What Edna finally did say was, "We just didn't get along."

"Didn't get along?" the judge asked. Who does? was implied.

"Well," Edna went on, "I got sick of the same old alibis."

"Such as?"

"SUCH as the night he came home at 3 A.M. and said 'I'm sorry to be late, but I've been waiting for the Sunset-Sepulveda light to change.'"

The courtroom rocked, and in the hub-bub Edna could just barely hear the judge's voice saying, "Divorce granted."

Thus, to the accompaniment of a belly laugh, Red was set free to have his fling, and Edna was free to marry Frank Borzage, who had admired her from the very first day she brought "Junior" onto his MGM set.

Red had his lonely days; it was then that he began painting. He had never had any training in the arts, never had a paint brush in his hand, but his first painting was an oil and good. It was a portrait of a clown.

That first painting is now the center of interest in Edna Borzage's Westwood apartment, and the walls of all the rooms are hung with later Skelton clowns.

Red shouldn't have complained about time on his hands, for in June, 1944, as it must in those days to all men young and hearty and unencumbered by dependents, came the President's Greetings.

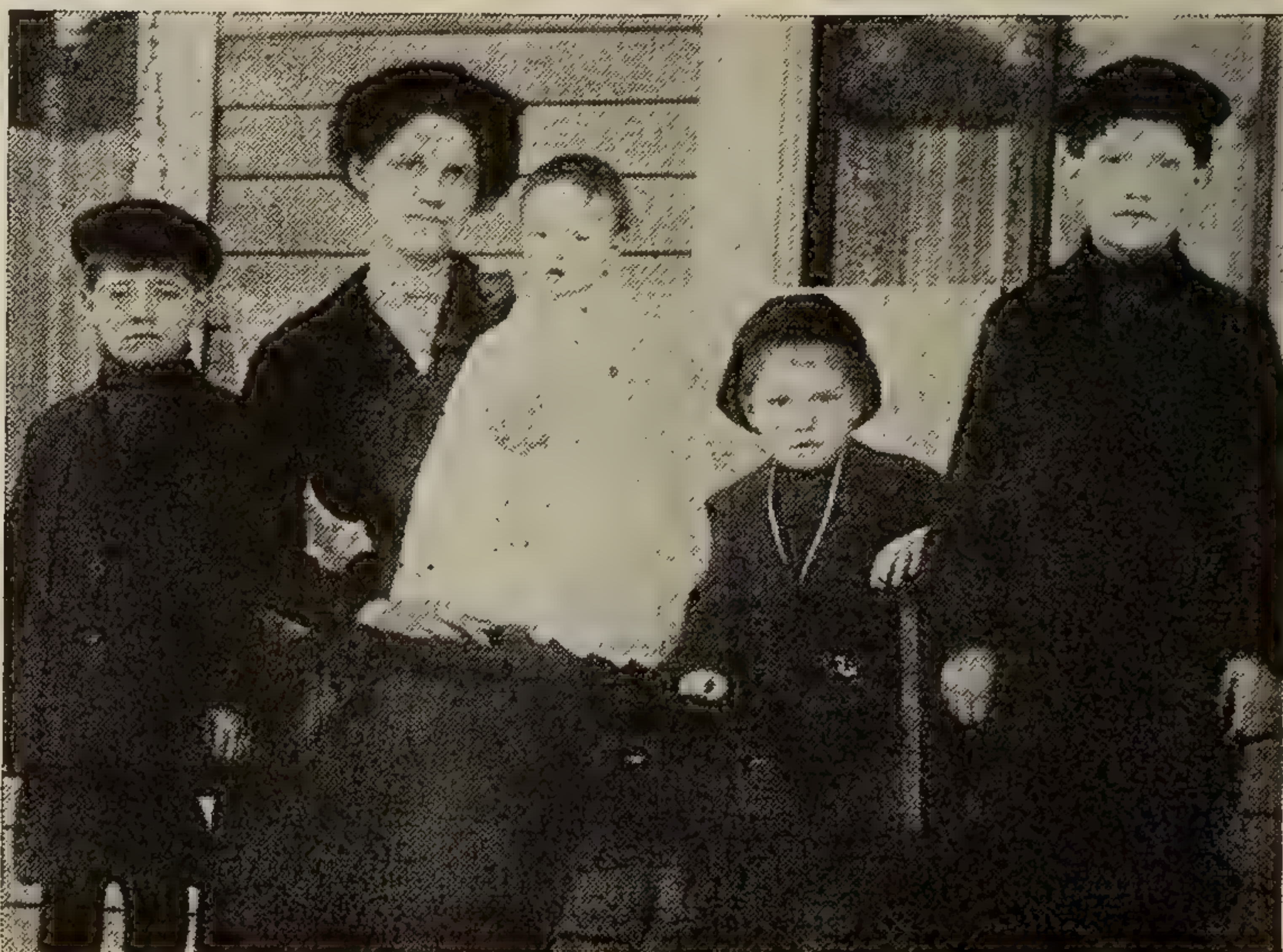
Red reported to Camp Roberts, California, a very private private assigned to Battery F, 53rd Field Artillery.

It shouldn't have happened to the Army.

Things started happening at Camp Roberts the day Junior arrived.

The battery was sent into the field for maneuvers. Paired up to dig slit

When Richard—already known as Red—was a few months old, the Skeltons lived in Vincennes, Indiana. Because Mrs. Skelton worked, Denny, Chris and Paul looked after their baby brother.



trenches, then camouflage them, the raw recruits fell to with their bayonets in soil that was like cement.

But when the whistle blew for inspection, Red and his buddy were covered with glory. Of all the slit trenches, theirs obviously was the deepest. Junior's red hair behind the tangled camouflage branches hardly showed at all.

"Great work," the Captain commended them, and he challenged the others, "watch these men and learn how to dig."

Then he walked around in back, only to find Red and his buddy walking around in their trench on their knees.

Red wasn't out of trouble during his whole army career.

Red limped back to the barracks one time after a twenty-five mile hike to find the big barn-like structure draped with banners, "Tour of Movie Star's Home, Twenty-Five Cents."

He was so pleased that that night he gave the boys a show.

From that day, he did double duty. A private in the field by day, the camp's Number One morale builder at night.

At this point, Edna received a frantic telephone call.

She expected the usual Sunday night wail in Junior's bad-boy voice:

"YOU tell my mummie I'm broke and if she doesn't send money, I'll be in the guard house."

This time it was different.

"Mummie, I'm in real trouble. I've run out of jokes."

It took nineteen people working day and night to do it, but a week later Red had a gag file with 80,000 jokes and sight bits, all on 12 by 12 sheets, just the size of his foot locker.

After that, it was easy to get up a new show every night.

The army didn't think much of Private Skelton in the field, but Private Skelton on the stage was worth his weight in K-rations.

And the Captain with whom Red had tangled so often found himself in the interesting position of offering his problem child a stripe, for Private First Class.

Red refused it.

"Tomorrow I'll get in dutch again and you'll make me take it off, and I'll have to explain to everybody how all those stitch-marks got on my sleeve," he explained politely.

"If you please, sir, I'll give you four dollars a month to keep it."

"Just for that," said the Captain, "you won't get it."

But he did come home with a Good Conduct Medal.

In the spring of '45, during a three-day furlough at home, Red married Georgia Davis, a girl from Kallispell, Montana, with hair and freckles as flaming as his own.

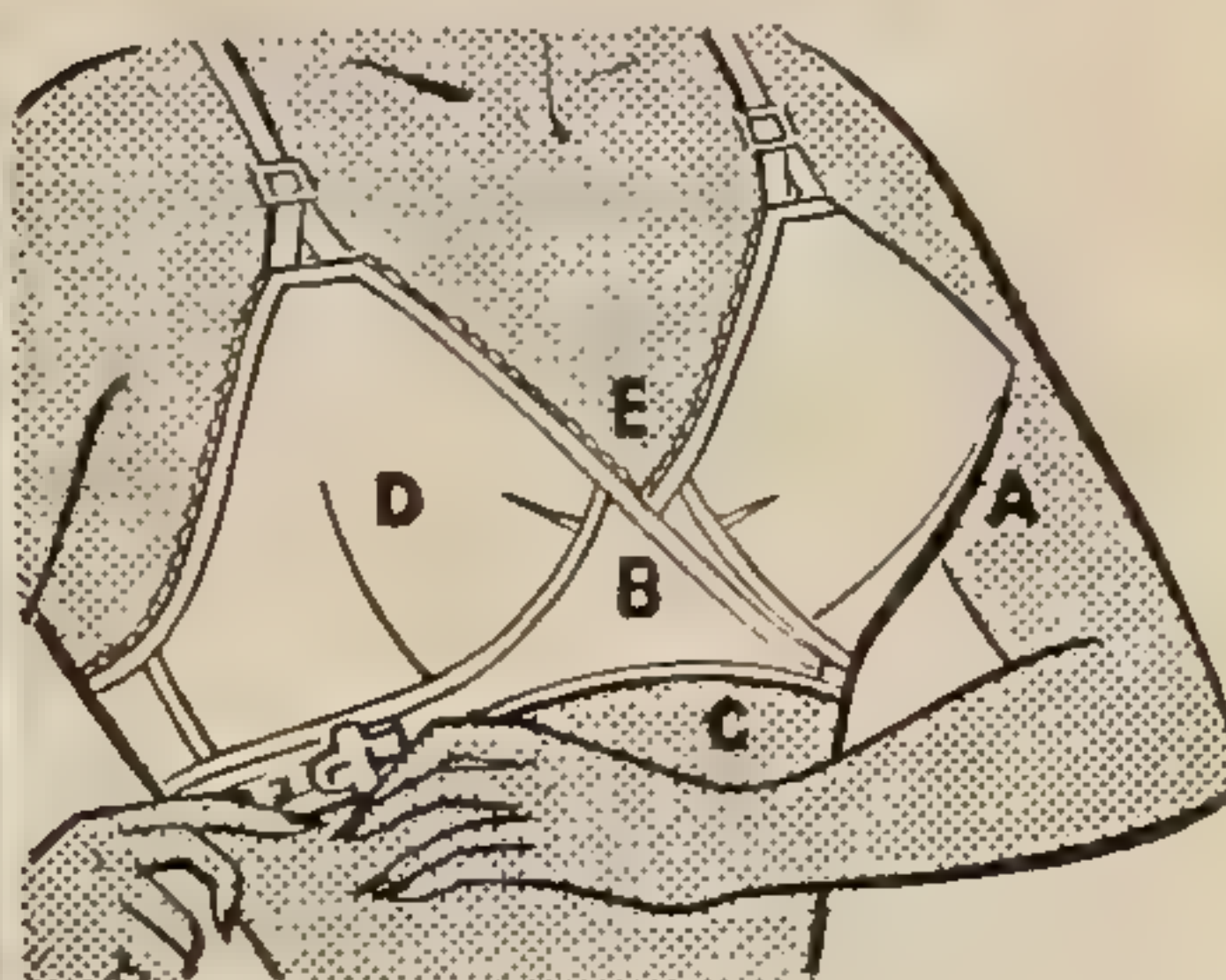
Red had met Georgia—who was modeling in Hollywood, and playing small parts in films—at a party at the Garry Davises just before he was drafted. She had written to him at camp. And Red found that he missed her. She was definitely not just another of the pretty girls he had met at parties. Georgia was different.

He asked her to marry him two hours after his train got into Los Angeles. And they were married—with all the trimmings—twenty-four hours later in the interdenominational Beverly Vista Church in Beverly Hills by the Reverend J. K. Stewart.

His army service finished, Red came back to a new kind of life. With Geor-



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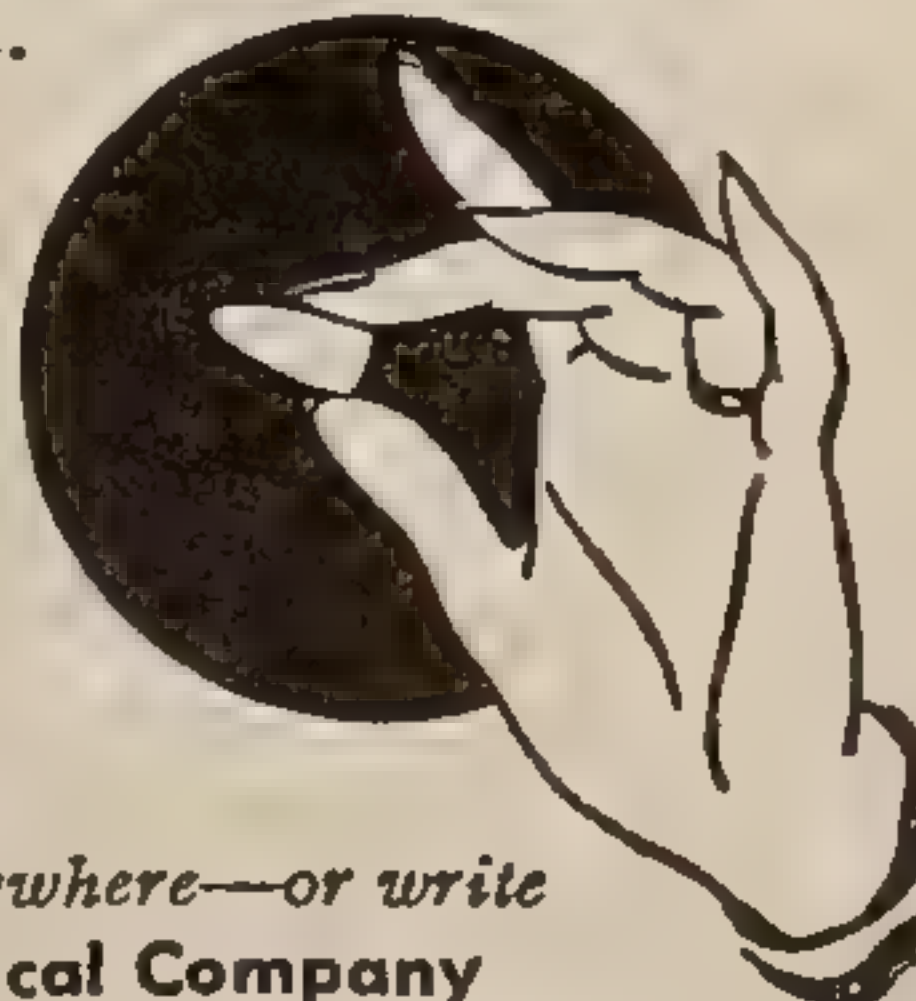
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gia, he moved into his first real home.

Red and Edna had had a couple of houses, but they were never really furnished and guests who were invited to dinner were enjoined to bring their own dishes.

"I always believed Uncle Boo when he said we couldn't afford to furnish the living room," Edna says.

Red and Georgia bought a beautiful Georgian Colonial house in Bel Air, with the works.

They furnished it tastefully with fine antiques, and soft, comfortable sofas and chairs. They soon had to furnish the nursery as well, for Valentina Marie, the first of their young red-heads, arrived in May, 1947, and Richard Freeman a year and a month later.

With his children, Red found a new kind of joy. He hovered over Valentina until her nurses drove him out of the room, took so many pictures of her that the first word she said was "light." When, at ten months, she discovered the wonderful dark cave under the bed, Red would crawl under the bed with her and play for hours.

IN THE meantime, professionally, he was rejoicing in the greatest successes of his career. His radio program was climbing to the top of the heap, and "The Fuller Brush Man"—made away from his quarrel-shadowed home lot—established him among the 'all-time great comics of the screen.

Red saw no occasion to be a good boy, just because his new picture was produced at Columbia.

When Harry Cohn, boss of the studio, walked onto the set one day and started to make boss-noises, Red silenced him with "Hey, Harry, you can go back now. They've just cleaned out your cage."

Nobody can say that Junior made good by buttering up to the boss.

Christmas, in 1948, was a milestone for Red. For the first time in twenty years he didn't have to work.

He helped decorate the tree, wrapped up the children's presents which he had brought home in carloads from the stores himself, and on Christmas Day shot a hundred flashbulbs taking pictures of the babies.

And at his New Year's Eve broadcast, when his friends asked him where he would ring in the New Year, he said:

"You know that big pine tree right outside the living room window at our house. At twelve o'clock, I'm going out and stand under that pine tree and say a little prayer."

Red Skelton is a big star now, center of a tremendous organization with no other care than to keep Red in front of the public with his best foot forward.

In Edna's office at the Wilshire Palms, Anne Tarwater, Barbara Geis, and Mary Lou May work steadily just to keep his fan letters answered, requests for pictures filled, his script files and scrapbook records up to date.

Edna and three radio writers, Ben Freedman, John Murray and Harry Eller, toil just as steadily to whip the week's radio script into shape for Junior's critical eye at the Tuesday rehearsals and preview.

His radio "family"—Producer Keith McLeod, Musical Director Dave Rose, Sound Technicians Fred Cole and Jack Robinson, Announcer Rod O'Connor, the versatile regulars of the cast, Lurene Tuttle (Daisy May, Willie Lump-Lump's mother) Verna Felton, (Namaw, Cactus Kate), Pat McGeehan,

(the cowboy), Engineer Art Brearley, and Script Girl Zelda Lamarr work like beavers to keep America laughing at Skelton. And to a man they proclaim that Boss-Hating Junior is the best little boss in the world.

Red doesn't think he's a boss—doesn't want to be a boss, ever. He would like to be a great comedian, but hero worshiper that he is, he will name a dozen others—clowns in circuses and burlesque and films and radio—he thinks have reached greater comedic heights than he has.

Greatest of them all, Red thinks, is the great Chaplin. He would shout down anyone who tried to say that Red, himself, is touched with the Chaplin quality, that he too can evoke the tear within the smile which is the essence of "the little tramp's" genius.

But he has it. His friends say he has. And they say, further, that Red hasn't scratched the surface of what he can do. Watch him, they say. He hasn't begun to act.

What Red Skelton will be tomorrow is another story.

What is he today?

Essentially, he is still Junior, the little guy who can stand in the middle of the room without touching a thing and the joint falls apart.

Junior, who can have a temper tantrum one minute and forget what it was about the next. "Are you still thinking about that?" he will ask in amazement, after throwing everybody into a whirl.

A little guy at heart, he likes little guys best.

In an argument, if he sees that a little fellow is taking a beating he will switch sides to back him up. Pretty soon the little fellow is in the clear, but Red is in trouble.

On his vacation trip last summer with Lou Borzage he drove all over the South in a station wagon, stopping in little towns, talking with everybody who shouted "Hey, Red" at him, going home every night with some brand new friend for a fried chicken and corn pone dinner.

Even his charities are aimed toward helping the little guy in trouble. Red supports practically alone Pacific Lodge, a school for juvenile court wards in Los Angeles.

"NOT a bad boy in the lot," he will insist. "Just kids who never had a chance to live decently."

His own slim chances, his own hard years, are—except deep in the unconscious—forgotten.

Still perennially broke, with no idea what he did with all that allowance, still fond of baubles—his sponsor has given him four sets of gold pencils and he carries them all—still superstitious—he wears the same lucky cuff links, the same lucky burgundy tie which got his radio show off to a good start at every program—still burning his brand new suit every time he lights a cigar, still sorry honestly and never going to do it again. He's Junior.

For the most revealing picture of Red Skelton as he is today, everybody should tag along with him—as I did in assembling the material for this story—on his traditional show day stroll along Vine Street.

Rehearsal breaks at five. Red has an hour before he must be back in the studio for the final run-through.

He stops for a moment in his dressing room, reads letters his secretaries have written in response to mail from fans, suggests changes in nearly every

one, stops for a moment across the hall to hear Jimmy Durante run through a song. "That Durante is great," he says.

And then, with Edna, and anybody else from the show who wants a little air he saunters out of the NBC building into the throng of people who mill up and down Hollywood's main stem.

"Hi, Red," says a teen-age girl, "hey, did I tell you I'm going to get married next week?"

"Great, Margie," he says. "Congratulations."

"One of my best fans," he says proudly.

Willie, a Vine street character whom most performers think is a pest, comes up to offer to sell Red a new gimmick he has invented.

Red looks at it seriously. "Speak to Mrs. Skelton—I mean Mrs. Borzage—" he says, indicating Edna, "she takes care of all those things."

Most radio folk, at the break, hurry up the street to the Brown Derby for a refresher. It takes Red a lot longer to get to his rendezvous, which is nearer, a ramshackle hot dog stand called Mom's. Mom's is right across the street from the Derby, but very few tourists drop in. The Brown Derby has a thousand pictures of stars on the walls. Mom's has two: Red's and Edna's.

AT MOM'S, leaning against the oil cloth counter, Red has two hot dogs, with everything. Then he goes next door to Tommy's—Tommy is a Negro shoeblack—for his pre-show shine, signing autographs, of course, all the while.

Next stop is a camera shop where Red picks up sixty-four dollars worth of prints of pictures of Valentina and Richard which he shot on Christmas Day.

"Sixty-four dollars!" he says, in amazement. Maybe that's where his allowance goes.

"You haven't seen anything yet," the clerk tells him, amused. "There are eight more rolls to come."

Last stop—for dessert—is the Thrifty Drug Store. Red and his entourage, grown somewhat unwieldy by now, crowd up to the counter and order coffee and oatmeal cookies.

"Still dunking doughnuts, I guess," he explains, apologetically. At the Derby, things are fancier and he knows it.

Two marines are sitting across the way, choking on their chocolate ice cream sodas at this unexpected break in their Movietown furlough. Stars, and in person.

After a few minutes, one of them comes up.

"I have a camera with me, Mr. Skelton," he stammers. "Would you mind if I took a picture of you?"

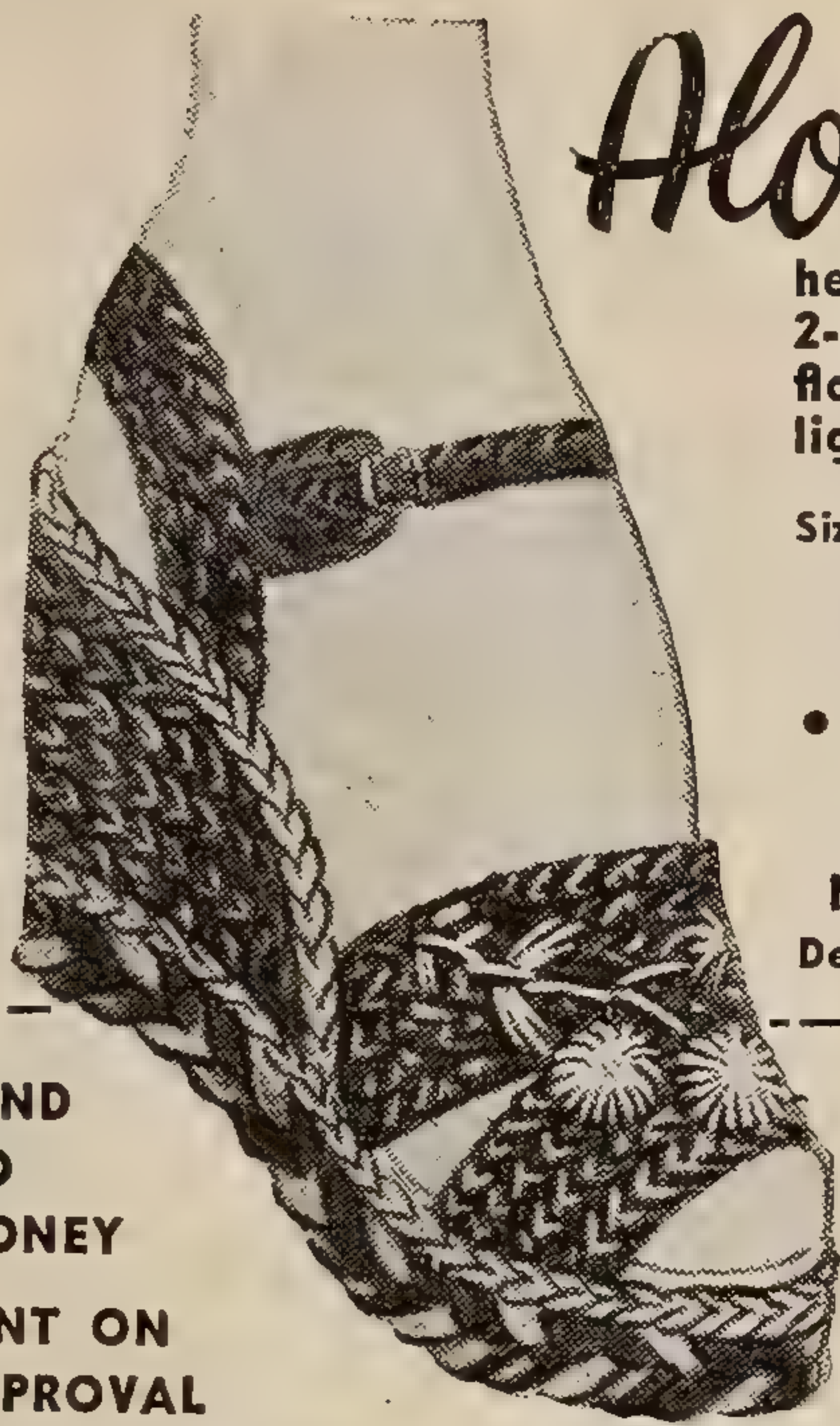
"I'd love it," says Mr. Skelton, "and by the way, call me Red."

The Marine carefully sets his focus, and shoots. The flash has gone off but the shutter didn't click. He tries again. The shutter clicks, but the bulb doesn't go off.

The kid is out of bulbs. And desolate.

Everybody at the counter is hurting. "Here, leatherneck," says Junior, digging down into his pocket, "have one of mine." And he pulls out one of Valentina's flash bulbs.

"And hurry, will you. I have to get on the air."



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The First Big Link

(Continued from page 49)

informative talks by Wayne Coy, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission and by the heads of the four networks—ABC, CBS, NBC and DuMont. There were greetings from Mayor Martin H. Kennelly of Chicago and President of the City Council Vincent Impellitteri of New York. The AT&T showed a masterly film, "The Story of Network Television," for which someone should get an "Oscar." It made complicated TV technicalities seem relatively simple, at least during the few minutes the film was being shown. Even those who forgot some of it soon after will never be quite so much in the dark about how TV is carried long-distance.

In Chicago, when announcers said, "We now switch you to New York," both viewers and workers felt small tingles creep up their spines. At station controls all along the line engineers scanned scopes, watched monitors, listened to cue lines, their tension showing up only in pipe stems bitten a trifle harder, buttons punched a trifle faster. Through television one got the feeling of being in two places at the same time.

From New York, CBS's Arthur Godfrey led the strictly entertainment portion of the opening night show with a preview of Arthur Godfrey and His Friends, which made its actual debut the next night. There were also a sample of a Lucky Pup puppet show and a Douglas Edwards news telecast. (You'll find more on these programs in the TV section.) DuMont introduced a brand-new sixteen-man studio orchestra with Ted Steele as emcee conductor and pianist, a comic violinist, a harpist and a seven-year-old ballet dancer. NBC, for this historic occasion presented a shortened version of a typical Milton Berle show, one of this top comedian's best on television. Harry Richman flew up from Florida to work with Berle and their performance ended with blackface impersonations of Cantor and Jolson.

While all this was going on in New York, Chicago's backstage excitement was concentrated at ABC's WENR, ABC being the only network prepared to feed the east-bound line that night. Since the Chicago telecast was pooled, only engineers worked at the other three Chicago stations—WGN, WBKB and the NBC station WNBQ.

When the New York portion of the entertainment program was over, an announcer said: "We now switch to Chicago." These switches were unquestionably the big thrills of the occasion. There was a cut. A gun nosed into the title card, and a voice proclaimed, "Stand By for Crime!"

Plenty of praise was heard next day, for the fifteen-minute capsule mystery show, with viewer Marc Connelly in New York playing guest detective, proved to the east that all the slick, smooth television-theater performances weren't confined to its time belt.

A fellow well known to radio listeners could take a bow for his part in the smooth way the opening night programs moved along. His name is George F. Putnam.

Now that the coax is carrying its full load of westbound and eastbound shows, the rivalry is on. Here is the competition for which we were all waiting, for out of similar rivalry for time and attention great shows were born in the early days of radio. Day-time TV, an accomplished fact since DuMont led the parade with its full-day programming in the east last November 1, is booming now both east and mid-west.

No one's making any definite predictions at this point, but they say there's a date somewhere in 1950 when you'd better get set for another historic occasion. That will be when the coaxial cable and the radio relays carry the programs to the far west and bring their talent to us. Those little copper tubes about the size of a pencil, enclosed in coaxial cable, and buried underground, with their amplifying equipment and with all their complicated apparatus, are heeding the old admonition to "Go West." So are the radio relay towers, with their directional antennas that beam the super-high frequencies called micro-waves.

But the technical problems of TV, fascinating as they are to engineers, are not the matters of chief moment to the average viewer. What does matter most to us is quality, and the vital fact that as the cable expands, television's all-day, all-evening programming, the increasingly high standards that competition must develop, are going to have profound effects on our daily lives. We're looking forward eagerly, curiously—and hopefully.

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"You Can't Let Up"

(Continued from page 39)

got to straighten out," his father said more than once. "You've got to buckle down in school."

To make this point stronger, Bill was shipped off to a boarding school at the age of fifteen. His parents hoped that strict supervision would keep him in line but they overlooked a simple geographical fact. The school was in Tarrytown, a stone's throw from New York City and the neons of Broadway.

Bill was often AWOL to the theaters and eventually expelled, but in the meantime his desires were whetted and he made many friends in show business. One in particular was a young lady named Ruby Stevens, hoofing in a Broadway musical. Today their friendship continues, although their careers parted when Bill struck into radio and Ruby went to Hollywood. Now Ruby Stevens is one of the country's favorite screen stars. You know her as Barbara Stanwyck.

ONE more effort was made to prep Bill for Cornell and he was sent to a private school farther from New York. But when the time came to take entrance exams for Cornell, he flunked cold. Then he was enrolled as a student at Pennsylvania Military College. "It was the turning point in my life," Bill admits. "I learned to discipline my energies."

He graduated one of the top three men in his class. He had learned the hard way that it was easier to obey the rules than walk guard duty with a seventy-five-pound pack. There was an incentive to work his way from private to captain when he had to polish shoes of boys who outranked him. He had even found time to quarterback the varsity football team.

"But we had one of the most unsuccessful seasons in the history of the school," Bill says.

His family had every reason to be proud when he graduated in 1930. Bill had gained the respect of the faculty and proved himself to be a good scholar. His parents assumed he had also given up his boyhood dream of being an athlete or actor. They were half right. By then Bill knew that his slight build limited his athletic ability. But he rejected the jobs his family offered and headed for Hollywood.

In the ever-ever land of glamor, Bill soon found that the high studio walls were not props, that a director was as hard to get next to as the crown jewels of England. He tramped from one casting office to another for days that ran into months. Just as his money and spirit ran out, Bill finally made a connection. He got a job with a major studio—digging fence post holes at five dollars a day.

Was he discouraged? A little, but in the fighting vernacular, he was down but not out. If he couldn't get a foothold in Hollywood there was still New York. On his way east he stopped off at Rochester. Again his family tried to persuade him to give up. But Bill had made up his mind to get into show business even if it meant getting a job as an usher. And that was the job he got, in a small, second rate movie house.

"I was much too ambitious to stay there," Bill explains wryly. "I soon went to the Roxy theater."

At the Roxy he saw the famous stage shows more frequently than the paying customers, but only from the front.

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He wanted to get backstage, into the inside. However, ushers were not allowed to watch rehearsals.

Bill took the matter into his own hands. On Wednesday nights, when the show changed, he hid in a broom closet till the theater was cleared and closed. Then he would sneak into the dark recess of the balcony. From 2 A.M. until late morning when he reported back to the ushers' room, he watched the new stage show being put together.

He sat through many rehearsals unnoticed. One night the house lights suddenly went on. Then a man was walking toward him. Bill looked for an escape but there was no way to move. He was caught. And this was no ordinary employee approaching. It was Roxy himself.

"Who are you?" Roxy asked.

Bill told him that he was an usher and why he was watching the rehearsal.

"Oh, an usher," said Roxy. "Well, come this way."

BILL followed, not knowing whether he would be turned over to the police or merely fired. Instead, Roxy had Bill sit by his side and during the long hours of rehearsal occasionally questioned Bill's judgment on the acts. At seven in the morning, he gave Bill a job on the stage and jumped his salary from \$16 to \$50 a week.

"But for the next couple of months," Roxy advised, "keep your mouth shut and your eyes open."

Six months later, Bill became Assistant Stage Manager and grew to love and respect Roxy.

"He was a rare kind of man," Bill tells you. "If you held the job, you got the dough whether you were fifteen or fifty. None of this hokum about working for experience."

A year and a half had passed when the stage manager announced he was quitting. Roxy was traveling abroad. Bill asked the manager for his job and was told he didn't have enough experience. It was then that he took action with the same audacity that was to get him in trouble later with NBC.

Bill got Roxy's foreign address and cabled: "Can I have stage manager's job and salary?"

Then he waited uneasily for Roxy's answer. He had done the wrong thing. He had gone over the stage manager's head. In a few hours he might be out on the street looking for work. The next day, after twenty-four anxious hours, a one-word cable came back from Roxy: "Yes."

Bill was elated, although today he agrees that his experience didn't warrant that job. But he hung on and worked hard. When Roxy moved into the Music Hall in 1932, Bill went with him.

Sometime during the next few years of kicking around and being kicked, Bill had solved the answer to his conflicting love of show business and sports. He knew definitely that he wanted to be a sports announcer. And while other people were singing in the shower, Bill, under the noisy chatter of water, rehearsed imaginary games. When NBC moved into Rockefeller Center, Bill made it his business to meet John Royal, vice president in charge of programing.

"I plagued Royal as often as I could see him," Bill said. "Years later I learned they gave me a try-out only because I was a nuisance."

NBC sent Bill to Baltimore with the great Graham McNamee to cover a collegiate football game. Royal was allowing Bill only two minutes of air

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time to show his stuff. Bill was keyed up and sat expectantly in the broadcaster's booth waiting to get the mike. It was a slow game till Navy suddenly came to life and began a march to the goal. When Navy was on William and Mary's 2-yard line, a touchdown looked almost certain. The stadium crowd was on its feet.

"It was then that McNamee gave me the mike and demonstrated his big heart," Bill said. "He gave me the most exciting part of the game to report."

NBC executives were satisfied with Bill's announcing and told him he could do one fourth of every football game that season. But Bill began to get anxious. He doubted that John Royal was really impressed with his work. He wanted to do something to insure his job. So he asked fifteen of his friends to send telegrams to Royal saying that Bill Stern was the best sports announcer they'd ever heard. They did, and the next day Bill was called to Royal's office.

"I've got a pile of wires telling me how good you are," Royal said.

Royal wasn't smiling and Bill sensed something was wrong.

"Not only do I think you aren't the greatest sports announcer in the world," Royal continued, "but I'd say you are stupid." Angrily, he asked Bill, "How would ordinary football fans know my name? They would send telegrams to NBC, not me."

Then Bill knew what was coming, even before he heard Royal's last words. "Stern, you're fired."

Now what? Bill could be a stage manager again, living with the knowledge that he had been beaten. Or he could take another announcing job out of town and work right back up—or maybe get lost forever. In a little time, he decided that if the sportscaster job was worth having, it was worth fighting for. When he was offered an assignment to cover football in the Southwestern Conference, he drove to Texas. It was then, in the fall of 1935, that he had his most shocking experience.

Early on a Sunday morning he was driving back to Austin. The day before he had broadcast a football game. It had been a good game and this was a beautiful morning. The highway was clear and Bill relaxed, pushing his convertible along. As he topped the rise of a hill, he tensed, his foot jerked to the brake and he tried to swing his car aside. He was too late. He smashed into a truck coming out of a side road.

THE rear of Bill's car lifted into the air, somersaulted and splintered into a ditch. There was a crackle then an explosion as the car caught fire. Bill dragged himself into some weeds, then lost consciousness.

When he awoke, he lay in a small hospital in Tague, Texas.

"It's a compound fracture of the leg," the doctor told him, "but you'll be all right."

He was in that hospital for four days; then a friend came and took him to New York on a stretcher. Ten days later he was in the Hospital for Joint Diseases and Bill knew it wasn't all right.

"We're going to open up your leg again," they said. "Infection has set in."

An hour later the doctors told him. They told him they opened the wound and took out gravel and sand and dirt that had been there over a week. They said something else too. One dreaded word. "Gangrene."

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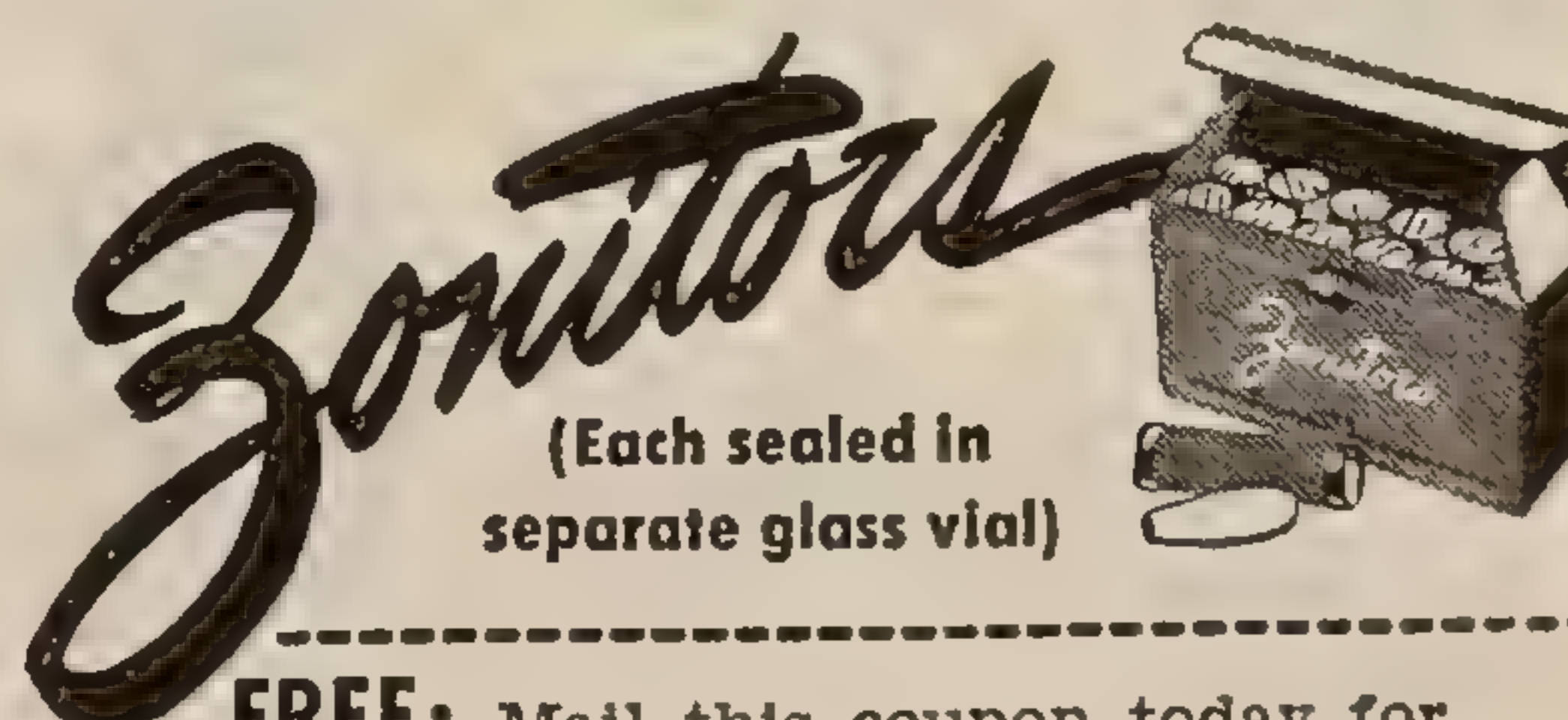
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miles away, had neglected to perform the elementary duty of cleaning an injury, Bill Stern lost a leg.

That was the lowest point in his life. He came close to giving up. His friends couldn't cheer him. They could hardly talk to him. Bill was living within himself and his mind was a desolate pit of gloom and despair. He didn't have a fighting chance now, he thought. Not a chance.

News of Bill's accident got over to NBC and an executive who remembered Bill stopped at the hospital on his way to work. As he walked into Bill's room, the nurse was wheeling out a breakfast tray, the food was untouched. The man looked at Bill and immediately realized the state of his mind.

"Better eat that food and get well," he told Bill. "We want you back at NBC."

Bill looked up, not believing what he'd heard.

"We're going to make a real sports announcer out of you," the executive repeated.

BILL was speechless. He barely murmured his thanks. The man left the hospital not realizing he had actually saved a man's life, for only Bill knew that he was about to give up. And the strange thing is that the executive was John Royal, the same man who a year before had fired him.

It was in June 1937 that Bill was permanently assigned to the NBC special events staff, and what he has done since is public knowledge.

Blow by blow, stroke by stroke or play by play, Bill sends the action and color of an event into the home so vividly that you can feel the impact of bodies and taste the mustard on the hot dog. His delivery, which may run as high as 350 words a minute on a hockey game, is accurate and unflinching. If there is a slight pause or halt in his report, engineers check their equipment. They know Bill Stern has never fed his audience dead air.

What makes him the best sports announcer? Hard work and more of the same. The fifteen minute show you hear every Friday night is not ad lib. Bill spends ten hours rehearsing and correcting the timing down to a split second—part of the lesson he learned from Roxy. For a football game he may spend a week on concentrated research and two or three days with the coaches and players.

"But I still pull my share of boners," Bill admits and tells of the embarrassing incident when he was reporting the Indianapolis Speed Classic in 1939.

Below the broadcasting booth, the cars sped around the track, sometimes too fast to see the numbers. Bill was talking about Floyd Roberts. He was the man to watch.

"I'm keeping my eye on Roberts," he said into the mike. "He's been leading the pack all afternoon and he's still in front."

There was a tap on Bill's shoulder and he looked around.

"I guess I'm doing pretty good," the man said.

It was Floyd Roberts. He had pulled his car into the pit for quick repair and hopped up to the booth to say hello.

Bill will go on to tell you that the same afternoon, Floyd Roberts sacrificed the race and his life on the track to save a man who was already dead.

It's coming to grips with dramatic episodes like this and probing into the personal emotion behind every athlete's loss and victory that has made Bill top

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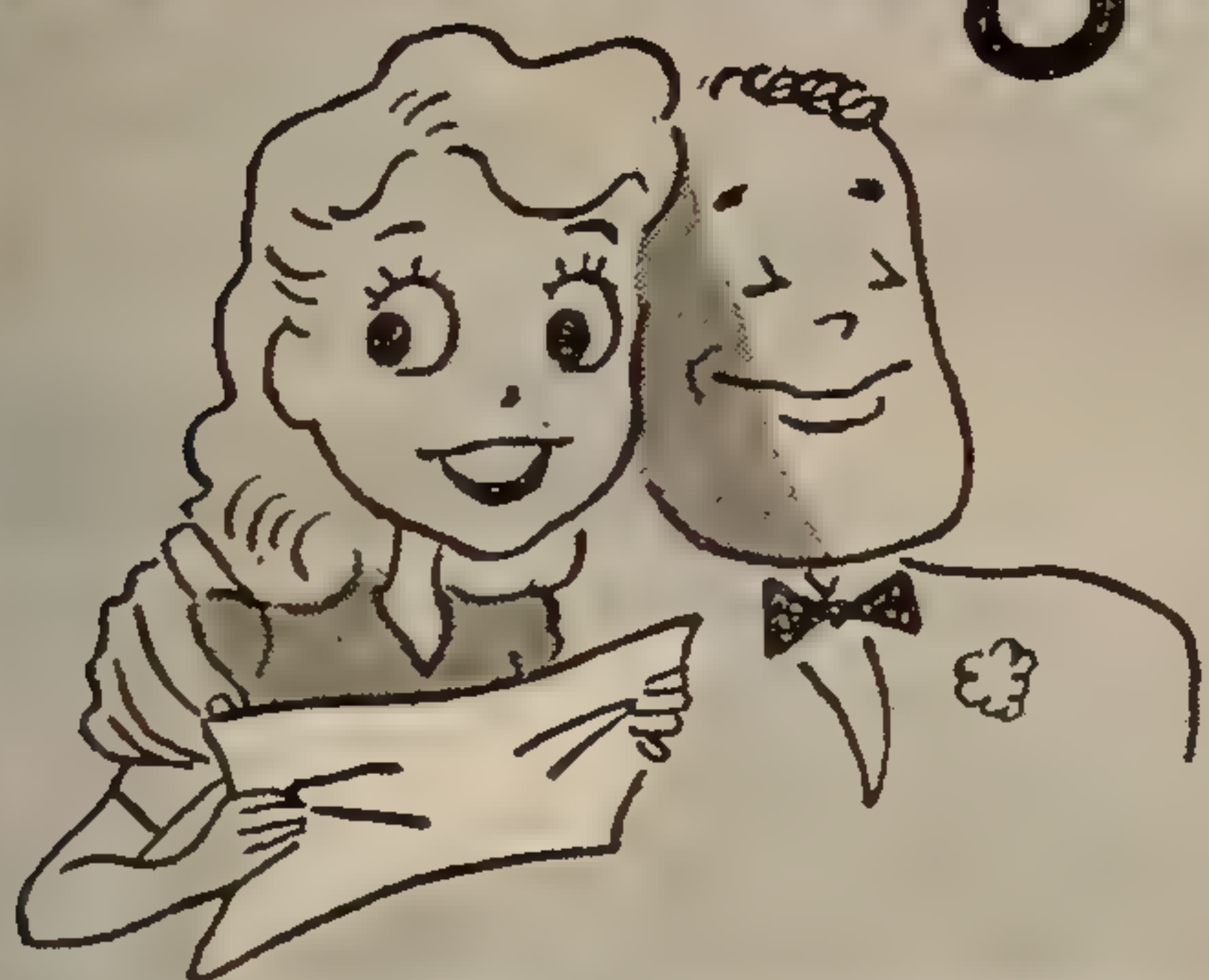
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man. But to know the inside facts re-
quires constant alertness and a contin-
uous expenditure of energy.

"Sometimes Bill reminds me of a man
who's auditioning for a nervous break-
down," his wife says apprehensively.

Harriet Stern is a pretty woman, two
inches over five feet tall, with brown
hair and eyes that may be gray or green
depending on the color of the room.

"I gave up inviting people to dinner
a long time ago," she said. "Either Bill
was terribly late or didn't show up at
all. It's worse than being married to a
traveling salesman, I think."

Harriet and Bill are lucky if they
have one evening a week together. For
two nights a week, Bill is working on
newsreels, another night on a monthly
movie short. He does five other broad-
casts in the metropolitan area and there
is the network show on Friday. The
weekend is usually shot on a football
game or some other sports event. He
has written three books and does a
monthly article for *Sport Magazine*.
Wednesday he flies to an army camp in
New England, the South or East. Every
year he travels 100,000 miles and in
spite of rain, sleet or snow has never
missed a broadcast. In the past twelve
years, his work frequently kept him
from celebrating a wedding anniversary
or a birthday party with his children.
He has two: Peter, aged eight, and Mary
May, five.

Once Bill had Peter on his Friday
show and asked him if he'd like to be a
sports announcer some day.

"No," Peter said.

"Why not?"

"You talk too much."

The children are crazy about their
father. They have only one gripe. Bill
likes to play with their toys. It's one of
his few relaxations. Like few other
celebrities, Bill has no time for hobbies
and claims none. What he usually brings
home with him is more work or some-
one to interview.

Yet there's one thing Bill finds time
for. He has time to be a human being.
His friends, and he has many, will tell
you Bill is a kind and considerate man.
It shows in the material he uses and
around NBC they often talk about the
little things and ordinary people he
finds time for. Like the little boy who
rushed into a fire to save his dog and
let a brand new bicycle go up in smoke.

BILL told the story over the air, not be-
cause he wanted a bicycle fund, but
he knew there was a moral there
worthy of anyone's ears. It was inci-
dental that enough contributions came
in to buy the kid one hundred bikes.

It's things like this, the human drama,
that keep Bill going. For his job is
more taxing than most. He's never in
the position where he can sit back and
coast. Every sport event is something
new and different all over again, re-
quiring complete preparation. There
are always new athletes to be studied
and watched.

"It's a tough job and I'm crazy about
it," Bill will say but sometimes adds,
"If I had to do it all over again, I
wouldn't."

His close friends think he would. For
Bill Stern accepts a challenge with the
spirit of an athlete. It's not a blind,
dumb courage. As a sensitive and intel-
ligent man, he knows when the odds
are against him but it only strengthens
his determination.

That's a good reason why, next time
you hear Bill Stern dramatizing the
life of a champion, you might remind
yourself that the man with the voice is
in every way a champion himself.

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When a Girl Marries

(Continued from page 67)

and doctor bills to pay, I worry. I can't make my husband understand that I do love him and my children and want to make them a wonderful home, be a wonderful wife and mother. I pray that God will make me strong again so I can be with them for many years and show them I do love them more than anything on earth. I want to make them happy. Can you help me?

Zelma H.

Dear Zelma H.:

I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that I could help to make you happy in some way more concrete than this. But here is my advice, and I hope it does help a little. Have you talked this over with your husband—with your children, too, especially the boy, who is old enough to understand, at least a little? Perhaps, if you find it hard to put your problem into words to your husband, you could show him this letter. And ask your doctor to help you—ask him to explain to your husband that your condition makes you so tired sometimes that you can't show the affection that is really in your heart.

Here's something else—don't do anything more than you have to do in the way of housework. There's a time and a place for everything, but your present condition doesn't call for your being a good housekeeper. Do as little physical work as you possibly can. Perhaps, in that way, you can save a little strength to spend on your husband and family—and believe me, they're much more important than any housework. But best of all, tell your husband exactly how you feel—tell him in the words you've used to tell me. Surely, if those words touched my heart—the heart of a stranger—they can't fail to reach the heart of the man who loves you! The very best of luck to you, and my sincere wishes for your speedy recovery.

Joan Davis

"I DON'T KNOW"

Dear Joan Davis:

I have been married three months. My husband is very much in love with me and I with him. I want to please my husband, so I always ask him if he wants this or that. He never gives me a satisfactory answer. He either says "I don't know" or "maybe." It puzzles me so much, and I don't know what to do. Please tell me what to do.

Mildred J.

Dear Mildred J.:

You will find—you're already finding—that the early months of marriage are a period of readjustment. You're finding out that there are a number of things you don't understand about this new husband of yours—and he's doubtless finding a great number he doesn't understand about you! But you love each other—and so, you'll find when these first few months are over and you're adjusted to your new way of life, that most of those things aren't worth bothering about, that, as a matter of fact, you've forgotten them.

Let's look at it from your husband's point of view. Perhaps you ask him if he'd like such-and-such a dish for dinner. And he says he doesn't know, or "maybe." Well, perhaps he doesn't know—perhaps he's never tried it. Or perhaps he doesn't know whether or not it's a lot of trouble to prepare, and if he says yes he may be letting you in for a lot of extra work. Or perhaps you



Doesn't it seem
more sensible?

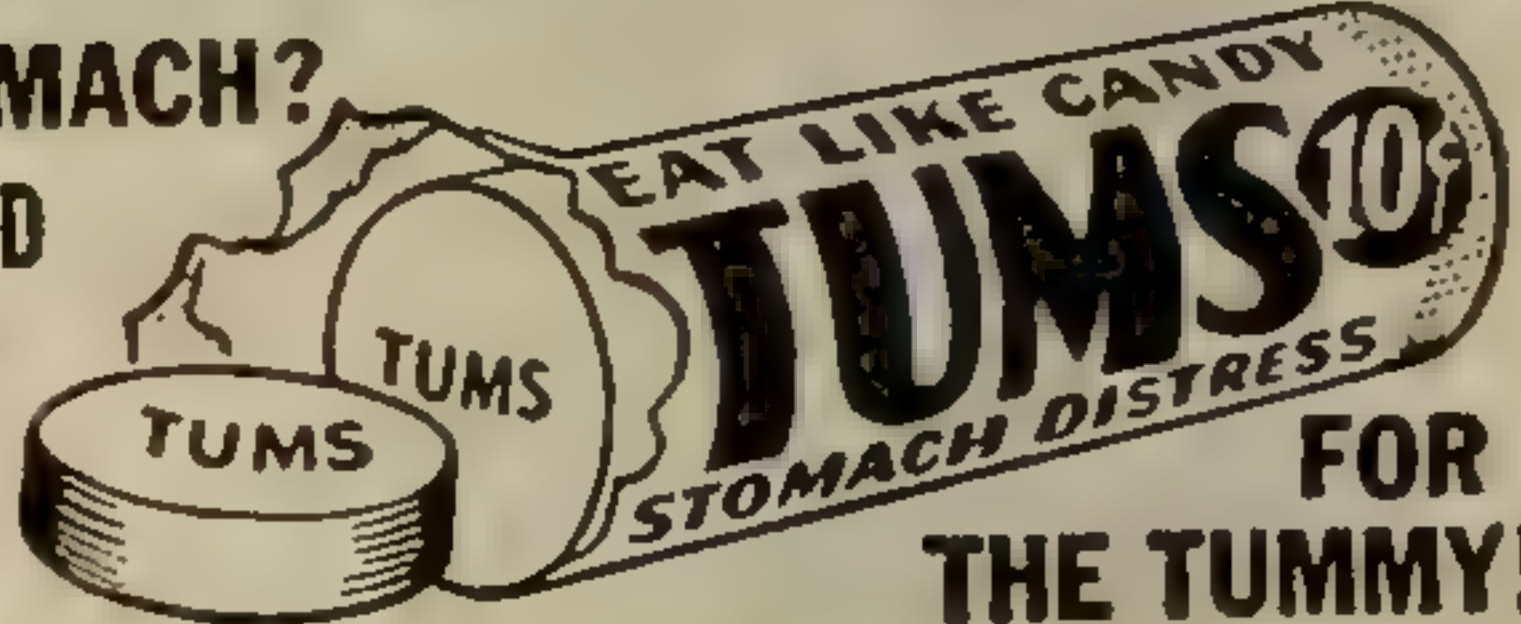
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ask him just after a good, hearty breakfast, when nothing in the way of food would sound very appealing. Or perhaps he's the kind of man who's good about making decisions in a crisis, but no good whatever about deciding insignificant matters—if he is, you'll just have to make up your mind to grin and bear it. (And if and when a crisis does come along, you'll thank your lucky stars for him!)

Try to understand, when your husband says "I don't know" or "maybe," when he makes that sort of answer—along the lines of the example I've given you. It's just possible you'll find that some of your questions don't deserve a better answer! And be patient—believe me, in a year or so you'll laugh at things which—in this period of readjustment which comes, I repeat, in every marriage—seem like insurmountable obstacles.

Joan Davis

BUDGET BLUES

Dear Joan Davis:

My husband and I are very much in love, and have two wonderful children, both boys. Now, here it is: I used to think people could get by without a budget. Now I don't think so. My husband makes very good money, but where it goes, I don't know! What I want you to help me do is figure out a budget so we don't spend so much of our money for food. I know groceries are high, but we spend too large a percentage of our money on food bills. I try to give my children and my husband what they really need for meals; we have only a few very small debts. If you can, please figure me out a budget. I will be waiting to hear from you.

Virginia C.

Dear Virginia C.:

I'm sorry that I can't work out a budget to fit your exact needs, but I'm sure you'll understand that I'd have to know a great deal more about you and your family to be able to do that. However, I do think I can help you.

In the first place, if you have a checking or a savings account at a bank, the bank will help you work out a budget tailor-made to your income. (And if you haven't a savings account, why don't you go to the bank and ask them to help you figure out a budget that will allow for a savings-account deposit, however small, each week. If you don't have savings, emergencies may arise which can wreck your careful budgeting plans for a long, long time!)

If you prefer not to go to the bank, there are other institutions which will give budget help—your local newspaper or perhaps you have a friend or relative who will help you set up a budget.

You are quite right in lamenting the high cost of food. The Dept. of Agriculture has published a booklet, "Helping Families Plan Food Budgets," which should be of assistance to you. This can be obtained by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and enclosing fifteen cents.

Here are two more pieces of advice which may aid you. In planning a budget—and sticking to it—you must give up all idea of "keeping up" with anyone else. The second is this: take stock of your household and of yourself. Have you any goods or services you can sell or trade? Besides a new budget, try to get a new perspective—and, who knows, you might get a brand new interest in life, an exciting spare-time interest, as well!

Joan Davis

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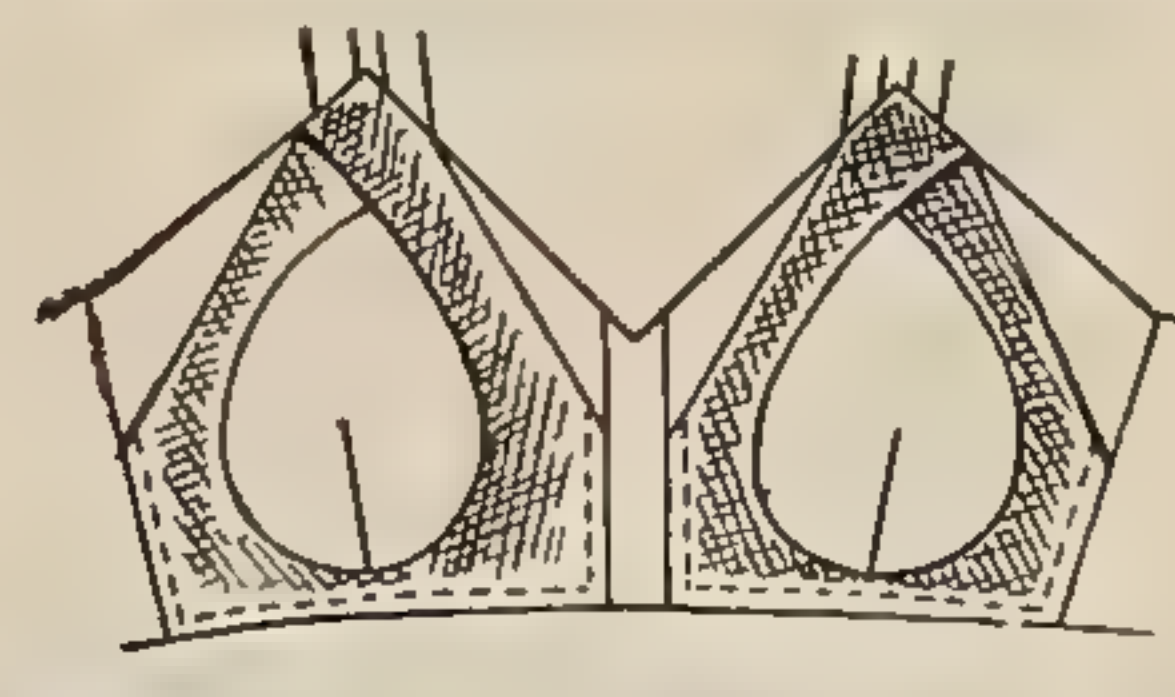


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One Wonderful Guy

(Continued from page 55)

demonstrating what they want to do, he usually says, "That's great. Now we've got a little gimmick. If you don't like it, don't do it. But it has some more laughs for you."

It's a hundred to one they'll love it. He does get into most acts, but never without permission from the performer.

A good TV revue requires all the pace and variety of the old vaudeville stage, but it has to be compressed in space. You may not realize it, but the television camera holds only four people comfortably. Otherwise you have to go to long shots, and you can't see faces and expressions. So you have to sacrifice some of your settings and keep your action confined to small groups. You have to depend on showmanship—and that's where Milton's long experience counts.

ONCE in front of the cameras there can be no coaching, no covering up, no retakes. That's why some of the best actors in other mediums fall by the camera-side in this one. Some of the Hollywood stars have been super on the Berle show. Girls like Janet Blair and Vivian Blaine. Stage and screen stars like Gracie Fields and Gertrude Niessen, Harry Richman, Ted Lewis, Henny Youngman. And men and women who will follow them before this is published. But the home audience is fast becoming show-conscious, and consequently more critical. People who never saw a vaudeville show before are beginning to be amazingly accurate at spotting the good and the bad in it.

Milton knows what a job falls on Harry Kalcheim's shoulders when he has to book acts for a full hour show every week. We have brought talent in from the west coast, from overseas, from Florida—for a one-night performance. If performers are busy—and the best ones are apt to be—it's difficult to book them for a one-night date. It's a tribute to Mr. Kalcheim that we can. Knowing Berle, Mr. Kalcheim never settles for second best. We hold out occasionally until the last minute for an act that we think is good theater.

Milton has been responsible for the creation of some of the excellent camera work, widely copied now, but some of it is still our secret. He felt that TV should give to the viewer at home the scope he might get sitting in a theater. That wasn't easy, because of the space element, but once again Berle conquered.

It becomes imperative that the man in the control room has a complete understanding of comedy. Berle makes their job easy. In directing performers he never fails to bring to the attention of cameramen the importance of shooting vital moves and expressions that put the punch lines over.

Sitting in at a rehearsal you begin to realize that comedy is serious stuff to Milton. He directs the actors, not only in the business but in the dialogue. Should they find a line difficult, he alters it. He paces back and forth across the stage and watches the monitor on the set, to see how the scene is televising. "Arthur," he'll call out. "Those doors should be painted black. I can't see them in the monitor. They blend too much with the set." Or he'll stop the scene and shake his head. He doesn't like what he has seen on the monitor screen.

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FREE TO ANYONE! 1,000 yards white No. 50 thread. Equals 14 5-cent spools. Also Free—Amazing new invention: fits any sewing machine. Makes buttonholes, quilts, attaches zippers, darns stockings, mends tears, etc. Sells elsewhere for \$1.00 but free to you. You get both gifts—\$1.70 value FREE! We make this amazing offer to introduce our smashing remnant bargain. You get beautiful new prints including lovely, colorful FULL WIDTH material. Make child's play clothes, sun-suits, aprons. Also assorted big patches to make lovely patchwork quilts, doll dresses, quilted bed jackets, crazy quilt pillow tops, etc. 3 lbs. (18 yards or more) \$1.98 plus postage and C.O.D. handling. 16 cutting-size patterns and instructions free. Send for your remnant bundle today. Satisfaction guaranteed or your \$1.98 refunded. (Keep free gifts regardless.) SEND NO MONEY. Send card today.

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tunes, his own and everyone else's. "Where are my ballet shoes?" he asks. He tries them on, and everyone sighs with relief when he nods okay. He goes into a dance and you're surprised at his grace. Until he hokes it up, deliberately.

He's off the stage again, grabbing a sandwich and downing it while he moves around like a snowflake in a blizzard. You get dizzy just watching him. Nobody stands still for a moment at a Berle rehearsal. But he thinks he has been lounging, and that everyone else is. "What's the matter?" he calls out sharply. "Come on. Let's go. There's a lot to be done yet."

He's up on the stage again, coaching, directing, cueing the music, shouting instructions to everyone, leaping off the stage frequently to look in the monitor.

Each show requires from twenty-five to thirty-five pages of solid material. Being so completely involved in directing there is little time for Milton to memorize his own lines. So at five minutes to eight Tuesday night, just before the show goes on, Milton will point to the script and say, "I don't know one line of this thing I've got here. I don't remember a thing."

I'm used to his "back-stage" fright. I know he never feels he has given himself sufficient time. "When you get out on the stage," I tell him, "you'll remember."

The minute he's on his fright is over and he's in complete control of the whole show. He remembers his own lines and makes few fluffs—and he remembers what everyone else should say and do.

It's amazing to me how well everyone does the show, with so little preparation. It's where talent tells.

Not the least talented, I might add, is Sid Stone, who puts across the best commercial in the business.

Milton's a pushover for performers who are getting a rough deal. He has been known to give freely of material, even some of his best, so they can land a job.

HE SPENDS freely. Never taking a drink himself, the people around him are apt to become teetotalers. He's a chain smoker of cigars and he passes them out constantly.

He craves company, and can't seem to enjoy his food unless he has eight or ten people at the table with him. He's tireless himself and when he asks a crowd to dinner after rehearsal he can't seem to understand why they're a little weary of it all, after a day of his driving energy.

Seeing a show relaxes him, when he can take the time. He's a great audience for actors. He applauds, he laughs, and even whistles. Above all, he pays the actors the compliment of giving them his full attention, and he'll go miles out of his way when he can to see an act or an actor that interests him.

He himself plays to home people—the audience who watches from homes wherever television reaches, from the east coast cities to Chicago. When the great coaxial cables and the relay stations go all across the country, he'll still be thinking of the home audiences, rather than the Broadway minority. He values their opinions too—but he values most the huge fan mail he's drawing, from as many men as from women, and from youngsters who were born after vaudeville's decline and have discovered it for themselves on the Milton Berle Texaco Star Theater.

Mr. Winchell, you are Mr. Right. He is Mr. Television.

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With Extremely Severe Hearing Loss

If your hearing loss is extremely severe, we want you to try the Beltone Extra Power Hearing Aid. It's engineered particularly for people like you. Forget your previous disappointments with hearing aids. Join the thousands of delighted people whose extremely severe losses were wonderfully helped by this new marvel of electronic science.

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Please send me without cost or obligation the new FREE Booklet of facts about overcoming Extreme cases of Deafness.

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FEMALE COMPLAINTS

Are you troubled by distress of female functional periodic disturbances? Does this make you suffer from pain, feel so nervous, tired—at such times? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. Pinkham's has a grand soothing effect on one of woman's most important organs!

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NEW! ORDER BY MAIL - THE ORIENTAL TOUCH

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Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, pimples—other itching troubles. Use cooling, medicated D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. Prescription.

Ex Ugly-Duckling Now Loves To Show Off Her Beautiful Profile

She used to be miserable about her ill-shaped nose—no wonder she hated mirrors. Today, thanks to Plastic Surgery, she loves to show off her "re-modeled" profile. For the facts about Plastic Surgery send for fascinating book, YOUR NEW FACE IS YOUR FORTUNE which tells and shows (with 88 before-and-after photos) how nasal and other featural corrections are made. Book is sent in plain sealed envelope for only 25c



FRANKLIN HOUSE, Books
6102 Fox Bldg., Phila. 3, Pa., Dept. 2-F

Coast to Coast in Television

(Continued from page 53)

Mash notes addressed to "Vivian, the cute little blonde on Americana," are an every-day occurrence at NBC's mail room. Vivian Ferracci gets dozens and dozens of them weekly—and they all say "You're beautiful, but smart!"

She is. In fact, she's so smart that the studio is planning to build another show around Vivian exclusively. Right now, she's the only regular member of the student panel of the Americana quiz, and she has a year's contract. She won it after a couple of guest appearances. Her quick answers, her quiet but poised manner, and her pretty face clinched it.

Vivian is seventeen, a graduate of St. Barnabas High School in the Bronx, New York, and a student now at Fordham University, where she hopes to go on to a law course. She dreams of the Halls of Congress—but present indications would point to the sound stages of Hollywood. She's had bids from a number of them. And of course we pay our movie stars better than our lawmakers!

Every Thursday evening, at 10:30 EST, Quizzing the News, produced by Robert Brenner, checks you on your current-happenings I.Q. It's all done by way of New York's ABC television network from the Atlantic coast to St. Louis over the wonder cable that's called coaxial.

It's a new type of TV program that combines education plus entertainment. You sit in your comfy living room and match wits with three experts—a panel which has included folks like Merle Miller, Vinton Freedley, Al Capp, H. Allen Smith, Sigmund Romberg, Nancy Craig and Dr. and Mrs. Frank Kingdon.

Allen Prescott, quizmaster, introduces the show and asks the questions, and a cartoonist draws the clues to the answers. If the first clue is ineffective, another cartoon is drawn. You, and the experts, see all these clues. The third clue is the last—by which time the candidates—and the viewers at home—should be in scoring position.

There's an extra incentive for home viewers, too. Each week a "Disguised Man of the Week" is shown. It's a picture of some important man or woman in the news, disguised enough to make the person somewhat difficult to identify. A verbal clue is given, and a little of the disguise is removed toward the end of the program, just as a teaser for you. To enter the contest, the viewer must identify that person and in addition must clip out a picture of some other person currently in the news, disguise him in an interesting and original way, and send in both parts of his entry.

The program prizes are watches—presumably so you can take time out to read your newspapers and news magazines thoroughly—and lighters. But the big prize, which goes to the winning viewer, is a great big refrigerator!

If you're expecting to be televised, don't wear white, advises George Stoetzel, CBS-TV lighting consultant. White, he says, throws a black halo around the wearer. As a background it's bad, because it makes faces look dark. That's because it kicks back into the lens, influencing the exposure and darkening the face.

Color, says Mr. Stoetzel, is the thing. It gives more definition and separation. Breaks up a continuous flat expanse, gives depth.

Out of Hollywood comes a new one-hour variety, audience participation and giveaway telecast, originating at station KLAC-TV. M.C. and singing star of the show is Benay Venuta, musical comedy and movie star. Title of the show is Punch with Judy—and the pace promises to be fast and punch-y.

The last time I saw Benay on a stage she was singing and clowning her way around the world as "Nellie Bly"—and though the show didn't last too long the customers remembered Miss Venuta as a girl who has a way with a song. She still has.

The coaxial cable to the far west won't be a reality for many months to come, but television is booming there locally. That pioneer in TV, the Don Lee Station in Hollywood, has already televised about 9,000 hours since its start in 1931. They started way back then with as little as fifteen minutes a day of TV. Now the 1949 schedule averages 33½ hours a week, exclusive of such special events as the Rose Bowl Parade and other one-time telecasts.

Sunday nights at Don Lee are devoted to film. That stand-by of TV, the Western feature, leads the procession. Kinescopes of DuMont's Alan Dale Show and the Original Amateur Hour give the west a sample of what goes on in eastern TV.

The wrestling matches are televised from the American Legion Stadium in Hollywood on Monday nights. Ditto the boxing matches on Friday nights. The Don Lee Music Hall goes on TV every Tuesday at 8:30 P.M. Guest stars on this program have included personalities like Abe Burrows, Helen Forrest, Lina Romay, Larry Adler and Helen O'Connell.

Ballet Vignettes is an original ballet created solely for television, presented by Semon Semonoff, formerly of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, every Wednesday night. Sets are specially designed by Harold Helvenston.

Film is flown from the east daily for a nightly Telenews program, a complete coverage of the highlights of world news, very similar to movie newsreels.

Two programs for children carry on Monday through Friday, The Adventures of Mr. Do-Good, and Sleepy Joe.

Sleepy features Jimmy Scribner, the man with twenty-two voices. He tells stories—mostly Uncle Remus tales—to his 7-year-old daughter Gail. Mr. Do-Good dramatizes many of the old stories to delight little listeners, such as the fairy tales of Cinderella and Jack and the Beanstalk.

An unusual program to show-case new ideas and talent is called the Don Lee Workshop. A different type of show is presented each week and viewers are asked to write candid opinions—which seems like a good way to get a cross-section of what interests the TV audience.

Vaudeville and variety programs have moved into the first place in audience preference, according to a television survey made recently by Geyer, Newell & Ganger advertising agency. But sports remain very strong in second place.

"A university has a duty, not only to its students, but to a wider public in the United States," said Dr. Isaiah Bowman, president of Johns Hopkins, commenting on the CBS-TV "Johns Hopkins Science Review," weekly broadcast over the network from Baltimore. "Television has opened to us another means of bringing educational values into the home in a dramatic visual form. It provides educational instruction with the opportunity to expand its programs of general education to include all persons of all ages who wish to keep up with the rapid developments in today's world."

More persons witnessed the inaugural ceremony of President Truman in 1949, because of television, than have been present to see all of the inaugurations of the preceding thirty-one presidents. That's the way Carleton D. Smith, director of NBC-TV operations put it in a recent talk.

And says the New York *Daily News*: "There are now being advertised such items as 'television ice-box snacks' (to grab during shows); 'lightweight video chairs' (that can be moved around the set without getting a rupture) and, so help us Howdy Doody, 'television lounging pajamas.'"

watch for it! . . .

"medals for HOLLYWOOD stars"

Ralph Staub's on-the-scene newsreel of the famous Photoplay Gold Medal Award Dinner featuring the winners:



Ingrid Bergman



Bing Crosby

Bob Hope Esther Williams June Allyson Jennifer Jones Alan Ladd
Rita Hayworth Gregory Peck Humphrey Bogart
and other screen celebrities

A Columbia Picture Short Coming This Month To Your Local Theater

don't miss it!

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which has the \$15 beauty shop wave? See answer below)



Compare Toni with any other permanent – any home wave, any beauty shop wave – and you'll find there's no finer wave at any price!

Now's the perfect time to give yourself a Toni—before the rainy spring weather starts! No more struggling then with limp, straight, rainy-day hair. Rain or shine, your Toni wave is soft and curly, beautifully natural-looking! But before trying Toni you'd like to know:

Will TONI work on my hair?

Of course. Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Amazingly easy! If you can roll your hair on curlers, you can give yourself a Toni. It's so surprisingly simple that each month more than two million women use Toni.

Why do most women prefer to use TONI?

Because the Toni Waving Lotion is not a harsh, hurry-up salon-type solution.

Instead it's a mild creme lotion — made especially for home use. So gentle it just coaxes your hair into soft waves and curls. That's why your Toni wave looks more natural, even on the very first day.

Will my TONI wave be loose or tight?

With Toni you can have as much curl as you like, from a loose wave to a halo of soft ringlets. Just follow directions.

How long will my TONI last?

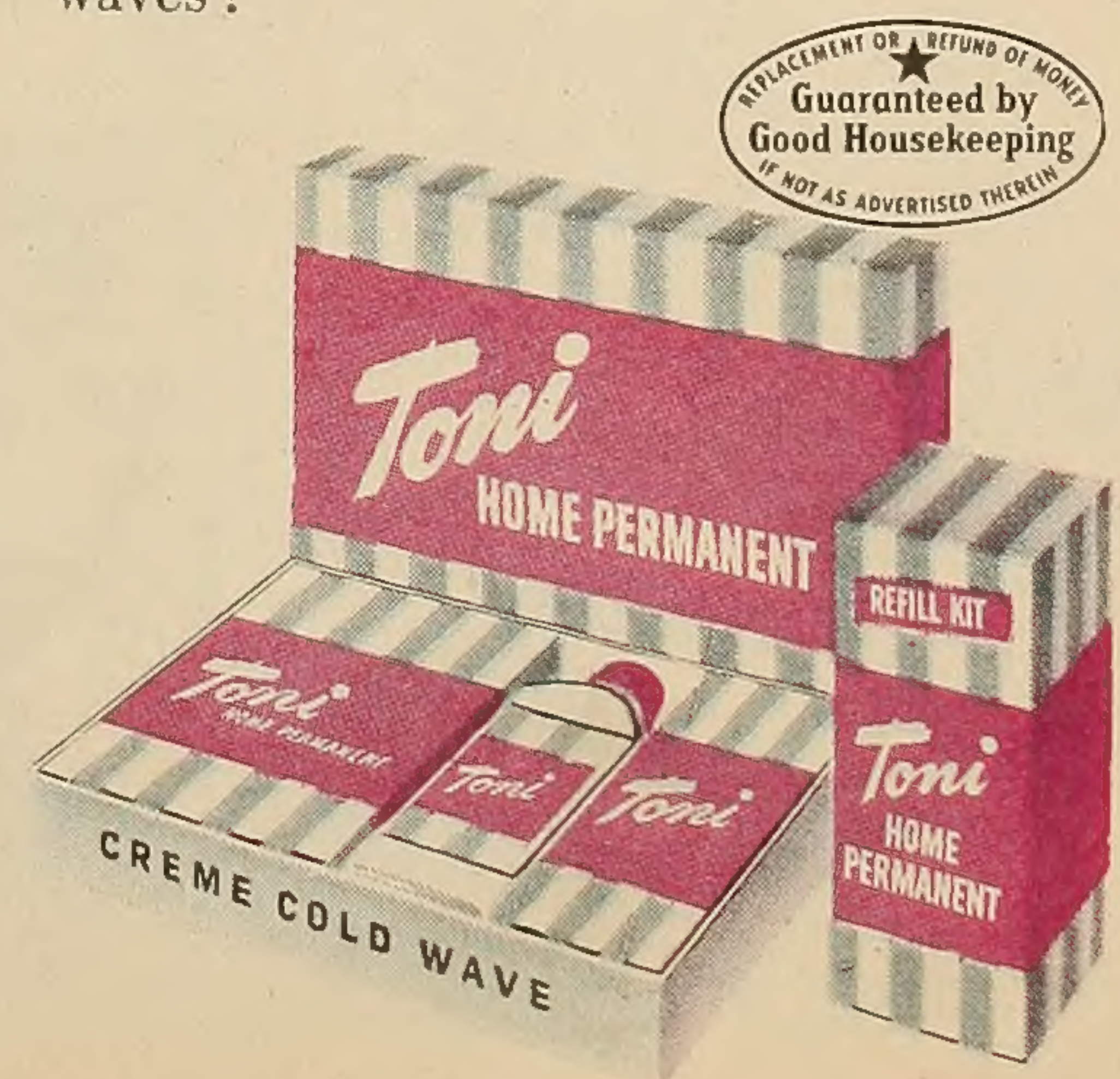
It's guaranteed to last as long as a \$15 beauty shop wave...or your money back.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Kit with plastic curlers costs only \$2. You can use the plastic curlers again and again. So for your second Toni wave all you need is the Toni Refill Kit. It costs just \$1 . . . yet there is no finer wave at any price.

Which twin has the TONI?

The blond feather-cut curls belong to Marcelle and Jeanne Pastoret of Long Island, N. Y. Jeanne, on the left, has the Toni. She says: "I've never liked a permanent so much before. My Toni curls feel so soft and natural." And Marcelle says: "From now on we'll both have Toni waves!"



The wave that gives that natural look...Toni

Gladys Swarthout

One of America's most popular singers... star for many years of the Metropolitan Opera, motion pictures, concert, radio and recordings.



Virginia MacWatters

She has scored brilliant successes with the New York City Opera Company, at Covent Garden in London, and in concert.

The famous mezzo-soprano and opera's brilliant, new coloratura agree...

Camels for Mildness!

In a recent test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

Millions of people who have smoked Camels for years already know about Camel's cool, cool mildness. If you're not among those Camel smokers... if you've never given Camels a real, day-to-day trial... start your own 30-day test of Camel mildness today!

Try the mildness and rich, full flavor of Camels in your own "T-Zone" (that's T for Taste and T for Throat—your proving ground for cigarette mildness... for smoking enjoyment).

Money-Back Guarantee!

Try Camels and test them as you smoke them. If, at any time, you are not convinced that Camels are the mildest cigarette you ever smoked, return the package with the unused Camels and we will refund its full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

I AGREE, MISS SWARTHOUT—EVER SINCE I MADE THAT 30-DAY MILDNESS TEST, IT'S BEEN CAMELS WITH ME!

AND WHEN YOU'VE SMOKED CAMELS AS LONG AS I HAVE, VIRGINIA, YOU'LL APPRECIATE THAT MILDNESS AND FLAVOR EVEN MORE!



According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! And when three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!